Esquire

• THE MAGA ZI FOR MEN

OCTOBER
1939

Senorita CUBANOLA
RHUMBA
IN 10 EASY LESSONS

6th Anniversary Issue

* * * * * *

Including a commemorative portfolio of the 26 most outstanding cartoons in Esquire's history!

ARTICLES
EDGAR LEE MASTERS
HILAIRE DU BERRIER
LEO C. ROSTEN
HARRY SALPETER
ROBERT GARLAND
ARTHUR BEHRSTOCK
RALPH BERGENGREN
COMMANDER R. R. SMITH

FICTION
MANUEL KOMROFF
JOHN COLLIER
FELIX SALTEN
SÁNDOR HUNYADY
ERIC HOWARD
D. KOSZTOLÁNYI
PAN STERLING
NIALL SHERIDAN

ART
RUSSELL BARNETT AITKEN

SATIRE
LOUIS PAUL
PARKE CUMMINGS
CREIGHTON PEET
TRACY PERKINS
RICHARD ADAMSON

POETRY
LEGARÉ GEORGE

SPORTS
LYNN WALDORF
ILES BRODY
GENE KESSLER
H. P. SHELDON

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
CARLETON SMITH
LAWTON MACKALL
PATTERSON MURPHY
CHARLES RUTHERFORD

CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
GEORGE PETTY
PAUL WEBB
B. SHERMUND
MISCHA RICHTER
RODNEY DE SARRO
DERSO & KELEN
GARDNER REA
JOHN MACKEY
ADOLPH SCHUS
R. VAN BUREN
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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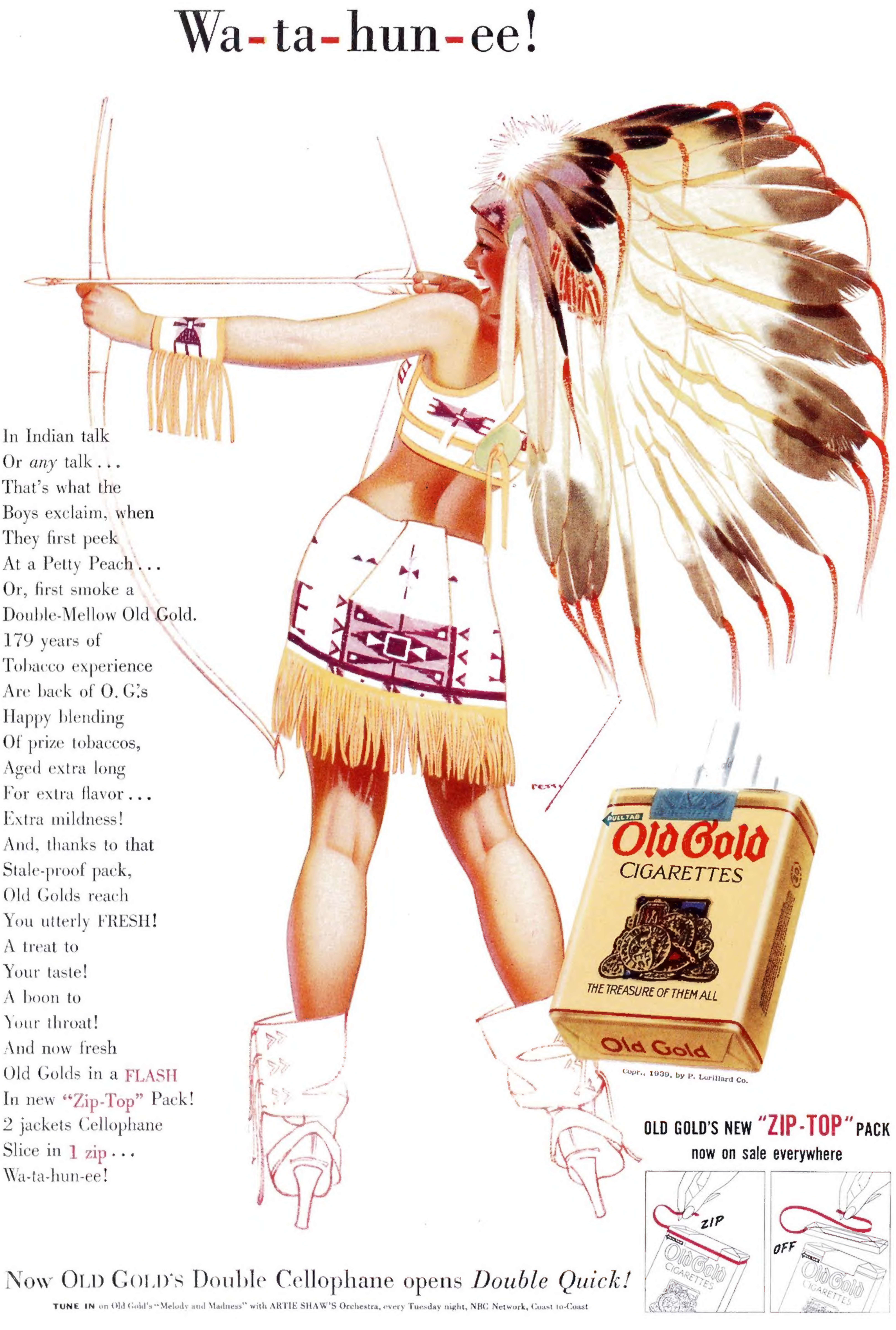
FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS



Wa-ta-hun-ee!

In Indian talk
Or *any* talk . . .
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Boys exclaim, when
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At a Petty Peach . . .
Or, first smoke a
Double-Mellow Old Gold.
179 years of
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Are back of O. G.'s
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A treat to
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A boon to
Your throat!
And now fresh
Old Golds in a FLASH
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2 jackets Cellophane
Slice in 1 zip . . .
Wa-ta-hun-ee!

Copr., 1939, by P. Lorillard Co.

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"It's the flavour"

86
PROOF

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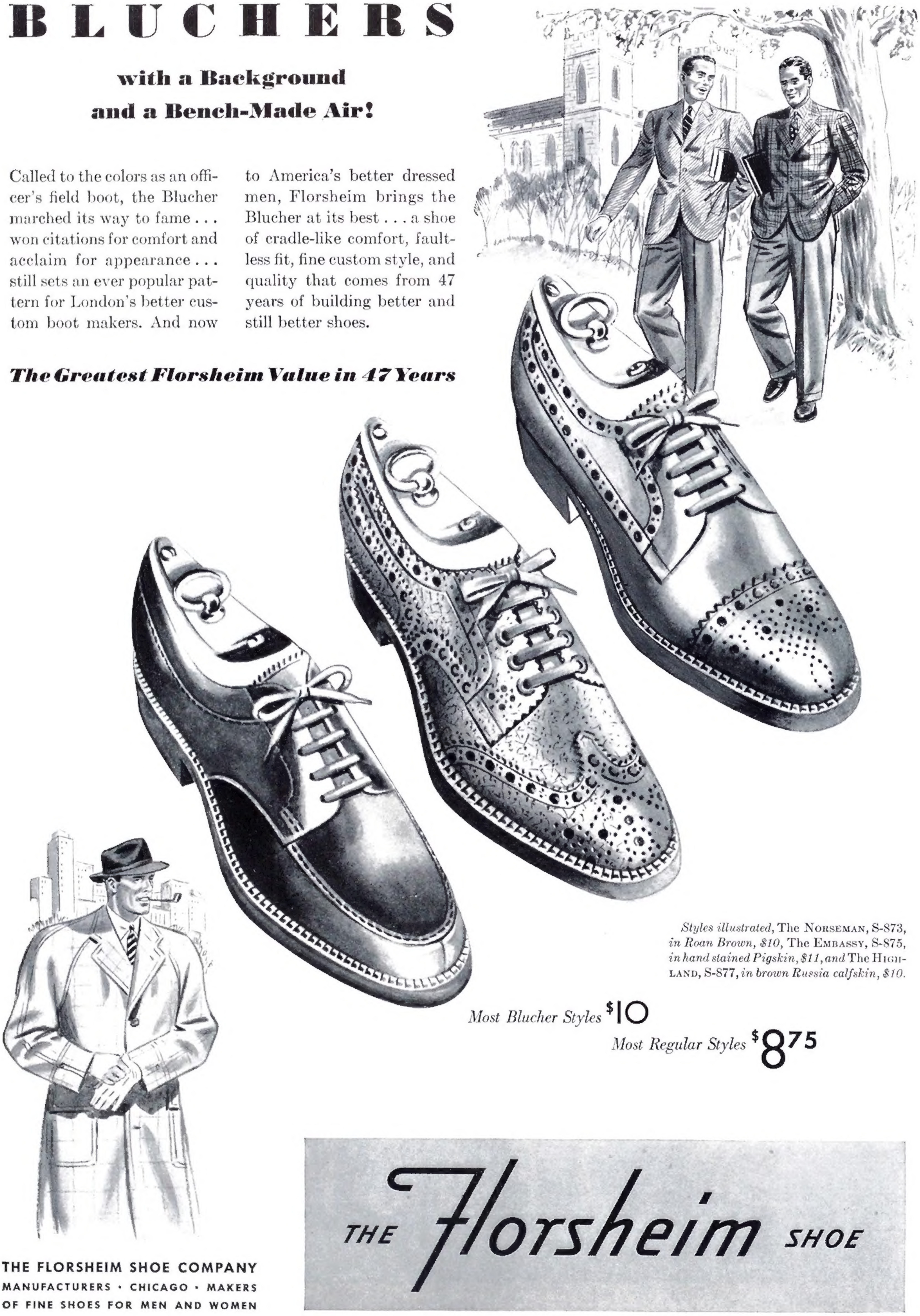

Styles illustrated, The Norseman, S-873, *in Roan Brown, $10,* The Embassy, S-875, *in hand stained Pigskin, $11, and* The Highland, S-877, *in brown Russia calfskin, $10.*

Most Blucher Styles $10

Most Regular Styles $8.75

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS
OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches.......
.... *by* Goodman, Saalburg, Fellows and Fox, beginning on page 116

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

And now that we are six With this issue, Esquire celebrates the advent of its seventh year. The birthday present is the garland of gags on pages 43 to 45. How many of them do you remember, from over these past six years? A better test, perhaps, would be to ask yourself how many you remember that *aren't* included in this hit parade. There's one, at least, that will probably seem conspicuous by its absence. That's the famous Petty drawing that bore as its caption that strange device: "Oh you would, would you?" Well, credit us at least with having thought of including it, but it turned out that the original drawing of that one had been made off with, many's the month ago. So we can only salute it here, *in absentia*. But, other than that one, and other than those that comprise the commemorative portfolio in this issue, what are the cartoons you remember best? Tell us what they are, and if enough of you coincide in naming enough of them, maybe we can get up another portfolio, selected by popular demand, to be included as a cartoon dividend in an early issue.

Meanwhile, how do you like your magazine now? Has it really been a year since we last asked you that? We used to pester you on that score every month. And your answers to that constant question were the straws from which, brick by brick, Esquire was built.

Esquire must have had some editorial vitality to provoke reader response in the first place, back there six years ago this month when the "awkwardly edited" first issue came out (as a Quarterly magazine), that curiously inept first issue whose cover might more suitably have graced a sporting goods catalogue than a magazine, and whose general layout, with its odd-sized illustrations and staggered carry-over pages, ran off like Guido Gimlet's horse, "madly in all directions." Yes, the magazine had to be good to survive as bad a beginning as that. But from there on, reader response was the sustenance on which its editorial vitality battened. And still is.

This is not to say that Esquire has always veered with every breeze that blew. A lot of the breeze that blew down out of the bleachers was just hot air. But a lot of the comments that came from the bleachers were pretty shrewd. Why shouldn't they be? After all, the game is put on for its fans, and without their support it couldn't go on. So we've always played with one ear open and one eye peeled for the reactions of the crowd. Call it grandstanding, if you will, but what's wrong with going in for crowd-pleasing in a game that has as its object the ability to attract a crowd?

Well, what has the crowd been saying lately? For a long time the crowd kept chanting, with a pertinacious insistence worthy of a cheering-section intoning "We Wanna Touchdown," and the burden of this choiring wail was "Cut out the goofy endings." This plaint of the plain reader ran to the effect that Esquire's stories were so dad-gummed arty or literary or realistic or highbrow or something (for any or all of which read "goofy") that the plain reader couldn't for the life of him tell, upon coming to the end of them, whether or not he had indeed come to the end. The endings were that goofy.

Well, the necessity for doing something about that mothered the invention of the dingus, that quaint device with which, from that time on, all Esquire text features have ended. The installation of the dingus, which is the approximate aesthetic equivalent of blowing a whistle, or ringing a bell, to bring the reader out of whatever trance Esquire's fiction may have put him in, was a great and lasting success. Complaints about the goofy endings died out, not exactly overnight, but dwindled quickly down to the irreducible minimum. By us, the endings still seem no whit more or less goofy than before, but the plaint of the plain reader has ended.

No, ended is not the word. Changed is what we should say. Because the theme-howl that used to be directed at the fiction, and the endings thereof, has latterly been shifted over to the illustrations. Morbid seems to be the word for Esky, insofar as the illustrations are concerned. Concentrated gloom is what we dish out now, in illustrating our stories and articles, if the new plaint of the plain reader is to be believed. And we're increasingly of a mind to believe it. We tried to laugh off this criticism for a long time, just as we shrugged away for many months the battle-cry about the goofy endings. But we've come to believe that this is another instance where the customers are right.

If Esquire's illustrations can't be artistic without being morbid or gloomy, why then we want to be end-man on the chorus of those who are kicking about them. We will even sing, solo, this heartfelt phrase: "Then the hell with artistry."

There's enough free gloom in the air these days that Esq need feel no urge to add to the total. So henceforth every Esquire illustrator must sing to himself, night and morning just before brushing his teeth, verses and chorus of *Brighten the Corner Where You Are*. This is a standing assignment, at least until its effect is plainly evident in their work. And if this be regimentation, we mean to make the most of it.

We can think of no better resolution than this with which to start out our seventh year. But if you can, let's hear it.

ESQUIRE
Oct., 1939
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. XII, No. 4
Whole No. 71
T. M.
Reg.

At

605

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ESQUIRE'S CHRISTMAS FAIR

Opening approximately November 15th, and the most extraordinary service ever extended to magazine readers, is Esquire's Christmas Fair . . . an actual stone and mortar "store" operated by the Magazine for Men in the interest of selected gift shoppers.

Esquire's Christmas Fair will exhibit the entire gamut of the nation's freshest and most original gifts, segregated and classified for easy choosing.

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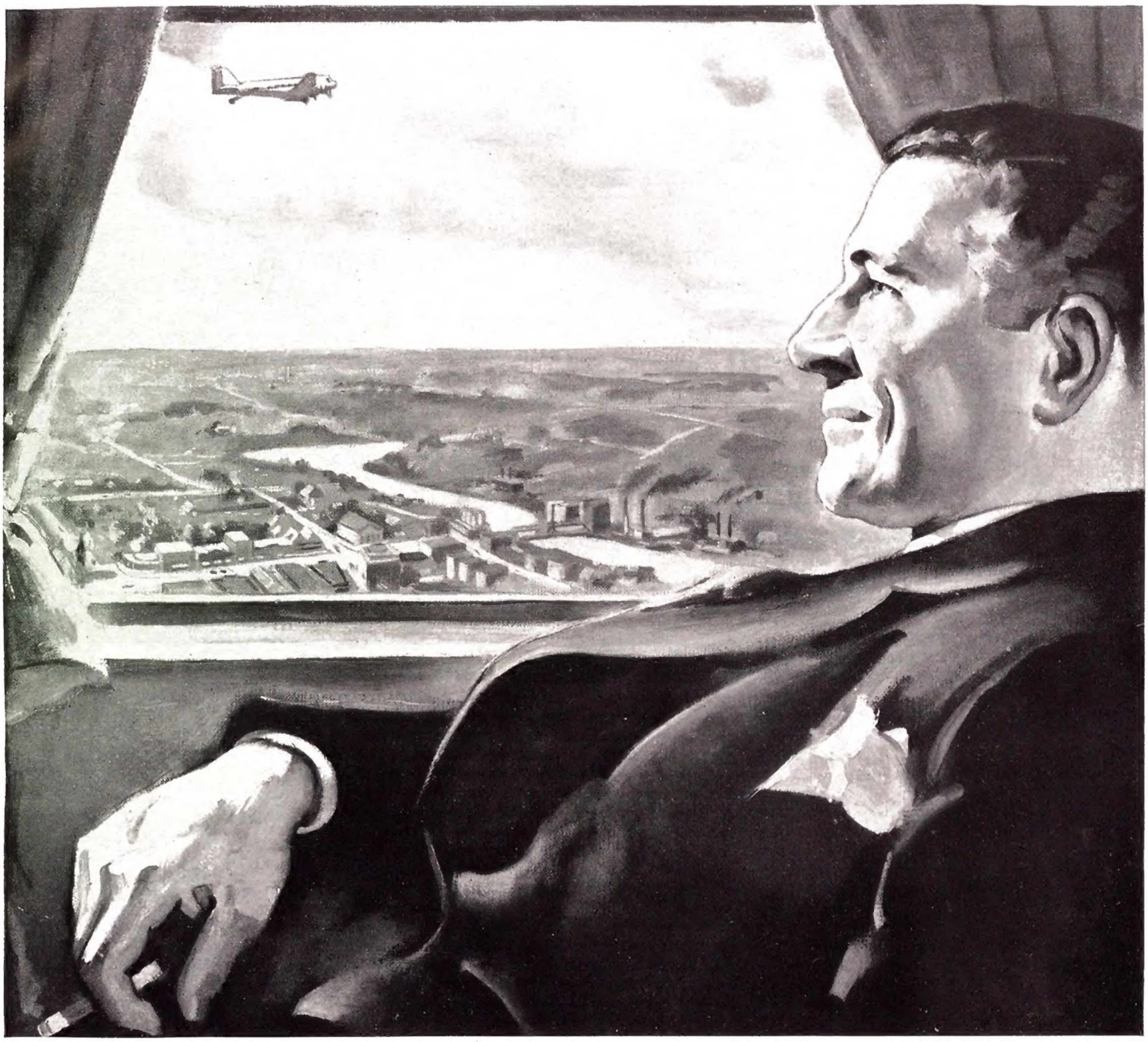
Complete details will be provided without charge, in addition, on such important matters as the modern lighting and decoration of Christmas trees, home windows and home interiors . . . and expert instruction in the newest ideas for the wrapping of gifts.

Further details on this most remarkable "shop" will be found in the November and December issues of Esquire.

Rest assured that modern New York will visit Esquire's Christmas Fair in person . . . and all are cordially invited.



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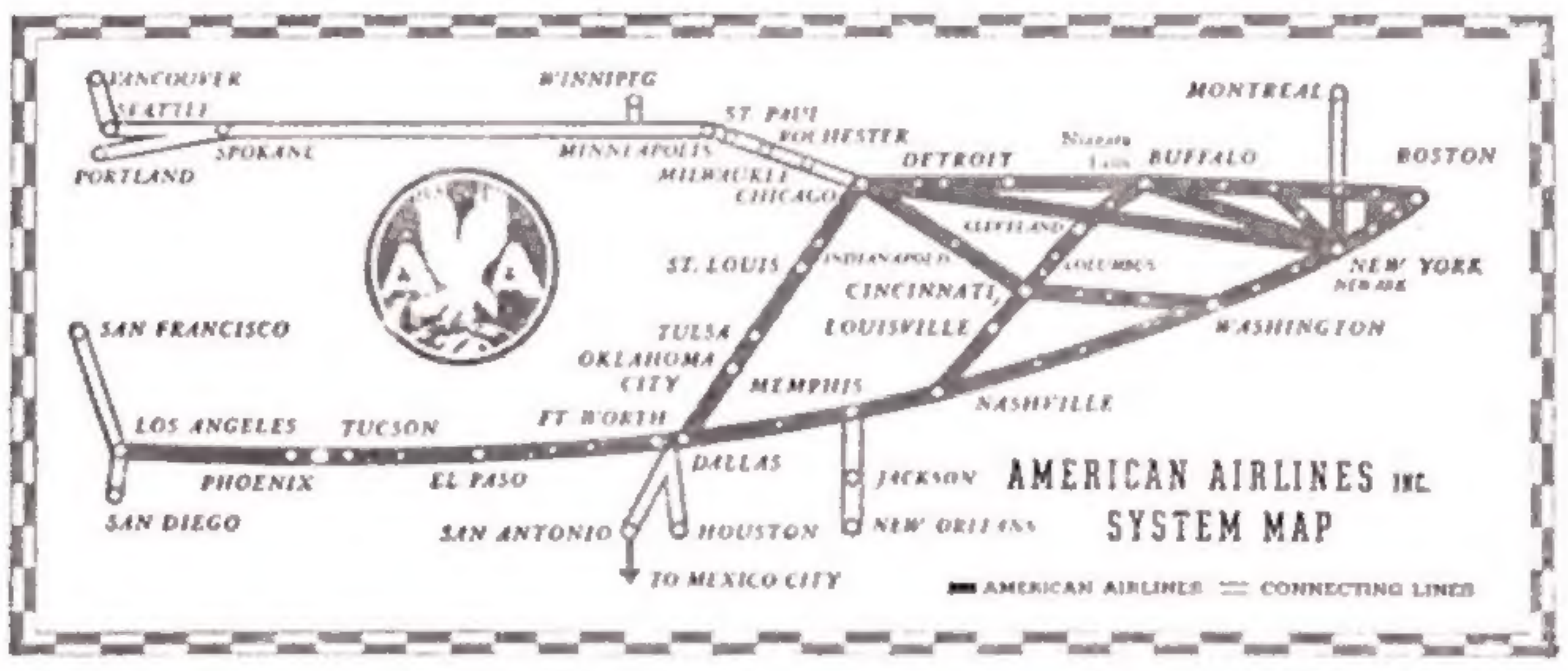
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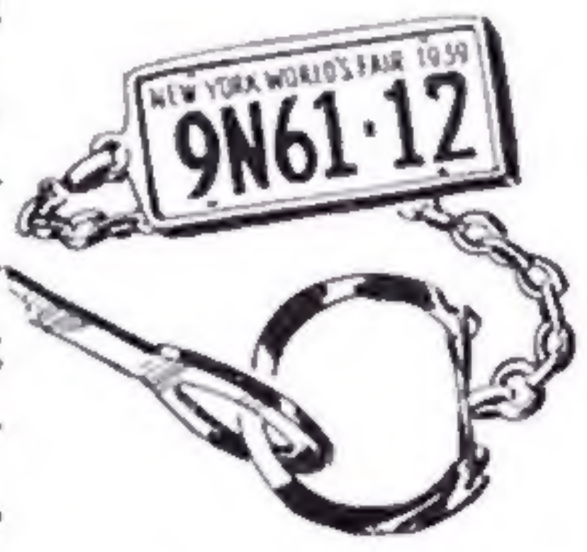

STREAMLINED STATIONERY. The hit-or-miss technique of letter writing, to which most of us are addicted, usually results in a useless collection of leftover sheets of paper and envelopes. As remedy for this, there's been a new type of stationery devised which, when folded, converts into a securely sealed envelope. Your name and address is printed on the paper and is visible, when folded, through a cut-out on the envelope. It serves as a return address for the postman as well as letter head. Despite the folding process, there are three large sheets for writing purposes.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR LEATHER. Toughness and durability have always been two of leather's most prominent and popular qualities. Certainly they've had a lot to do with establishing leather so firmly in masculine affections. To the leather lover we pass on word of a handsome group of leather products which possesses these two qualities in what practically amounts to downright overabundance. These products—cigarette boxes, humidors, clocks, coasters, desk sets, etc.,—are made of steerhide, heretofore only used for industrial purposes. This leather is wax impregnated, giving such a high degree of strength and rigidity that no frame or foundation is needed—they're all leather. The steerhide can be had in three styles: laminated, which consists of leather strips welded together; molded, which is solid, and link, which is composed of inch long oblongs of leather riveted together to resemble a basket weave. Unusual as the laminated type is, all three are running pretty well neck and neck in popularity. Check these as a neat solution to the masculine gift problem. Whether it's a pair of book-ends or cigarette box, he'll have it for a long, long time. One of the trays was dropped out of a 13th story window the other day and the only harm done was a slight scratch received when it bounced off a ledge on the way down.

PARIS PASTELS FROM THE OLD FAMILY ALBUM. Business, like politics, makes strange bedfellows. We've uncovered an *entente cordiale*—sort of a hands across the sea arrangement—between one of the country's largest department stores and a Parisian artist of the old Montmartre, Left Bank school. The raison d'etre for this unusual partnership is the equally unusual service it provides. Send the store a photograph of yourself, new or old, taken singly or as part of a group, and the store rushes it to Paris. In Montmartre, Richard Henri or one of his personally trained artists does a pastel portrait of you from the photograph, and the painting, signed and dated Paris, 1939, is in your hands in less than a month's time. These portraitures are done in a distinctive style and Henri's ability to reproduce a fleeting expression from a small photograph has made him quite famous. The paintings are done in pastel and pencil, one color, three color or multi-color pastel on soft textured, top quality board. As pastels are an excellent medium for smaller portraits and the artists do not try to create a "style", the results are effective as well as flattering.

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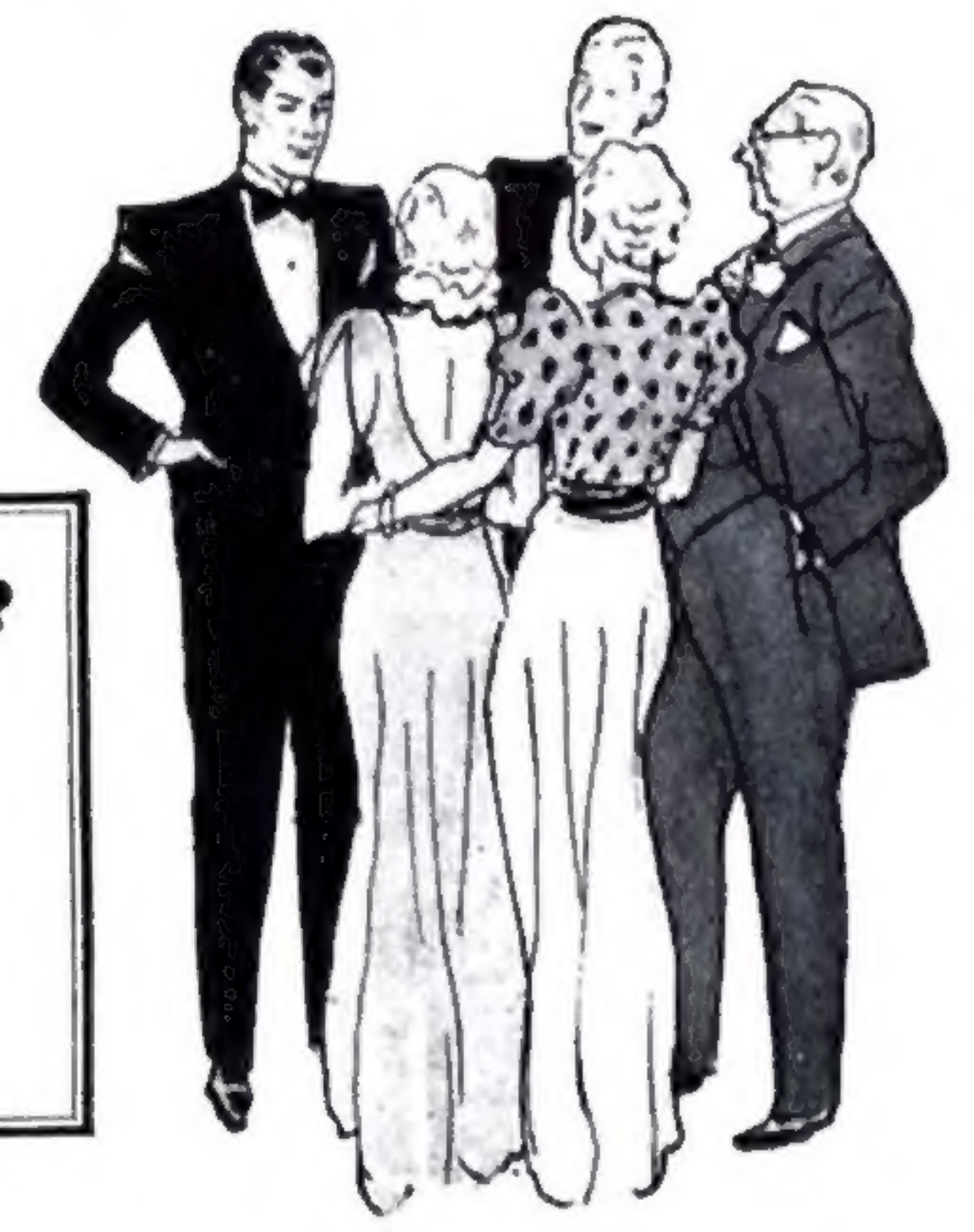

IS THIS ALWAYS YOUR SOLE CONTRIBUTION?

"I'm sorry—I never got around to reading that!"

This is a list of books which have been greatly in demand within the past few months by Book-of-the-Month Club members who represent an excellent cross-section of the entire nation's reading public. Most of them will be found on all other best-seller lists.

INTENDED TO READ **FICTION** **YOU DID READ**

☐ GRAPES OF WRATH .... *John Steinbeck* ☐
☐ THE YEARLING .... *Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings* ☐
☐ WICKFORD POINT .... *John P. Marquand* ☐
☐ CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER .... *G. S. Forester* ☐
☐ CHRIST IN CONCRETE .... *Pietro di Donato* ☐
☐ SEASONED TIMBER .... *Dorothy Canfield* ☐
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☐ ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO .... *Rachel Field* ☐
☐ TREE OF LIBERTY .... *Elizabeth Page* ☐
☐ BLACK NARCISSUS .... *Rainer Godden* ☐

NON-FICTION

☐ NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD .... *Vincent Sheean* ☐
☐ INSIDE ASIA .... *John Gunther* ☐
☐ WIND, SAND AND STARS .... *Antoine de Saint Exupèry* ☐
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JOSEPH IN EGYPT
Joseph in Egypt
Thomas Mann

A-8210

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Last month you published a letter from a Mr. John Bell, who must have been born with a hatred for the British and anything connected with them. I doubt if he has ever met an Englishman personally, if he has it must have been an unfortunate encounter.

All the same I agree with Mr. Bell that a certain gentleman named "Miles," was wrong in the way he criticized what he termed "American slang." The present American and English languages came from a common base. *Viz:* the English spoken in England before the "Mayflower" set sail; from which time onwards they have both deviated vastly from the original. So that modern English is just as much slang as modern American.

English people in general, have a peculiar weakness for making fun of any kind of accent. A comedian who adopts a dialect usually stands a far better chance of becoming famous, *e.g.* Gracie Fields (Lancs), Harry Lauder (Scots), The Western Bros. (Oxford), Harry Champion (Cockney), etc. But they do not make a special point of ridiculing an American accent.

Most British people admire the inventive American mind. I suppose at some time Mr. Bell has read an article of contrary criticism of some new invention, and has judged the whole nation by the ideas of one man; so that he now calls us, "A nation of tradition loving stick-in-the-muds." I am afraid he is somewhat bigoted. So much so that he will not take the trouble to find out what the British are really like; but will continue to loathe them quietly, or in spasmodic bursts of published anger.

However if in the future he visits this country, it would give me pleasure to meet him, and I might be able to introduce him to some English people, who are not quite so awful as he imagines.

Yours faithfully,
Gloucester, Eng. S. HODGSON

ANOTHER BRODIE FOR OUR BRODY

Ever since reading the June issue of Esquire I have been trying to resist the temptation to write to you, but alas, I have succumbed to the temptation. Now I know that I must resign myself to the wrath which will descend on my head for daring to criticize one of your articles.

The article I refer to is *Racing Luck At Epsom*. Who is this Mr. Iles Brody? How did he get his "dope" for his very interesting article?

In column one of his article Mr. Brody says "The night before the race he (the King) retires to Windsor Castle, which is near to Epsom . . . until his phaeton drawn by four Windsor grays will drive up to the castle gate to take him to the course." Now every Londoner knows that Windsor lies many miles (about 25) from Epsom on the other side of London and that it would take His Majesty many hours to do the journey in a phaeton. It is quite obvious that Mr. Brody is mixing up the Derby meeting with the Ascot meeting. It is at this event that the King makes his State Drive down the course, *and Ascot is very close to Windsor!!*

Now what intrigues me is this. This glaring error makes it obvious that Iles Brody has never been to a Derby at Epsom. Then how did he manage to capture the atmosphere so faithfully? I have been there many times and have never read a better description! Come on Brody—tell us the secret.

In conclusion let me, as a regular English reader, urge Esquire to carry on the good work. Its monthly arrival is quite an event in my house and after the family have finished with it I always enjoy it immensely—if the next door neighbor doesn't get it before I can lay my hands on it!

Yours faithfully,
Edmonton, Eng. HUGH ELLIS

ALL IN LA VARRE'S OWN WORDS

Mr. LaVarre's story "Trial in the Jungle" in the August issue, contains what purports to be the speech of Ashanti Negroes. I maintain that examination of the quoted bits of dialog proves that these Negroes are not Ashantis, but Esperantos, a branch of the Hog-Latin tribe.

In the story, they were brought from Africa by Portuguese slave traders and sold to Dutch planters in the wilds of Dutch Guiana. Therefore, their speech should be all Ashanti, except possibly for some words of Portuguese and Dutch, but certainly no English should be expected in their speech. But look at the samples given in the story

(a) The word used to identify the old man of the tribe is "Granman." This is a pure Esperanto equivalent for "grandpappy" and derives from the original Hog-Latin "grampaw," which doubtless is well known where Mr. LaVarre hails from.

(b) As a term of general agreement or affirmative, the Ashantis say "Dasso." This strikes me as probably derived from the root word commonly used in Mr. LaVarre's territory, which is "Dat's right, honey chile."

(c) The general name for white men is "bohkra." Compare this with "buckra" used by the well-known tribe of the Memphis, and "Mistuh Eddie" used by the natives of the upper reaches of the great river, at about latitude 126 Street East.

(d) At the bottom of Page 156, we have a whole sentence in the purest Ashanti: "Da bohkra no killi." This means "The white man did not kill him." The general article is reminiscent of Amos and Andy. Bohkra we have already questioned. If Mr. LaVarre can find an African language containing a word meaning "kill" and pronounced as "killi" by natives who have never learned English, I will accompany the learned explorer on his next exploring trip, and carry him on my back every step of the way. The negative "no" we will have to pass over. It could be English, though, couldn't it?

(e) In the next column, we have another complete Ashanti sentence."Zoolai (a proper name) spiriti ponti we." Note that the definite article used in the previous sentence is lacking in this one, but another quite sophisticated invention in the field of language takes its place. We have a pronoun in the objective case, not inflected, as simple people would make it, but a separate word in the English style. "Ponti" looks as English as Harvard would like to look. "Spiriti" could be Portuguese or English, but since ghosts are familiar concepts to all African tribes, why did they borrow a word from a European language to express an idea for which there were surely words in their Ashanti.

To me, the whole story looks as if Mr. LaVarre made up the words as he went along; and since the editors of Esquire are pretty gullible people, he did not trouble to make a very good job of Language-faking. I am sorry to reach this conclusion. I have read and enjoyed previous literary works of Mr. LaVarre, and I would be pleased if he can explain the suspicious similarity of his Ashanti to his own native language.

Philadelphia, Pa. BRUCE PLATT

LET MR. ERCKMANN UNSCRAMBLE THIS

In the July issue, Mr. Erckmann submitted a geometrical problem, for which I am enclosing a solution. Unfortunately my pen is too coarse and too apt to blot to print with so I worked it in pencil.

If it is too blurred when it reaches you just forget about it.

Which reminds me, Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote, "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare"—He must have been quite an old rascal.

To describe a circle passing through points A and B of a given circle and cutting another given circle at opposite points of a diameter:

Join points A and B, bisect at o and draw line FOF' $\perp$ to AB;

Join O to C (the center of a given circle);

Draw OE $\perp$ OC and same length as AO;

Draw CD $\perp$ OC and same length as radius of Circle C.

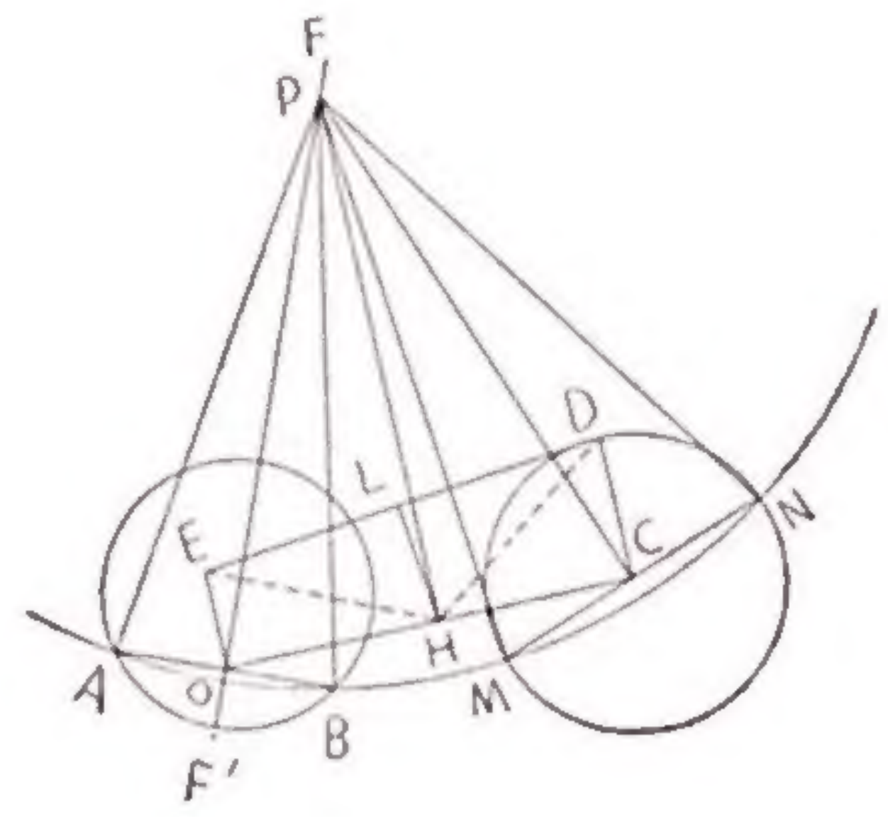
Join ED. Bisect at L. Draw LH $\perp$ ED and touching OC at H.

Draw line $\perp$ OC (at H). Cutting FOF' at P.

Join PC. Draw diameter MN $\perp$ PC.

Join PA, PB, PM and PN, also EH and DH with dotted line.

If $PA = PB = PM = PN$, then a circle with center P and radius PA will pass through PB, PM and PN.



PROOF

Because $\triangle$s PAO and PBO are identical $PA = PB$.

Similarly $PM = PN$.

Because PAO is Rt. $\angle$d $\triangle$ $PA^2 = AO^2 + PO^2$.

Because POH is Rt. $\angle$d $\triangle$ $PO^2 = PH^2 + OH^2$.

Because EOH is Rt. $\angle$d $\triangle$ $OH^2 = EH^2 - EO^2$.

but $EO = AO$.

$\therefore PA^2 = AO^2 + PH^2 + EH^2 - AO^2 = PH^2 + EH^2$.

Because PCN is Rt. $\angle$d $PN^2 = CN^2 + PC^2$.

Because PHC is Rt. $\angle$d $PC^2 = PH + CH^2$.

Because DCH is Rt. $\angle$d $CH^2 = DH^2 - DC^2$.

but $DC = CN$ (Given).

$\therefore PN^2 = CN^2 + PH^2 + DH^2 - CN^2 = PH + DH^2$.

But $\triangle$s ELH & DLH are identical

$\therefore EH = DH$.

But $PA^2 = PH^2 + EH^2$ & $PN^2 = PH^2 + DH^2$.

$\therefore PA^2 = PN^2$ $PA = PN$

$\therefore PA = PB = PN = PM$.

Yours truly,
GORDON ROBERTSON
Atlin, B. C., Can.

EFFETE ESQ.

This voice comes right from the heart of the Andes where life goes a-quiet and Nineteenth Century materialism speaks still the unlearned tongue of experience and the verities mumbled by *The Wealth of Nations*. Esquire, a merry desperado in quest of female cynicism, has found a neat and cozy nook in my very humble shelves, to the utter admiration of the members of this side of the Intelligentsia who cannot understand how Americans have surpassed the *feuilleton* stage of fiction.

They have failed to realize, however, that super-action has only been replaced—at least in the most pretentious contributors of Esquire—by a stuttered murmur which mimics the typical aches and agonies of the introvert, torn in the clutches of spiritual *mal de mer*.

Esquire's gone Proustian (a naïve, front-cover sort of Proustianism) and that cannot be regretted enough, if heed be paid to the call of the wild, echoing quite a different note in those amazing States of yours. You know why? I'll tell you. Your vitality is too great to amuse yourselves playing complexes and nonexistent *traumas*, when, to your benefit, the lighter vein makes yours very readable stuff. Use the light, simple touch which is so good and so refreshingly American. Do not spoil your tact—and our taste—by munching silly secrets, and do spare us the burden of pondering.

Consider this the very candid—and not unfriendly—opinion of an Ecuadoran reader who will take pleasure in sending you further notes from afar.

Sincerely,
ARTURO MENESES PALLARES
Quito, Ecuador, S. A.

REGIONAL CRITICISM

Lacking profanity and vulgarity, the only two virtues (?) of "Tobacco Road," Mr. Erskine Caldwell's short story, "The People vs. Abe Lathan, Colored" in the August issue of Esquire, had nothing left except a tendency to re-kindle the flames of an old fire which decent people of both the North and the South have tried to put out for the past several years. Aside from this tendency, I can see no excuse for the story.

Poor old ambling Uncle Abe talked far more like a Harvard graduate than he did a Negro share-cropper, in addition to receiving purely fictional maltreatment.

I am sure your magazine does not depend on its Southern circulation for its existence, but I, as a subscriber, do regret that I have helped to pay Mr. Caldwell for this story.

Yours very truly,
Raleigh, N. C. E. B. HICKS

IS THIS EVE'S RIB?

I've been reading *What Men Don't Like About Women*, and I'm dumfounded. I never realized before how bright men can be.

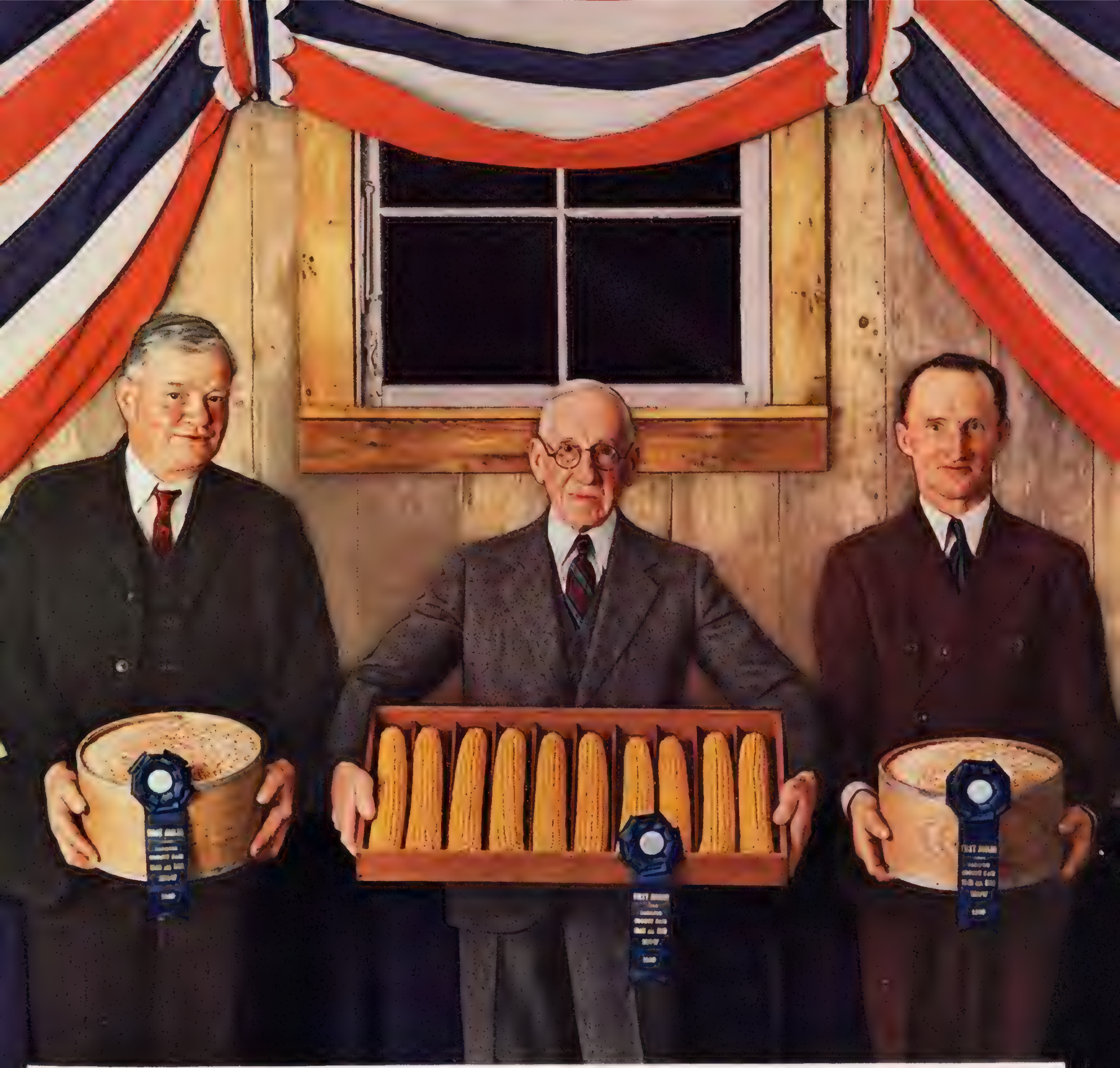
There's something Mr. Horton has not discussed that is my big fault. I'm one of the gals who boast about their ability to handle SITUATIONS, and then yell for mama if one pops up. I am still hoping for a situation I can handle with sophistication, but I'm beginning to doubt myself now.

But be a little tolerant, please! Surely there are some good points to be mentioned.

These arch-angels called men have a few minor habits equally displeasing I am sure. Grouchy as I sound I can truthfully say Mr. Horton's articles are the most disarming and provocative in Esquire.

Sincerely yours,
A LITTLE HUMBLED BUT NOT MUCH
Fort Worth, Texas

Continued on page 12



Their grain won first prize...for you!

WHAT BECOMES of this country's finest rye, corn and barley—the kind of grain that wins prizes at Fairs?

We don't know what happens to *all* of it. But we do know that a goodly share of it comes to our distillery . . . to be made into Four Roses. In fact, that's the only kind of grain we buy.

True, it costs more. But without it, Four Roses just wouldn't be Four Roses. Without it, Four Roses wouldn't have the flavor that has made it so famous.

But even the finest grain, before it can be used for Four Roses, must season—until the moisture is gone, until the grain is dry, flinty, sound. For only then can the rich, clean kernels impart their full goodness to the several whiskies that eventually will be combined to give you Four Roses.

Eventually? Yes—for these straight whiskies must slumber and slowly mellow in their oaken casks for at least 4 years before they may share the illustrious name Four Roses! Then these superb whiskies are *combined* into *one* whiskey that is finer than any of them could be alone.

Four Roses is ALL whiskey—America's finest whiskey . . . made for you from America's finest grain. Try it today! *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY

AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF—THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH

I read your article *They Jump Right Into the Boat* in the August issue of the ESQUIRE magazine. I for one agree with your article.

I know fellows who have jumped bass along the Fox River near St. Charles, Ill. I have known of jumping bass for a number of years. I have been laughed at many times for telling the story of jumping bass. Not only by outsiders but local people as well.

I am writing you this letter for two reasons. First, is to let you know that jumping bass in a boat has been done in northern Illinois along the Fox River. It is also illegal to take bass that way in Illinois.

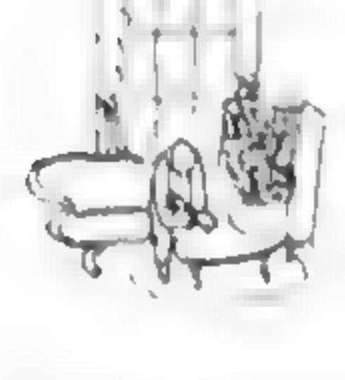
Second reason is to let you know there is one person outside of Missouri who is not laughing at your story.

Yours truly,

St. Charles, Ill. ALBIN J. ANDERSON

WHAT MEN LOVE ABOUT 'EM

It is obvious that Thomas Horton's article in the August ESQUIRE contains the words of a man who has certainly been spurned—most likely by a woman who was clever enough to discern what he thinks is safely hidden—his own conceit. They are the words of a cynic, soured because the woman he loved didn't think enough of him to give him even *one* snapshot.



I am not going to refute his statements with an argument which would be lengthy but only say that the statements he made (sans the exaggeration, of course) are the very things men *love* in women. The pictures he speaks of are the very things that sell "ESKIE" to so many normal men. (With one exception—Mr. Horton himself.)

I could go on and make charges against men—especially Mr. Horton's type—but am fully aware that the actions of most men are influenced by women and vice-versa. And that is how it should be in a sane, sensible world.

Mr. Horton has been reading the wrong psychology or else as I have said before, had an awful disappointment. Whoever she was—Hurrah for a clever woman!

But don't get me wrong—I sympathize with Tom. He must be living a hell of a life—alone!

Sincerely,

Brookline, Mass. SHARLENE STONE

ESQ IS ALWAYS HOT

It is Sunday in mid-July in Louisiana. Mr. Fahrenheit's little indicator points to an easy 104° in the shade. All visible vegetation droops and withers under the noonday sun as if it had been scalded. Your correspondent is not the kind of deep Southerner you see in the whiskey ads in ESQUIRE, relaxing in the cool, misty depths of a high-columned veranda and sucking up juleps from frosted silver cups purveyed by a velvet-coat-collared Uncle Tom. Y. c. is a plain cracker who does his relaxing on the back porch with bottled beer. And today it's too hot for bottled beer—too hot for anything except to peel down and stretch out and ketch up on his unread copy of the August ESQUIRE. If we can't do anything about the weather let's forget it, says y. c.

He passes resolutely by *Sound and Fury*, usually his first choice, for he knows from experience how hot that will be. The sporting articles are usually his second choice, but they are out today, because they suggest physical exertion. He's looking for some light, cool fiction to soothe his brain. Ah, here's something—*Minding the Calves*, a pastoral. The first two columns describe a farm that must have been located in the Dust Bowl, although the author says something about "the distant Berkshires." What the balance was about y. c. didn't learn; he turned over.

Here's *Hoosier Hot Spell*. Sounds like something about a hill-billy band; let's try it. Whew! Y. c. couldn't resist a momentary wave of sympathy even for a lot of damyankees exposed to "a hundred and thirty-five in the sun," but a wave of self pity soon drowned that out, and he left 'em all frying right there on Page 57, and never did find out how much hotter it got on Page 148.

He shifted back to Page 22, intrigued by the mysterious title *The Tall Twiger*, by Paul Annixter. This story was so full of meat that he literally sweated it through—and what a tribute to the author that was! It starts off with a temperature of 127° in the shade, paints a picture of "shimmering rocks," "red hot to the touch," and from there really works up to something caliente.

Y. c. summoned energy enough to unsheathe his Corona, and sat down to write you a letter cancelling his subscription. Then he suddenly remembered that he is only a newsstand four-bitter; so he sends you this inquiry instead:

What the hell is your idea of SEASONAL literature, anyhow?

Shreveport, La. W. E. NESOM

WHIFF THE WHIFFER

Mr. Nathan doesn't appear to be such a bad cheese slicer himself. While complimenting Robert Forsythe on his skill in carving the gorgonzola, the dean of American theater critics managed to produce on his own hook at least one mammary masterpiece.

WHIFF—" . . . Mr. Kyle Crichton, alias Robert Forsythe . . ."

DEODORANT—No doubt Mr. Nathan often has had occasion in the past to refer to Mr. Samuel Clemens, alias Mark Twain, or Mr. Charles Dodgson, alias Lewis Carroll, or perhaps Mrs. Mary Evans Cross, alias George Eliot? The use of the word *alias* in this way is a sophomoric piece of connotation transference worthy only of Mr. Nathan's once illustrious side-kick, the *Baltimore Oracle*. Who said Chinaman?

Courteously,

Detroit, Mich. ARTHUR CLIFFORD

BEST FRIEND WORSTED

It may make both you and Mr. Ficke feel better to know that the "model community" of Greenbelt, Md. voted 4 to 1 against dogs. I pass this on to you, too, in case you did not see the news item.

Cordially yours,

Chevy Chase, Md. JANET DEITRICH

DOES BRODY PRESUME?

Mind you, I do not presume to be an authority on the following, and also offer same in spirit of helpful criticism.

One: (Iles Brody, *Lives of a Hungarian Hussar*).

The Royal Scots Dragoons are British or Scottish but never "Englands," never!

Two: Being Dragoons they carry a sabre, not the lance.

Three: Established and organized and led by the Duke of Claverhouse (hence known as Claverhouse Horse), I believe, in the glorious Reign of Mary Queen o' Scots, to harry and put down the Covenanters.

Nevertheless please let us have more "Lives" of a Hungarian Hussar.

"Scotland Forever,"

PVT. MELDRUM

Ft. Amador, Canal Zone

IT'S GOOD, FOR THE SOUL

I suppose ESKY readers range all the way from two-fisted and very "butch" truck drivers through movie stars and on to screwballs who spend their time in the more-or-less effete pastime of beating a typewriter eight to ten hours a day trying to earn an honest penny.

Anyway, I started reading with your first issue in my very callow youth so I really owe you thanks for turning me into a real magazine sophisticate, *i.e.*, one whose friends dare not laugh when he sits down to the wine list!

Do you mind being used as an antidote for sweetness and light by a writer of verse. You sureashell shouldn't—my four bits being as good as anybody's.

CONFESSION

I said to myself, whether blessing or curse
I shall thrill women readers of magazine verse.
But I can't have a husband who's always true blue
And I hate washing dishes—so what can I do?
I could write about curtains of white-dotted Swiss
But I'd ruffle 'em wrong and be caught by some Miss.
I thought about Spring and a little seed pod.
I thought of a lamb in the pocket of God.
I thought about mother-in-law's tongue on a sill
But that is the last thing to carry a thrill.
I thought of the crackling of logs on a fire
Then I muttered, "Aw, Nuts!"—and I reached for ESQUIRE.

Lots of luck,

Kansas City, Mo. LEONARD SNYDER

BACK DOOR TO PICTURES

After reading so many flat-footed, cold-potato movie reviews, it is good to come across a review like the one in ESQUIRE (Aug., 1939) of *Back Door to Heaven*.

It is true that most motion pictures of the Hollywood ilk aren't worth a snowball and therefore aren't worth the time taken to toss off a good critical estimate. But it is also true that when a fine picture does come along the reviewers' stands are pitifully incompetent. The reviewers (they cannot be called critics for the most part *reporters* is best as a title for them) cannot match the really splendid films with splendid reviews. They mealymouth along with acute cases of adjectivitis and soft-brain.

I will see *Back Door to Heaven* and I hope to appreciate it not only in the light of the film (no pun meant), but also in the light of your well-written, substantial review.

Do you remember *Make Way for Tomorrow* and *A Man to Remember?*

Thanks for a vivid review and your critical integrity.

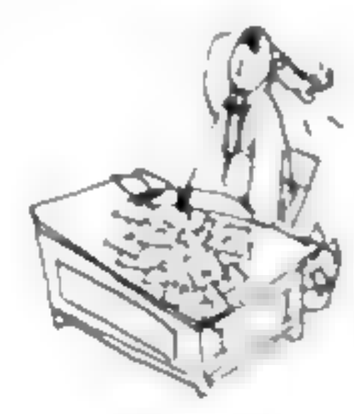
Very sincerely,

Atlanta, Ga. OWEN DODSON

P. S.—As a matter of fact, I've used a slew of adjectives myself, but I'm not a reviewer.

BACKWARD MATH CLASS

For five months I have been wondering what has happened to the combined intellects of the civilized world. Ever since the publication of my "Twentieth Century Mathematics" puzzle in February, I have been telling myself that it could not be possible that the whole puzzle solving tribe who read ESQUIRE could be stumped. But no correct solutions hove into sight. Nobody came even close. I began to congratulate myself, to pat myself on the back.



"Pride goeth before a fall." Today came the awakening. Mr. H. Wright, who lives on the other side of the earth, in China, not only correctly solved the puzzle, but in his letter points out numerous other solutions which I completely overlooked. In pleading guilty to this *faux pas*, however, I wish to point out that I am fully aware of the nuisance that an unsound problem can become, by wasting the time of the would-be solver. Yet in this case, no damage was done, since no one but Mr. Wright came close either to the intended or to the alternative solutions. Therefore, I do not feel so badly about the business, particularly as I had done my very best to prevent any flaws, but had not had any outside help in checking the problem, no one having been able to solve it before I sent it in.

Finally, the whole matter is very easily cleared up by a very simple addition of the word "first" in the second paragraph. This completely eliminates the "cooks" or second solutions, without changing the puzzle in the slightest way. I should be very much obliged if you would print this revised form if merely for the record.

TWENTIETH CENTURY MATHEMATICS

John said to his older sister Mary on her eighth birthday:

"Ten times the present number of my summers is equal to what my age in months was, as many years ago as my age in months was, when my age in days first exceeded my age in months by an even number."

If John was born on the Sunday before Thanksgiving, on what day of the week was Mary born?

I enclose another puzzle along similar lines, a companion problem, so to speak. It also is original, and, I believe, contains some novel points.

NINETEENTH CENTURY MATHEMATICS

A man wished to buy himself a lamp on his birthday. He had no money with him, so he went to the bank and presented a check made out to the exact amount of the cost of the lamp. The teller, by mistake, gave him as many dollars as he should have given him cents, and as many cents as he should have given him dollars.

The man then immediately went to buy the lamp, but he saw that due to the teller's mistake he had sufficient money, and bought two lamps instead. He still had some money left, and he resolved to give this to charity. Beginning that very day, he gave away this surplus, giving each day to one beggar, one cent the first day, two cents the second day, three cents the third, and so on, making his final gift on Easter Sunday.

If he had bought only one lamp instead of two, and had given the whole remainder of the money in the above manner, always one cent more each succeeding day, he would have made his final gift on May 16th, and he would have given to as many beggars *more* as he was years old.

On what day of the week was the man born?

Sincerely,

ERNST T. THEIMER

East Orange, N. J.

Continued on page 108

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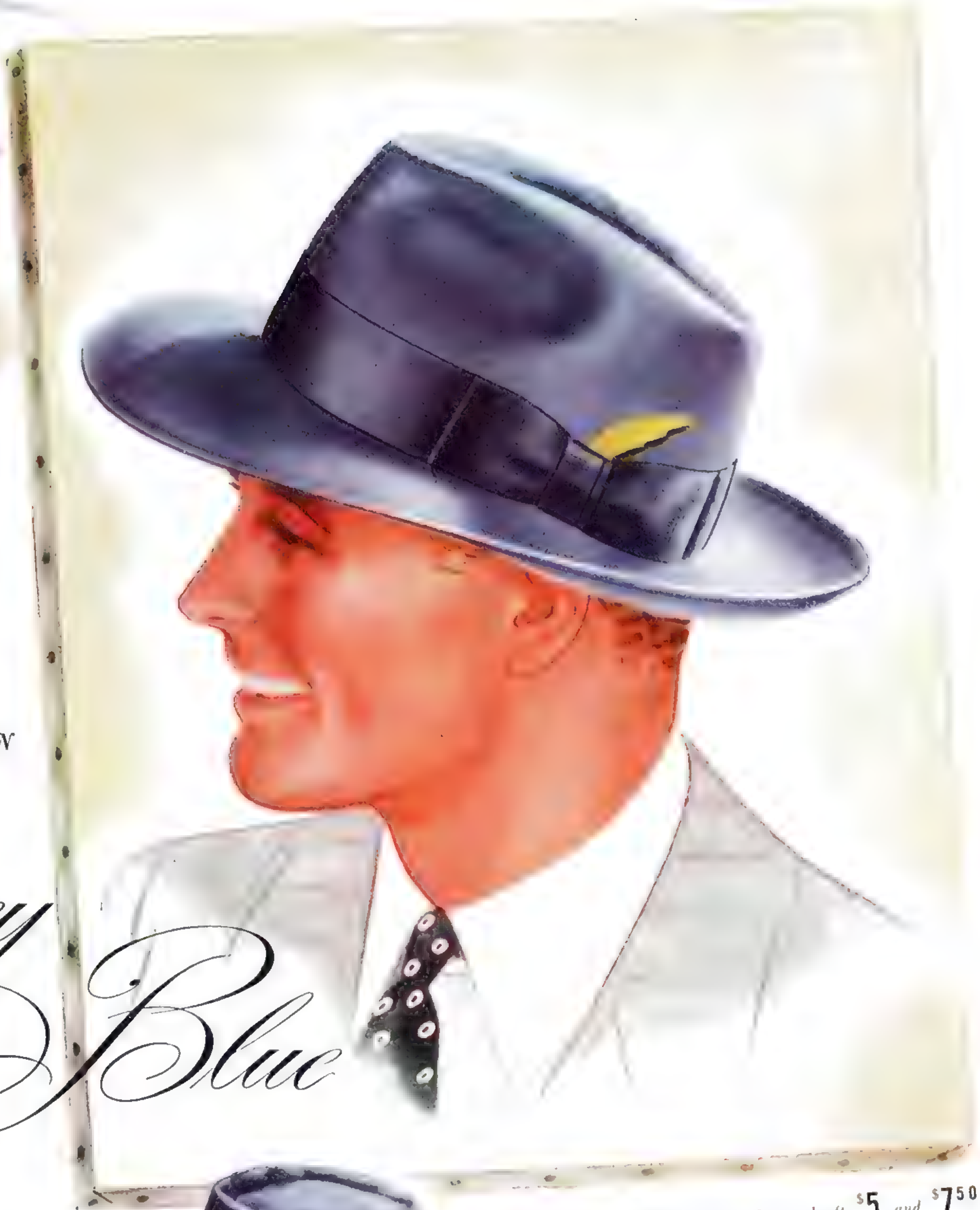

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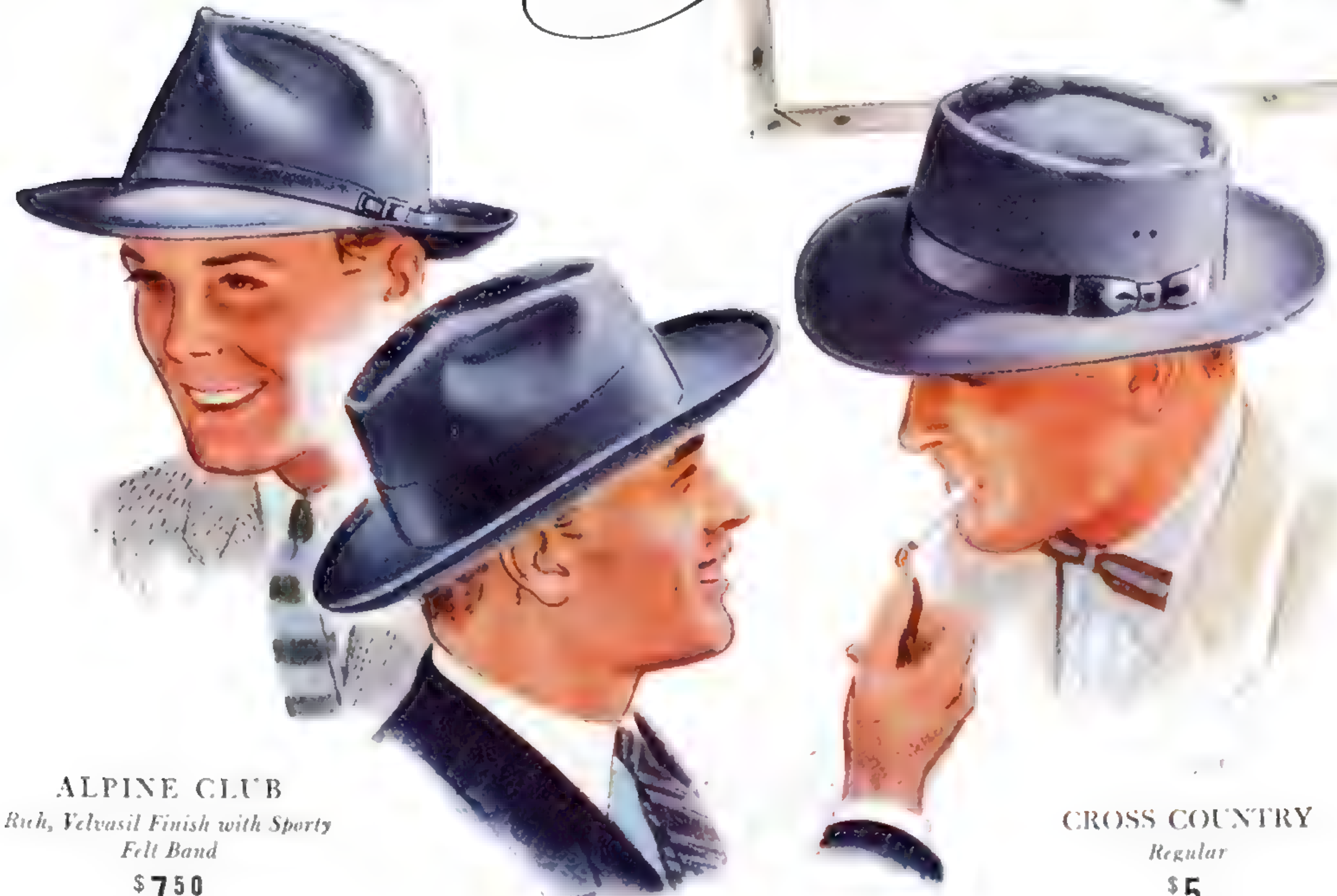

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SLEEP IN A BOX. Insomniacs, who from bitter experience have learned that sleeplessness is no joke, are apt to adopt rather drastic measures to effect some sort of relief. Discounting exceptional cases, this is not necessary. Norman Dine, who has spent several years in an intensive and successful study of insomnia, has a better solution. Poor sleep, it seems, is caused usually by excessive tension in body and brain. To reduce this tension and quickly bring about relaxation, he has prepared a first aid sleep kit designed to overcome the *most common* causes of this sleepless tension. To shut off the perpetual motion of a revolving brain there's a soporific bath powder and an arms-of-morpheus nightcap of herbs to tranquilize a jittery mind. A specially prepared rub releases the tautness of nerves and muscles and there are ear stopples for quietness and an eye shade that insures darkness. There's also a thermometer to test the bath water, as it should be exactly 98 when the bath powder is used. Of course, it's not necessary to use all these aids, but it seems that one of them might be the answer to sleep difficulties of the moment.

PLANNING ANY EXPEDITIONS? A young man with downtown Manhattan headquarters, who, incidentally, knows more about the great outdoors than most old guard trappers, has come through with a couple of fine things for that fall back-to-the-bushes movement you're contemplating. First is a 3½ lb. mountain tent which comfortably sleeps two people and rolls up so neatly that an over-sized pocket will carry it. It's made of completely weatherproof balloon silk, has a ground cloth and protective fly front sewn in. Tent can be put up in three minutes, making it, we're told, the most practical, as well as lightest, tent of its kind the north woods have seen to date. Second is Mt. Everest material, a new-to-this-country fabric for suits for rough sportswear, hunting, skiing, etc. Originally designed for expedition work, it is light in weight (18 oz.) but warm, is windproof and practically waterproof. Rough as it is, its appearance is well up to scratch, looks like fine whipcord.

FILMS FOREVER. All good things eventually come out of hiding to confront us—the great consuming public—with another sign of our remarkable times. Now there's a film preserver available for us amateurs, used to date principally by Warner Bros., Paramount and the U. S. Government, a preserver that protects negatives indefinitely. Applied by hand to any type of film, this toughener and sealer prevents warping, loss of pliability and the "rainy" surface effects common in roll and movie film. It should put an end to losses due to bad prints since finger handling and scratches cannot affect the processed film, and your own motion pictures, colored or otherwise, can be run off year after year without looking more and more like a bad print of "The Great Train Robbery". Application and drying take about three minutes after which time the film's face is lifted for keeps.

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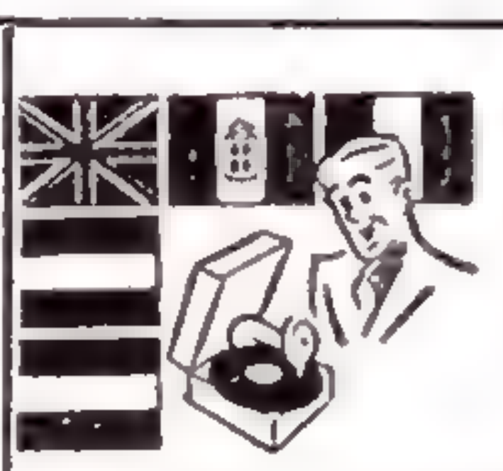

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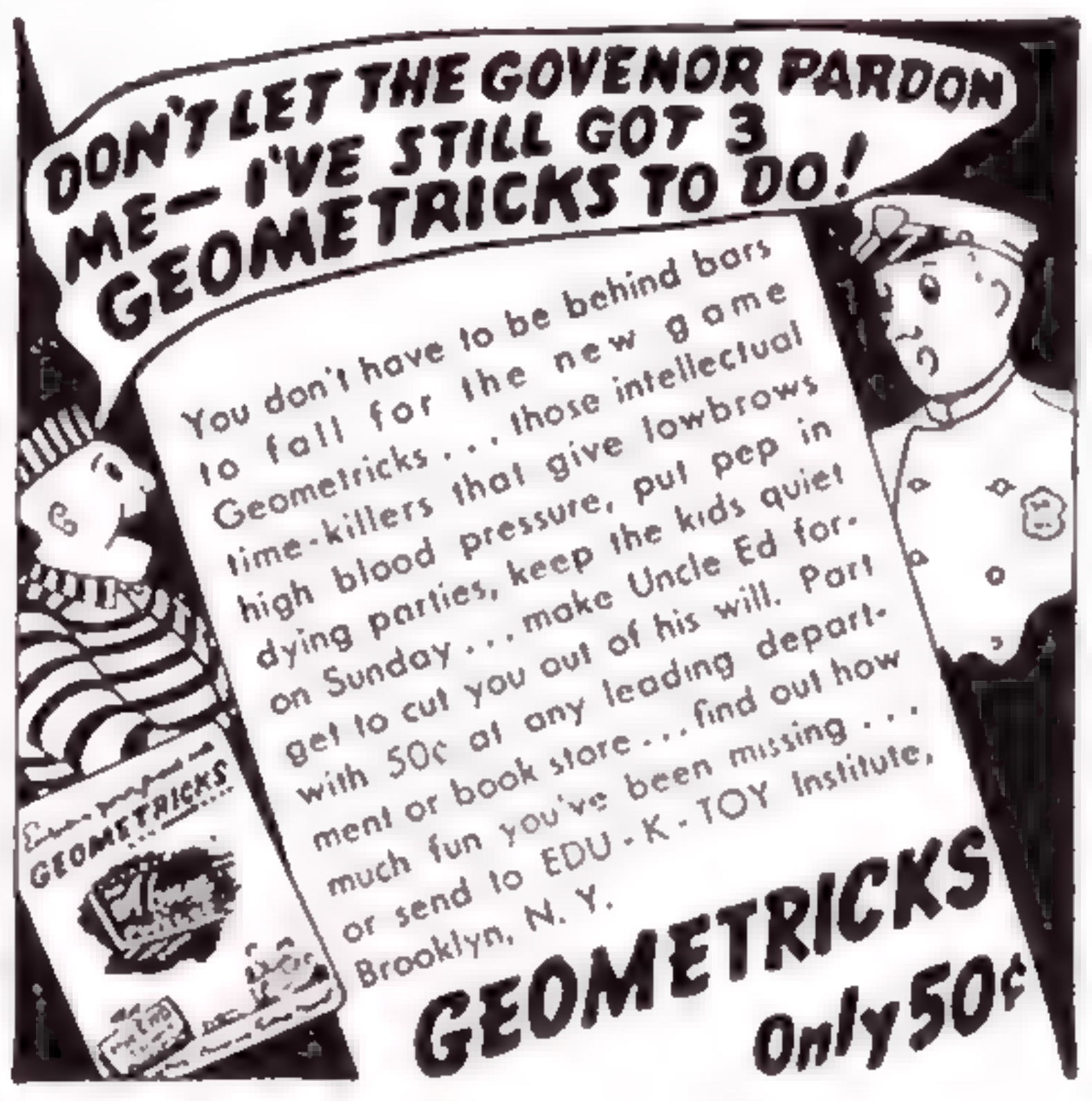
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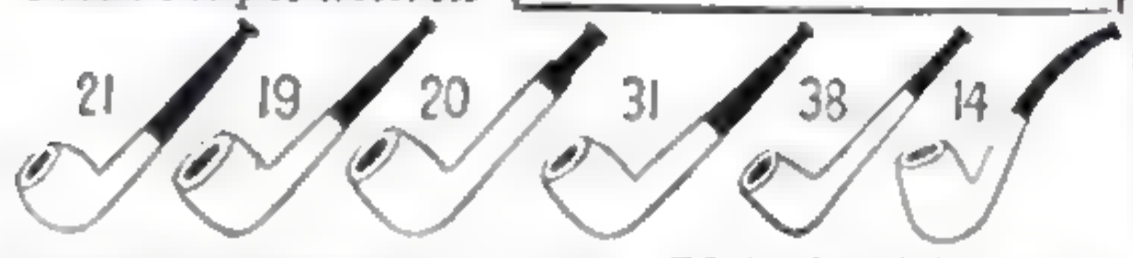

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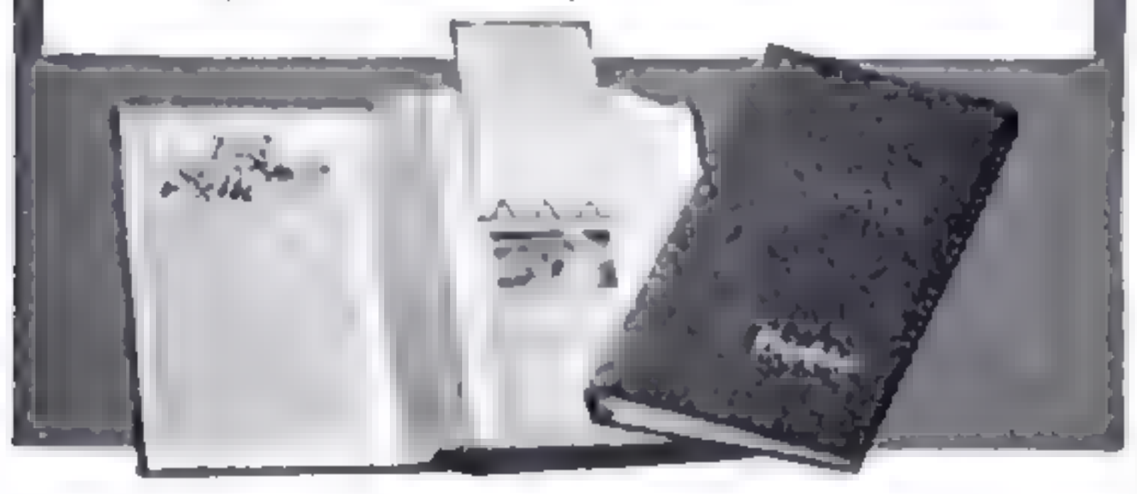

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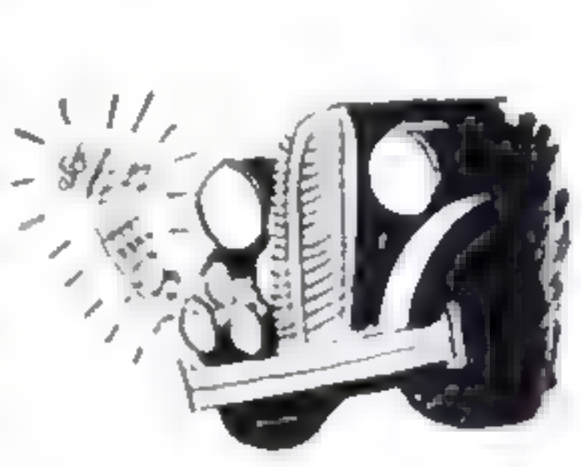
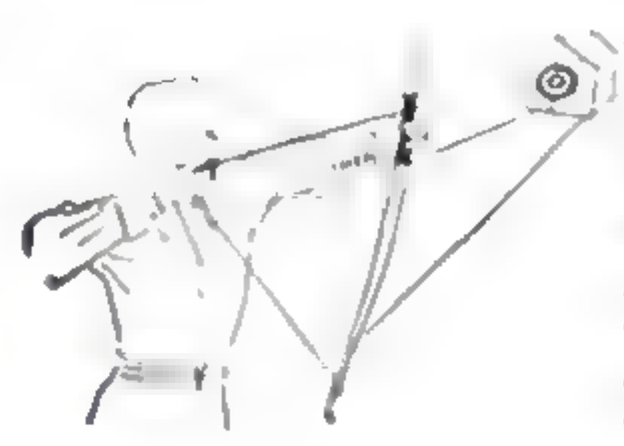
THE CAR WHAT SINGS. Those musical horns on the buses at New York's World's Fair have not only produced astonished looks on the faces of unsuspecting Fair visitors but, it seems, have created unprecedented interest in automobile accessories of a musical nature. As a result, there are several types of these mechanical virtuosos now available for your own machine. The New York Fair variety is electric, four-fluted and plays "East Side, West Side" and other tunes. There's one been made up for California fair-goers that handles "California Here I Come" in fine style, while several imported French horns play such definitely non-Gallic tunes as "Sweet Adeline" and "How Dry I Am". For waking up the woman driver ahead of you there's a horn that punches out "Reveille" in no uncertain tones but, of them all, our favorite is the tenor fanfare that plays a fragment of Die Walkure. Grand opera, Wagner at that, should be quite efficient in dealing with traffic jams.



ROBIN HOOD IN THE BACK YARD. Archery, 50% more popular today than two years ago, promises to produce another American sports trend of major proportions. Requiring unusually great coordination of mind and muscle, it has an age old background rife with colorful legends of chivalry, nobility and strength. It develops grace and carriage and is a most salutary form of exercise—so much so that it's now included in many colleges' athletic repertoires. While hunting and fishing with the bow and arrow are rapidly making new converts and provide thrills all their own, target shooting is today the most widely practiced form of archery. The space required varies from 20 to 100 yards so a fairly spacious backyard is all you need. Many suburbanites use their driveways with the garage as backstop. The target, 48 inches in diameter, is made of tightly woven rye straw or rubber treated horsehair and covered with an oil cloth face. It lasts several seasons and is comparatively inexpensive. Bows are made in 5 or 6 foot lengths of lemonwood, Osage or yew woods and range in price up to $75. Arrows are carefully selected for an archer's shot is only as straight as his arrow. Other equipment includes an arm bracer to protect the arm from bowstring recoil, shooting glove and quiver to hold the arrows. Hunting equipment is quite similar except that bow and arrow are heavier and the latter is equipped with barbed "Broadheads." This combination is deadly on all game from rabbits up to Kodiak bear and moose. For fishing, an Osage bow is used with a variety of fishing arrows, effective on all fish from the salmon to the shark. The arrow, shot into or at the fish, has a line attached to it. Once the fish is struck, the rod and reel come into play and the "reel fight" begins. A large fish, struck with an arrow, will fight much longer than one hooked through the mouth in the usual way as the latter is generally "drowned" to death.



If you're going to either the New York or San Francisco Fairs you'll find archery featured in their amusement areas. In the medieval atmosphere of the New York archery concession, you can fire away at stuffed game, animals and birds as well as at targets. But as we said before—all you really need is a backyard or driveway. If you use these, however, be sure that Mr. Smith next-door isn't out puttering about his garden. He may not be insured.

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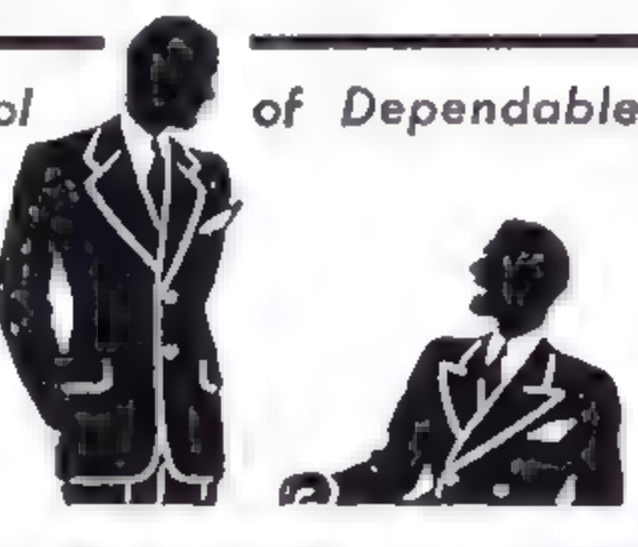

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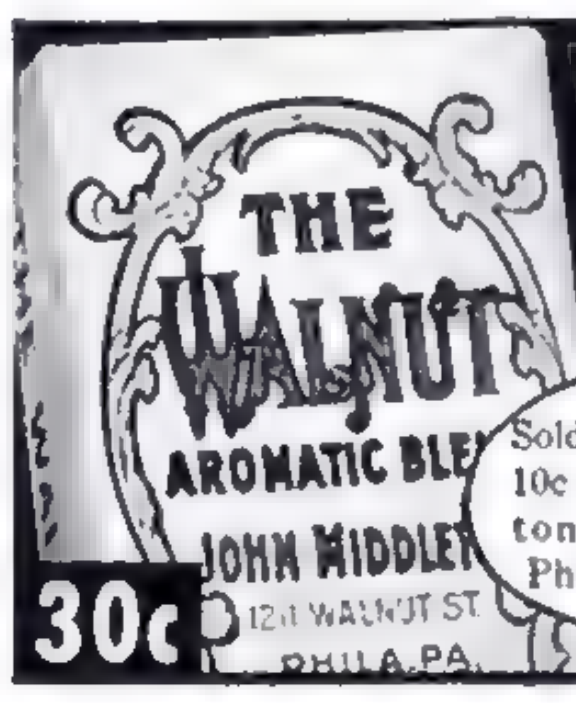

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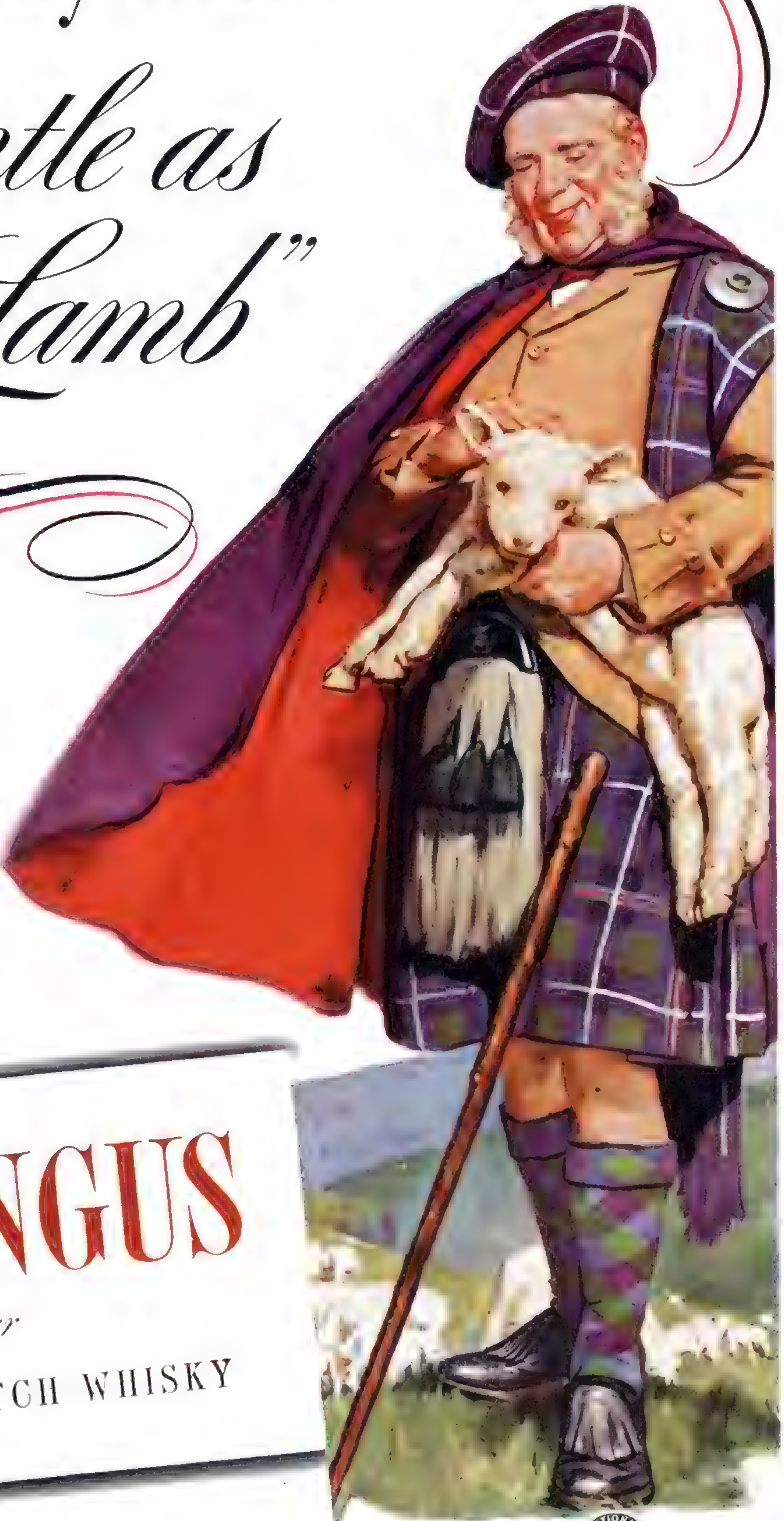

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Again

the pen was mightier . . .

The publishers of Esquire, America's magazine for men, wish to announce to their readers, Esquire's latest achievement in the field of American short story fiction. For the third consecutive year, Edward J. O'Brien, renowned authority on the American short story, has designated Esquire as the magazine offering its readers more distinctive short stories than any other American periodical. Among the best short stories published in Mr. O'Brien's book "The Best Short Stories, 1939" . . . are the following from Esquire:

What is a Miracle?

by Manuel Komroff
From the January, 1938 issue

The Crazy Guy

by Harry Sylvester
From the April, 1938 issue

Black Tobias and the Empire

by Heinz Werner
From the May, 1938 issue

The Girl from the River Barge

by Walter Schoenstedt
From the August, 1938 issue

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"... and it grinds your brains to powder"

Newspaper writing, as the late Henry Justin Smith once told a class in journalism, "is hard, and it grinds your brains to powder." To this he added: "You don't burn yourself up, though . . . you get hardened like steel. And your literary style becomes like steel, too." But, he pointed out, "to do any good writing you have to care about it tremendously."

*

"CARING about it tremendously" has become a tradition on The Chicago Daily News. Eugene Field knew what it meant . . . sweating over a manuscript . . . wanting to make people feel things. "His success," as Melville Stone observed, "was not achieved without constant and earnest toil." This, also, could be said of George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne, Carl Sandburg, and the many other distinguished alumni of The Chicago Daily News.

And the tradition continues.

*

It streaked like forked lightning through the work of Ed Lahey when word was flashed that the Squalus was down with 58 on board. Lahey—off duty and winding up a fellowship award at Cambridge, Mass.—got his paper on the telephone, begged for the assignment, played hookey from Harvard, and wrote the most graphic account of the tragedy that came out of Portsmouth. And his dispatches consistently beat the bulletins of the big press associations over the wire by margins of 20 to 30 minutes.

*

Just the tradition of caring about writing tremendously!

*

It blazed like a rocket on the night that Bob Casey—pausing between coverage of national conventions at Cleveland and Philadelphia—stopped off in New York for the first Louis-Schmeling fight. Casey didn't sit in the press section. He was lucky to get into the dim aura on the fringe of Yankee Stadium. After all, he wasn't there to cover the scrap. But when things began to happen, he pulled his typewriter from under the seat and started banging away at the keys in the dark. He didn't know what to do with the piece when the fight was over. It was too late to query the office. He couldn't locate the writer covering for his paper. So, he put the story on the wire and forgot about it. The Chicago Daily News printed it on page one. Frank Mott and a nation-wide board of editors published it as the best sports story of the year.

Anything can happen when one cares tremendously about writing.

*

Exceptional cases? Not at all! For, as a correspondent of Editor & Publisher once said, in pointing out this tradition of The Chicago Daily News, ". . . one needs only to cite, for example, that the sports editor of that newspaper is the author of 'Sherman, Fighting Prophet' and 'Myths After Lincoln.'" It should be added that the same noted sports editor and historian, Lloyd Lewis, is one of the country's leading drama critics as well. One has to care about writing tremendously to tackle three major writing jobs and do them all exceedingly well.

*

Style hardened like steel!

*

Through column after column, day after day, the tradition leaps like a flame. It sparkles in the deft humor of Bob Yoder. It pokes a tongue of satirical fire behind the door of politics — through the eyes of Clem Lane's Oxie O'Rourke. It burns with incandescent brilliance in the writings of Howard Vincent O'Brien, Westbrook Pegler, Donald Douglas, John P. Carmichael, James S. Kearns and other columnists. It spotlights the trails of travel under the direction of Lucia Lewis. It lights the brightest book beacon in the entire Middle West through the literary reviews of Sterling North.

*

Like a prairie fire it spreads.

*

Under the guidance of Royal F. Munger, it strikes sparks of interest from the cold flint of finance. It illumines the Woman's Pages edited by Leola Allard. And in the penetrating probings of a fine local staff it cuts through current events like an acetylene torch.

*

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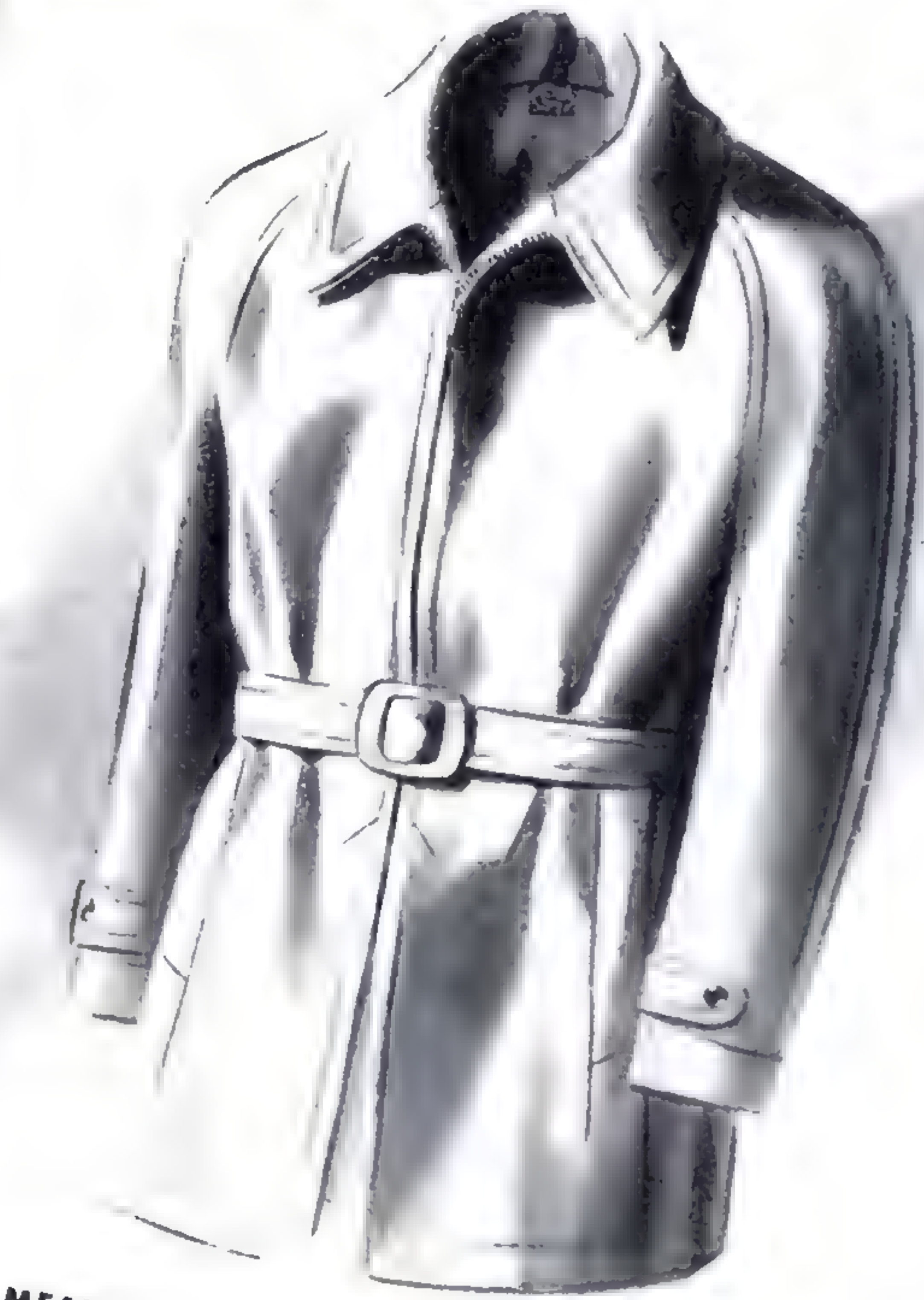

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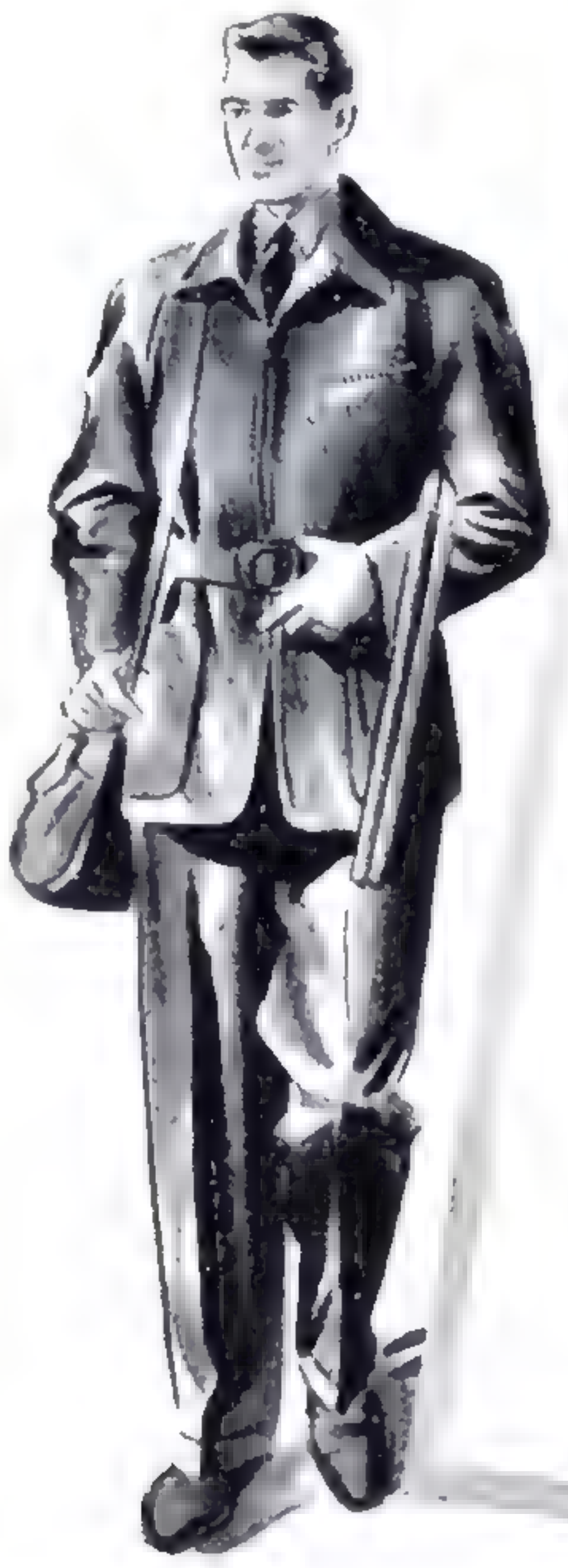

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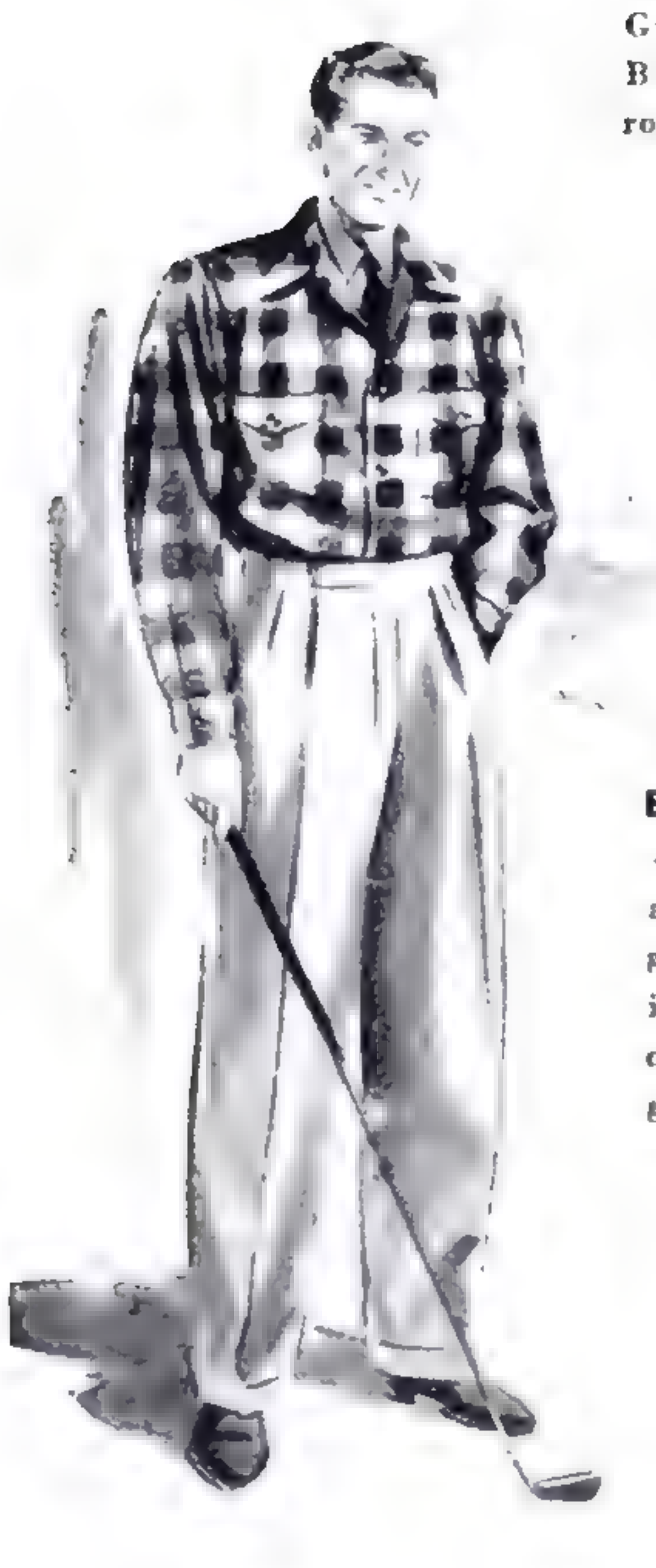

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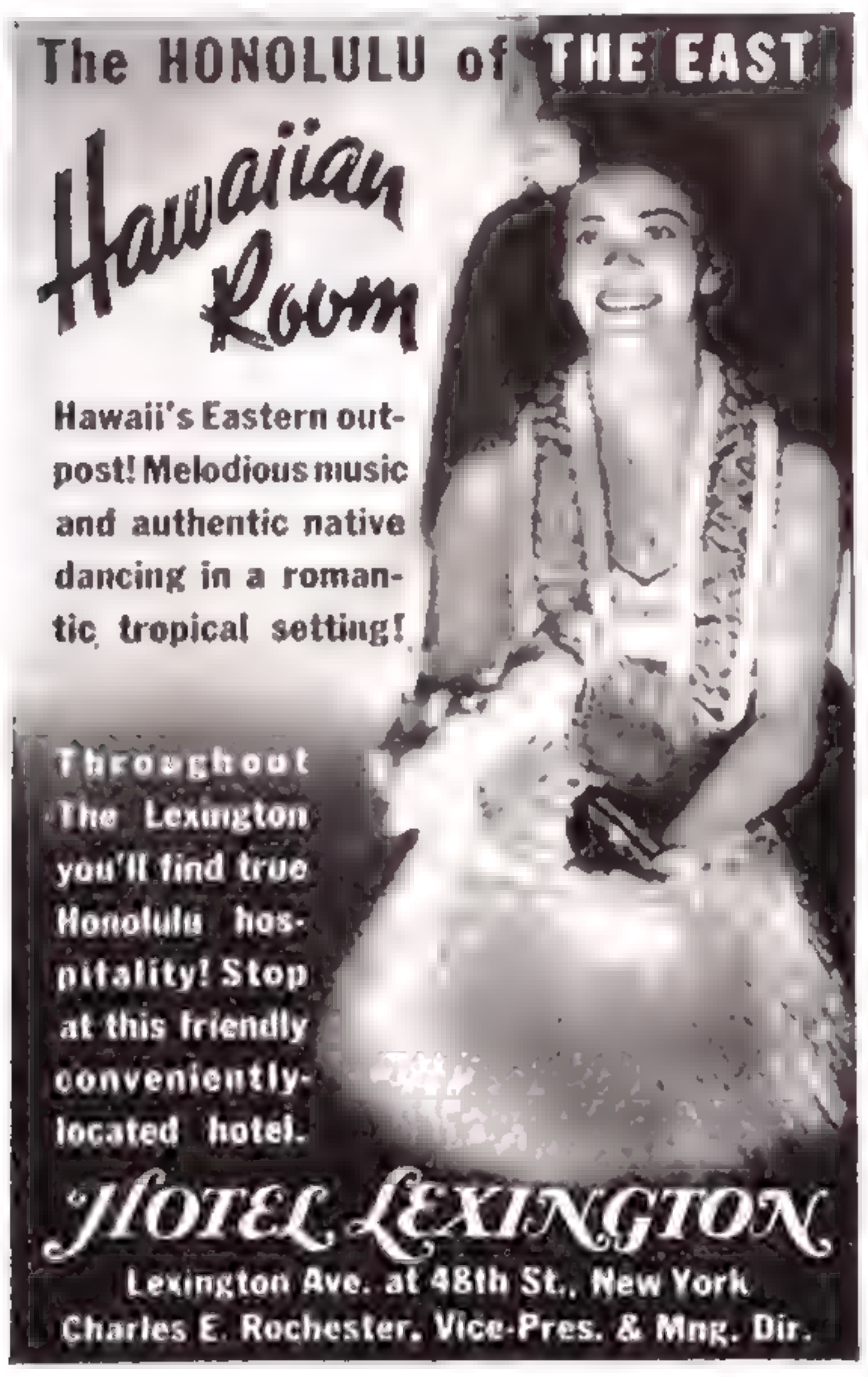
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Unable to believe that balladist Eddie Davis could be in top form without a few hours of warming up, your roundsman played safe by frequenting Leon & Eddie's only in the late hours. After years of such visits, there came recently a day when, overtaken by hunger at dinner time, this admirer felt lured to eat as well as listen—hoping that thrush Eddie wouldn't be performing in too early a manner. Eddie wasn't! You would have thought it was the apex of the evening, the way he started off, and the way the crowd loosened up under the spell of his lyricism. As for the big, bouncing cuisine, which partner Leon has the administration of, it leaves no rib lonesome. Consequently I am able to report that the Messrs. L. & E. are good speeds for starting evenings as well as culminating them.

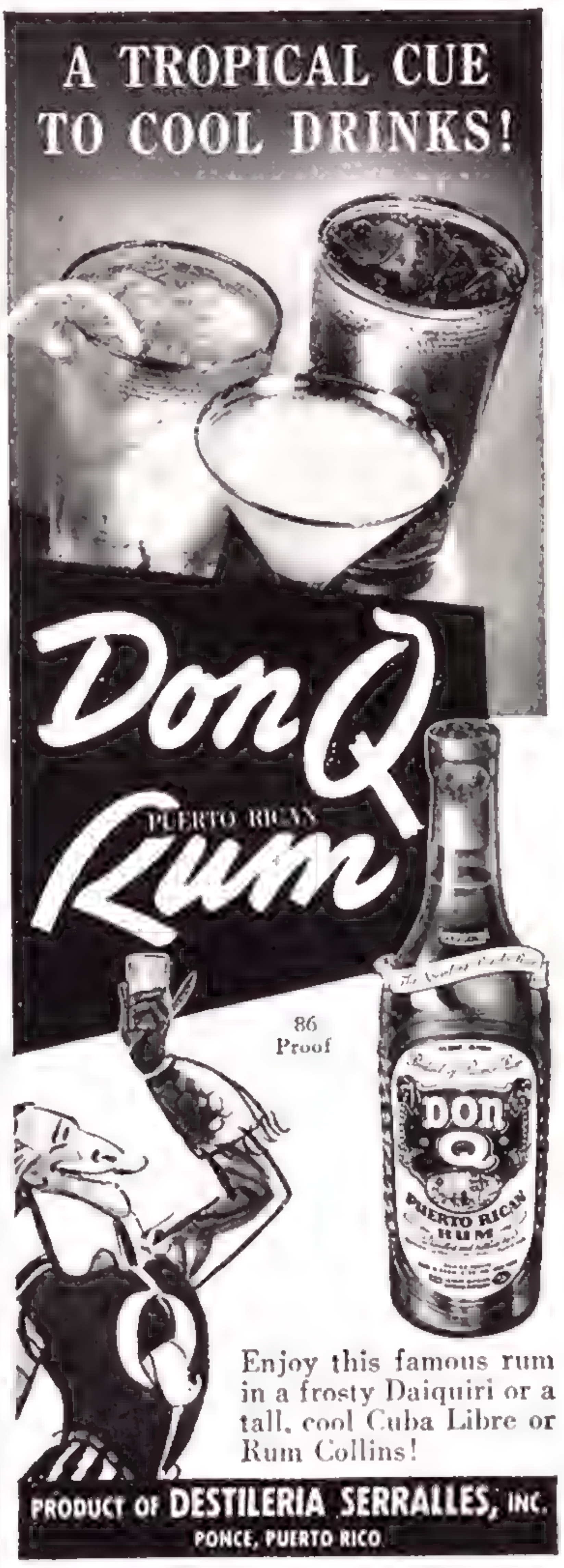
Heart & hoof item: Shep Fields has gone into his stance atop the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room podium, from under which Mr. Hitz's trick ice-floe creeps forth at show times. The beginning of a heavy winter, evidently – but Terrace life is like that. Current entertainers include a quintette of gals who know how to trail a limb pleasantly without bothering to say, "Pardon my pointing"; and sundry solo and duo performers whose feats range from the romantic to the suddenly sedentary. What with eyefuls, earfuls, and mouthfuls (but no snootfuls, please!), your lot as a rinksider isn't so hard.

Old irreconcilables to whom modern New York is just an upstart, take comfort in the fact that the Hotel Lafayette, cornered at 9th Street and University Place, has never gotten itself be-chromiumed nor altered its culinary ways – is still the outpost of Paris that art and literature used to lean on. They foregather there today, as of yore, to spear the succulent snail and prong mushrooms cooked under glass, and commune soulfully with the bouquets of old wines recommended by old waiters. Frankly, it's a pilgrimage place and a certain amount of reverence is *de rigueur*. One may make a pig of oneself, but one mustn't hurry.

A choice spot for holding conversation or paws is the copper-gold-ceiled, dim-lit Bar of the Barclay (direct entrance on 49th, just west of Lex.). The management, not wishing to seem niggard, tried putting in musicians and entertainers, but the clientele didn't want to be interrupted, and said so. Hence there will probably be no intruders any more, and the course of true exclusiveness will continue all serene, with only the cool click-cluck of shakers and a bit of wired music on the side to keep confidences from getting into neighbor's hair. Some cocktailers become so rooted, they command that a cloth be spread, and have their dinner sans the bother of budging.

The Minetta Tavern (MacDougall Street at Minetta Lane) seems currently to be the gathering place of the true Village set, and we don't mean tourists nor do we mean the quasi-intellectual aesthetes. You won't find any swank here, but you will find interesting people enjoying a convivial glass of beer—notable among them John the Moving Man, Cleon Throckmorton, Sherwood Anderson, Major Fred Lord, and others. Also worthy of mention are pencil portraits of regular customers that deck the walls.

Out Jersey way at Cedar Grove a jitterbug madhouse by the name of Meadowbrook has had a hectic summer with the assistance of Jimmy Dorsey and his frenzy—four to six hundred couples rating as just a quiet evening. Autumn weather, instead of cooling the situation, is merely driving them indoors from the al fresco romping ground to where the din thickens and rafters heave with the hullabaloo. Unless youth reaches years of exhaustion, this bids fair to go on, wearing out one featured swing band after another. Meanwhile proprietor Frank Dailey smiles at his gate.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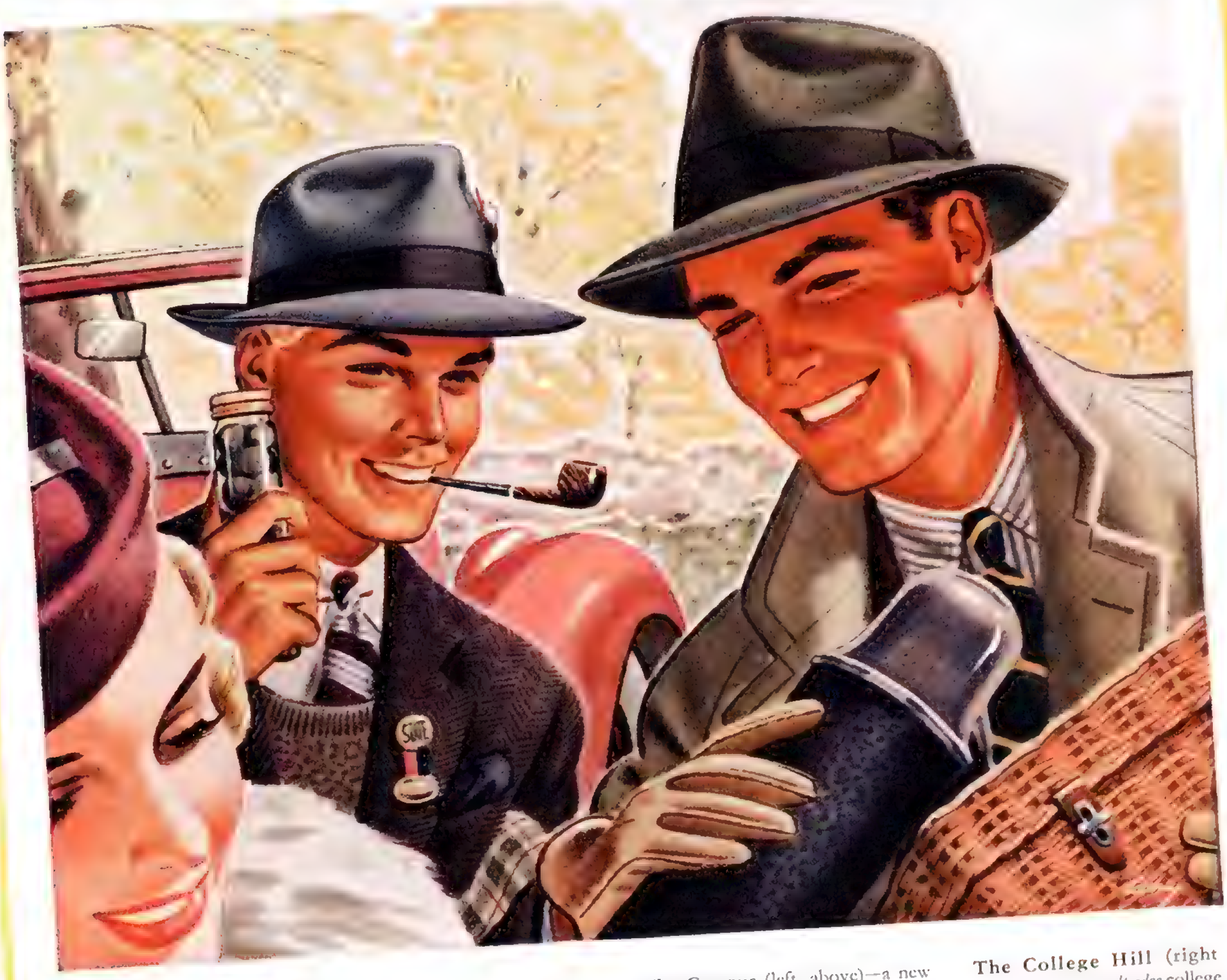
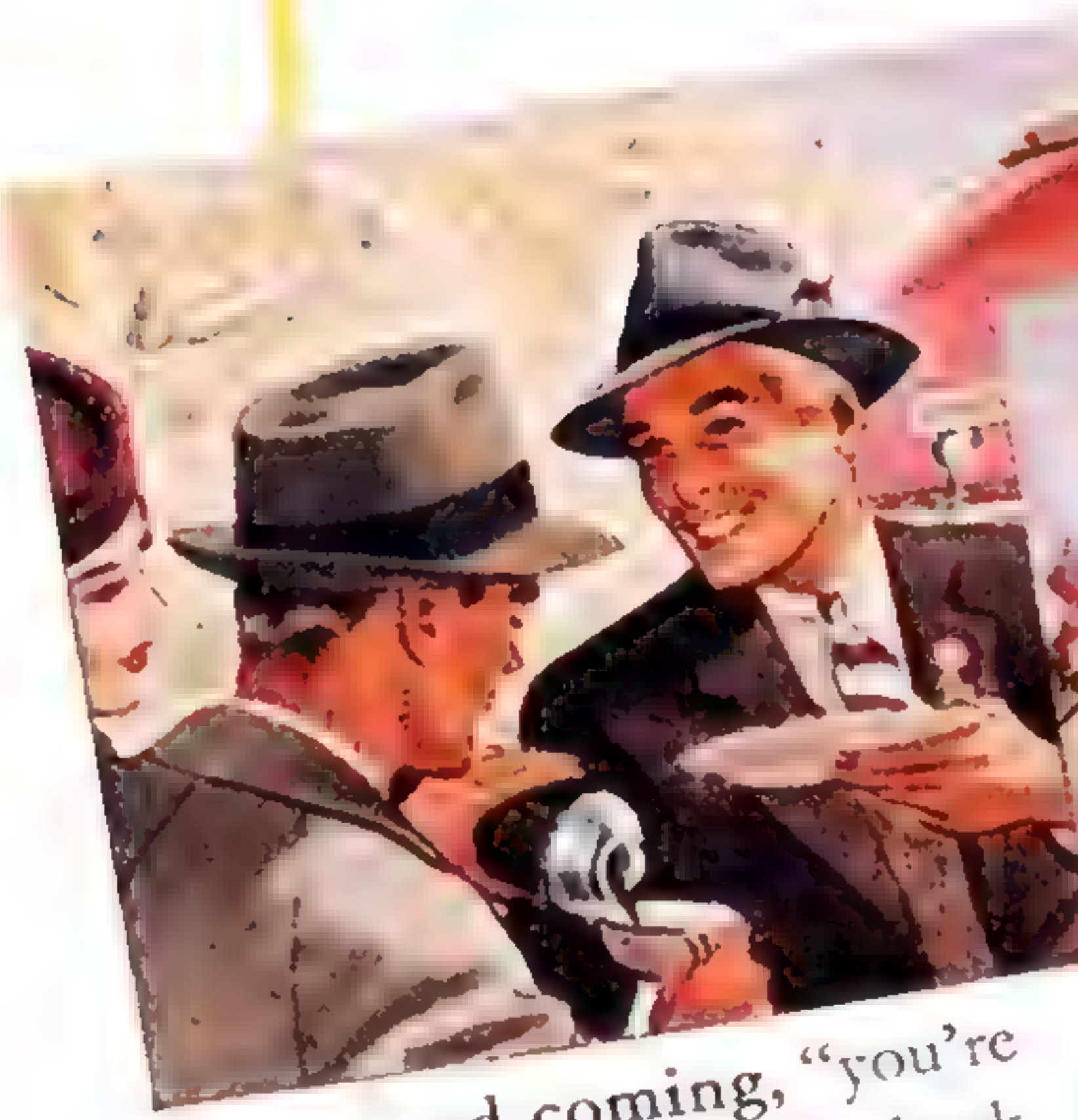
But—let your Mallory dealer show you the deft new Mallory fashion touches, finishes and colors for this season. Then let *time* show you that for style, style life and value—from *every* angle—you're right in a Mallory. Most styles, $5. The lightweight *Sportabout*, $4. Others, $7.50 and $10.

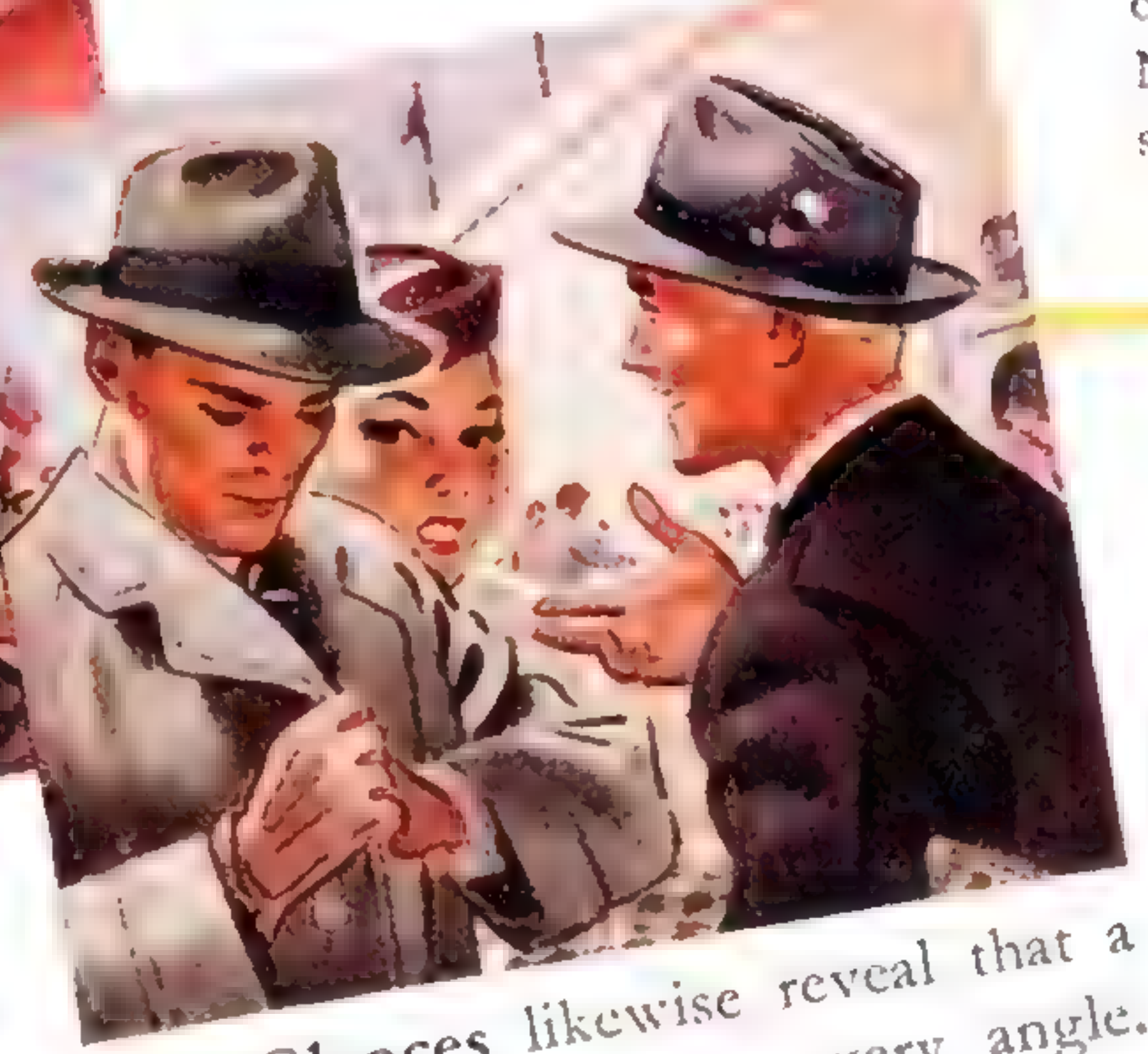


The Campus (left, above)—a new *bound-edge* style—combines authentic university proportions and the downy comfort of Mallory Mello-Ease felt. Note the grace of its new lower-slung brimline. In correct colors. $5

The College Hill (right above)—a new *welt-edge* college hat—is notable for its jaunty crown taper and the easy roll of its back-brim. Featured in the new Mallory Midtones. $5



Going and coming, "you're right in a Mallory." The back is every whit as handsome as the front.



Side Glances likewise reveal that a Mallory is right from every angle. And rain *will not wilt it.*

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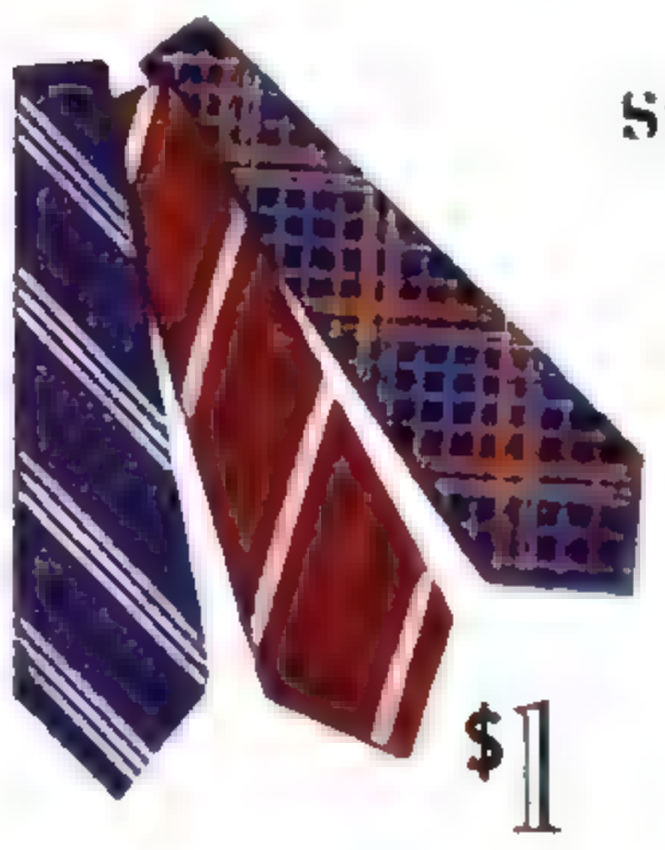

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Choose bold British Guards stripes or Wembley Heather Plaids in striking color combinations. *Correct* with the new Shetlands and other sports clothes.

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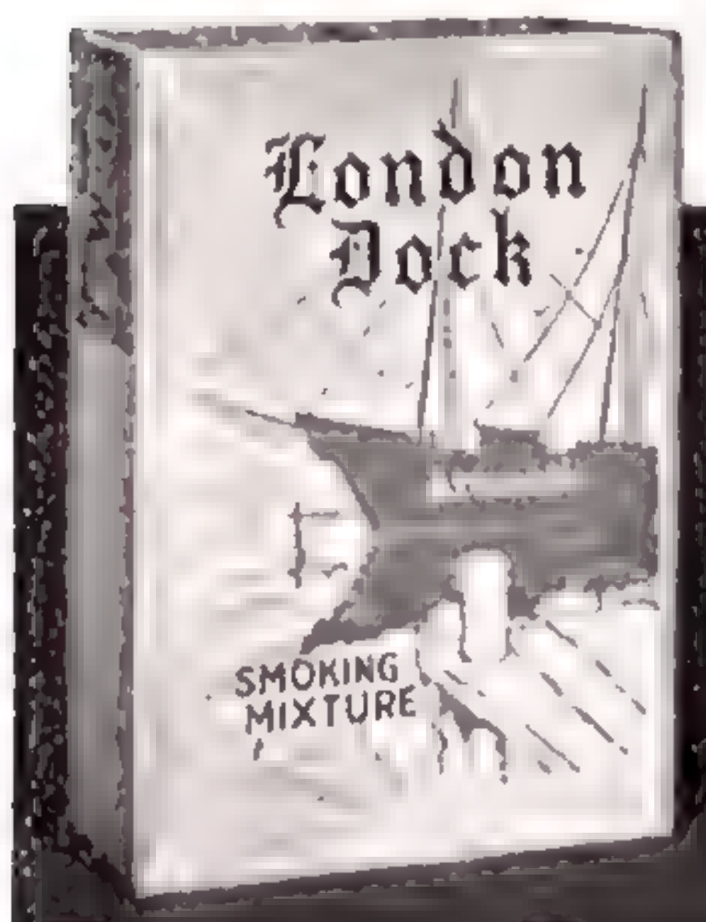

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"Pish!" says the skeptic, scanning the menu at Leone's, which boldly states "ANTIPASTO SUPREMO". But he knows not whereof he's pishing. For presently there arrives, not a pushwagon of hors d'oeuvres, but a safari of them, paraded in the manner of the Triumph Scene in *Aïda*—with no let-up till he sighs quits, grieving that capacity can't cope with temptations. Thus appetized, flavorsessionists at this establishment on 48th Street have become so numerous that what used to be a mere 239 West, with tiled bar and spaghetti tables, has evolved into a four-horse parlay with Florentine lanterns, horticulture, fishponds (pick your own trout) and now—added feature—a cellar Grotto dedicated to products of the grape, for serious samplers. In short, to be thrown to the Leones (Mother and sons) is no martyrdom.

The switch from Biltmore Roof to Bowman Room, which Horace Heidt and company execute at this time of year, brings him back to where his Biltmore popularity started, quite some seasons ago. He and this particular hostelry have proven to be such naturals for each other, you can't tell which is doing the drawing. But they draw deeply—so don't blame headwaiter Paul if he isn't able to offer you a ringside table. The Heidt jinks which keep the ball rolling through the evening add up to quite a variety show, with no less than thirty boys and girls kicking in their talents. There is everything from harp-songing and cute huddling to whistling and grand opera robusto.

Hispanic bean-shaking and drum-thumping set the tempo and temperature at La Conga (downstairs on 51st, just east of Broadway). Young Desi Arnaz waves for unquiet; floor-showists show their stuff, with Diosa Costello as featured bombshell. Service, groomed by maître Carl Lopez, is singularly serene, and the food edible.

Marnel's (131 East 47th), a small spot and a cheery one, has got itself redecorated. The Cocktail snuggery, where comely partner Marthe (from Picardy) officiates, now boasts saddle leather fitments; the dropped dining room at the back, patrolled by food sage Mario the portly, has been tastefully mapled, to the abolition of old Firenze. Whatever you order is fondly prepared in the visible kitchen which would just fit your yacht.

New York is due to get a Ciro's, installed at 112 Central Park South by the impresario of Ciro's in London, Morris Green. September 27th, maybe . . . Eddy Duchin, Hotel Plaza October 3rd . . . El Morocco à la Norman Bel Geddes, scheduled to open momently, not to say momentously.

CHICAGOINGS-ON: In tune with autumn mood, and patronized by the smart crowd these evenings, is the copper-floored Balinese Room at the Blackstone, where well chosen tropical entertainment and music comport with well-mixed cocktails and a cuisine not unknown.

Genteel floor activity in the Drake's Gold Coast Room has the benefit of top name orchestras of the Ted Weems, Ozzie Nelson, Wayne King, Hal Kemp category. Sunday tea terping is a specialty.

Splendor zealot M. J. ("Mike") Fritzel, owner and manager of Chez Paree, has again (this time thrice) plumped the works to the extent of a complete new interior for his place, outmoding all previous insides. Style snitched right out of the future you might say—especially the new Cocktail Lounge. In celebration, Harry Richman is on hand with his voice and personality. Abe Lyman strews the tunes, Rose Blane sings, and the fresh-sprung De Angelo and Porter dance-duoize sensationally—not forgetting the Adorables in new routines learned from their schoolmaster Fred Evans. So Chicago's first swank spot to be created for Repeal isn't exactly yawning on its laurels.

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International Chanteuse
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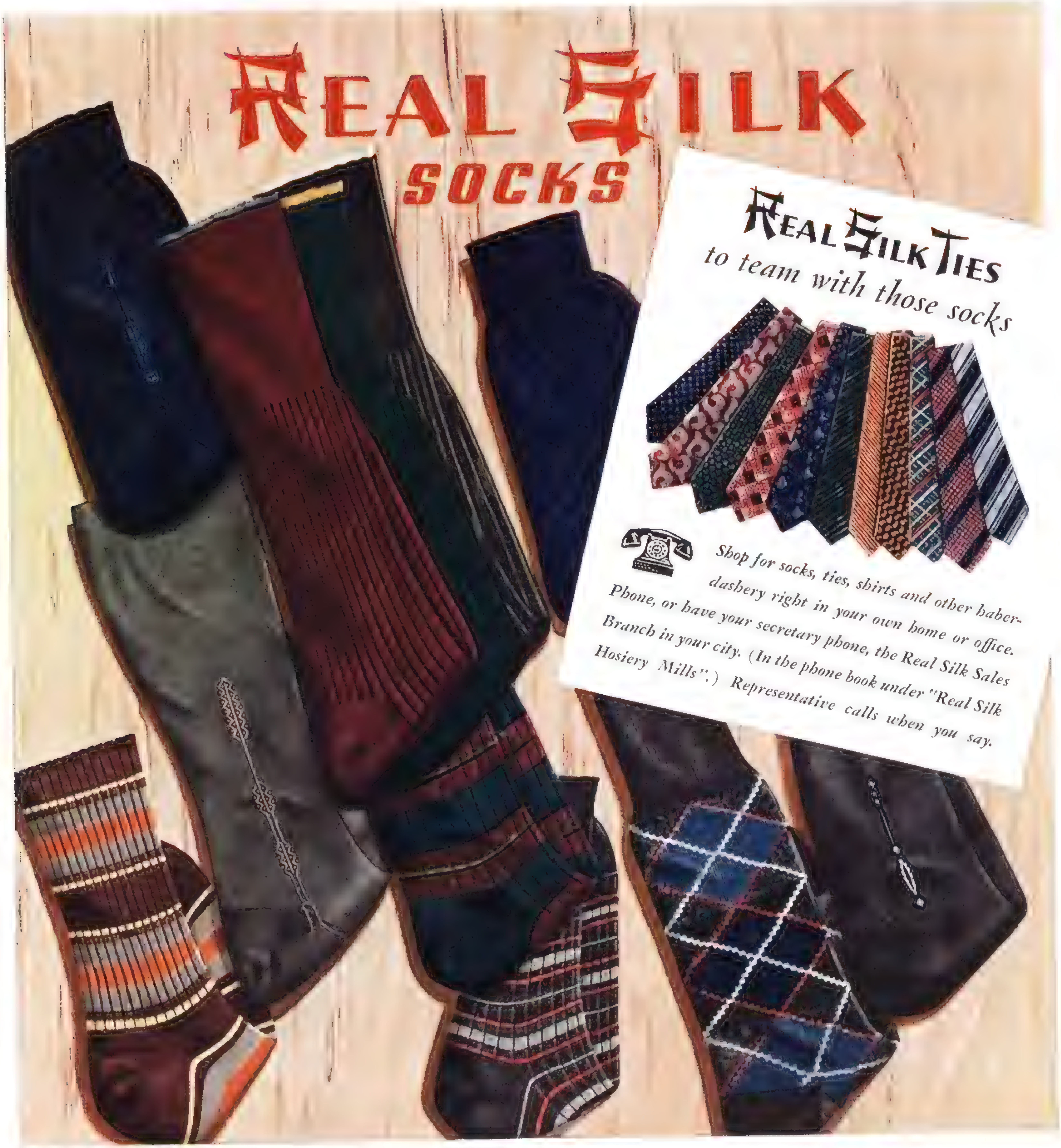

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It's a pity Rembrandt isn't around nowadays to limn the Night Watch which rallies at Jack White's "18" Club till owl hours for ever-fresh-dished loads of his prime ribbing. Noteworthies of the theatre, screen, radio, and sport world, and bounding intelligentsia imported from Jack & Charlie's "21" across the way, sit and take what Mr. White hands them. And relish it. The fact that this "18" is now located at No. 20 is in keeping with the inconsequential mood of the place. Certainly no other floor shows in town are as beset by berserk surprises, with mine host in the role of demon deadpanner and Pat Harrington foiling him at every turn. Matinées: 1:00 A.M. and 3:00 A.M.

Little golden spud blimps—a basket of them on each table—are the professed inducement chez Charles à la Pomme Soufflée (157 East 55th). But this wily fellow is agog with specialties which he recites to you with effective dramaturgy. "Would you perhaps," he hints, "care for some of my small shrimps to begin with? Oh, very, very small." You take a chance—and behold, here come crustacean jumbos that are epics of their kind. (On the other hand, the devilled clam option and the hot crab meat canapé are just as delectable.) Strained Onion Soup is also a safe plunge. Likewise the Charles versions of Chicken in Casserole and thick, juicy Steak with Bearnaise Sauce. And for capping, there are crêpes of the house, less sweet than the usual kind. Indeed, with wines and liquors to match all flavors, there's a good deal in what Charles says.

That old faker, Vaudeville, never really died. It just went smart and intimate. Nowanights you find it cropping up lustily at, for example, the Radio Franks' (70 East 55th) where song and gag entertainment is on a chain basis without missing a link from dinner till closing. Even the waiters mount the stage as a sepia quintette, spiritualizing with side-towels on arms. And the twain Franks, big and little, pause in their greeting to pay vocal respects to California, etc.

Homey is the word for Hampshire House (150 Central Park South)—but homey in the manner of the country seat at Glen Cove of somebody who had the foresight to inherit a couple of banks and a few railroads. Every drape and saucer reeks Social Register. René Durand, ambidextrous as maître and chef, hops aboard polo ponies in his spare moments. If you are temptable by such things as Suprême of Imported English Sole Traviata or Breast of Guinea Hen Mousquetaire, his docile minions will throw them together while you bask in décor and sample a distinguished something from the Bar (Jimmy Reynolds pinxit) or cellar. No dancing, however. Hampshire Housers just don't deign to.

On and on goes the popularity of the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room with Ray Kinney's orchestra dreaming out loud, petite Meymo Holt waving her hands here and there, and "Beautiful Flower", "Pearls", and "Heavenly Flower" visioning betweenwhiles. In fact, this bunch of exotic atmosphere has become such a fixture, the waiters pretty nearly talk Hawaiian. But the room's new book of drinks is beautifully understandable, explaining just what goes into every concoction and what Old World vintners are back of the foreign wines, so that lappers are spared leaps in the dark.

Professional flyers, their bosses, and their fans happily infest a small cabin entitled L'Avion ("Ze Airplane") at 48 East 53rd Street, conducted by ex-pilot Fred Castellotti. Photo-muraled with air shots and sprinkled with scale models and mementoes, this is indeed a sweet nest for any birdman to park his drumsticks in. Incidentally the food is good. It has to be.

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HAL KEMP
and his Orchestra
Dinner and Supper Dancing
Alternating during Supper
XAVIER CUGAT and his Orchestra
Brilliant Entertainment
No Couvert for Dinner Guests Remaining for Supper
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in Seconds!
Only TWO DROPS of this eye specialist's formula are needed to SOOTHE and REFRESH dull, tired eyes. Its special EXCLUSIVE ingredient quickly CLEARS eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, etc.).
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NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Robert Garland

Robert Garland (*"Candy's Dandy but Liquor's Quicker,"* page 56) was born in Baltimore, Md. He says: "I went to public school. Drank beer. Was thrown out for assaulting drawing teacher with chocolate éclair. Went abroad with maternal parent. Drank wine. Stopped off in Sicily for a couple of years. Drank vermouth—straight. Wrote one-act plays, short stories. Came home to America to enlist in Army. Enlisted. Drank whiskey. Got commission. Went to Siberia. Served with American Expeditionary Forces throughout War. Drank vodka. Came home by way of China and Japan after Armistice. Drank saki! Got on *Baltimore Sun*, then *News*, then *Post*. Drank bourbon. Came to New York when Scripps-Howard bought *Telegram*. Was columnist. Drank anything. Then, when *Telegram* united with *World*, was made drama critic. Drank brandy. My friend John Barleycorn and managing editor held consultation. Quit *Telegram*. Drank gin! Free-lancing ever since—plays, radio scripts, scenarios, stories, articles. Drink Coca-Cola. Like it."

•

H. P. Sheldon (*The Art of Shooting Flying*, page 82) says: "I aimed for an Army career and was doing pretty well at my favorite trade as a machine gunner when, in October, 1918, a German artilleryman tore a hole in my Burberry and ended my career as a warrior. Later my interest in fishing and shooting and in small arms and tackle led me to take up wildlife conservation work. I was Fish and Game Commissioner of Vermont for six years before coming to the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey as Chief of the Division of Game Management. I am now Chief of the Division of Public Relations in the same service. By those who know less about such matters than I do, I am considered to be a small arms and tackle expert, and I write much about these things. *Country Life & The Sportsman* allows me to conduct its Guns and Game department. I have written two books, one on the World War, which was damned bad, and another of shooting and fishing sketches which is slightly less so."

Col. H. P. Sheldon

•

Hilaire du Berrier says: "After writing *Some Call It Adventure* there isn't much biographical data left for me to write. I was born in a little town in North Dakota on the edge of the Sioux Indian reservation. In 1931 I went back to France to work out a new deal for myself or a five-year plan or something. I was a General for two weeks once, on paper. Home, when I go there, is in the Principality of Monaco. At the age of 31 I have already learned not to talk about Abyssinia, Somaliland, Arabia, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, Rumania and all the stops between there and Madrid to people who haven't been there. I was born a nomad and I became a Mohammedan, adopted by the Cherif Said Abdullah Mohammed of Yemen. All my life I wanted to help the Chinese or fight the Japs, or both, but up in Nanking a whispering campaign made me a Dreyfus and my counsel was no Zola. Now I sit in the Hong Kong lounge, pointed out by dull gentlemen with hyphenated names as a notorious international agent in the employ of Japan.

Hilaire du Berrier

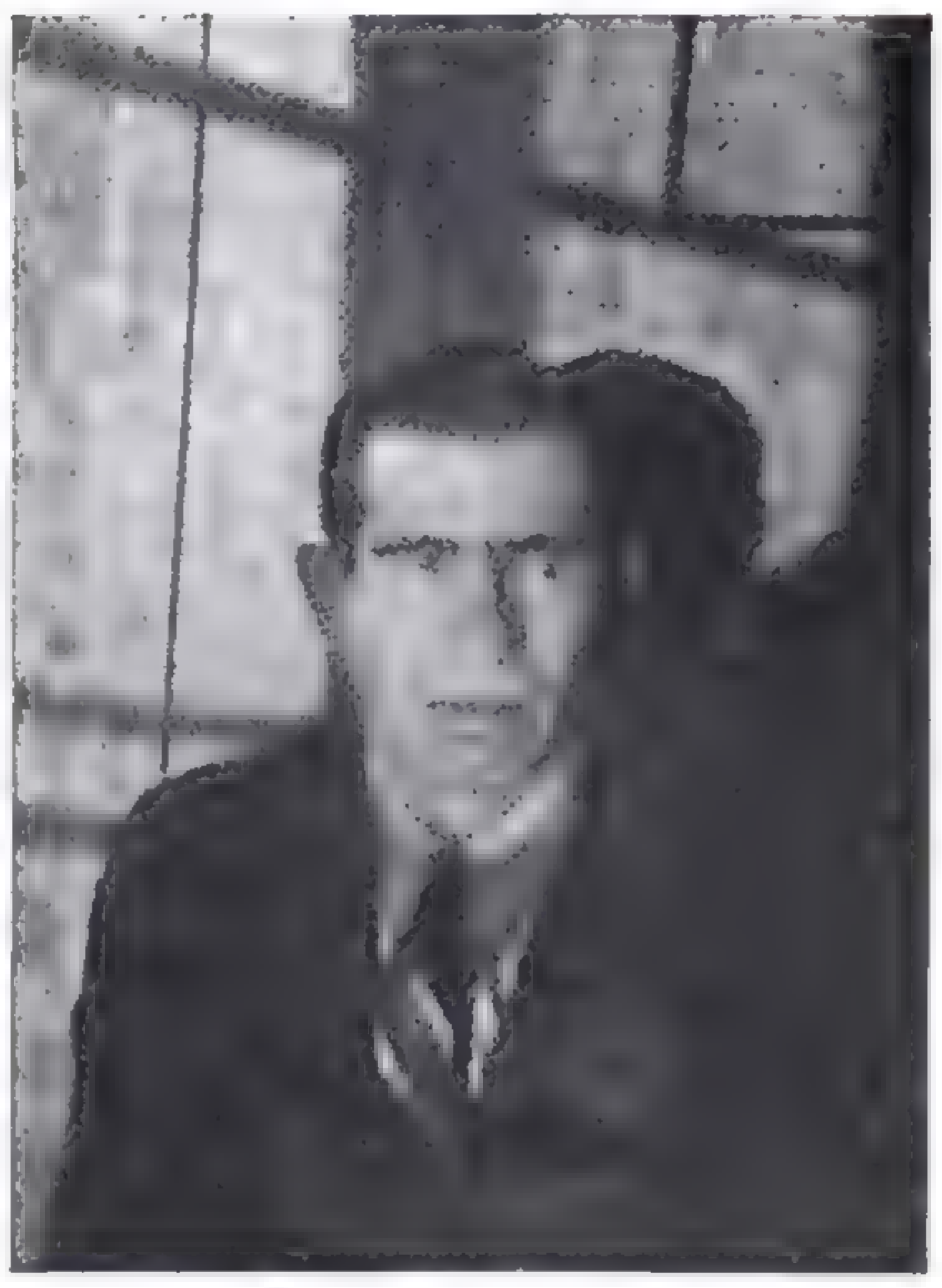
•

Some of Legaré George's poems have been published in the late *Dial*—others in *Poetry Magazine*. He lives in Berkeley, California and writes commercial fiction, mostly for western story magazines. He is married, has two sons. During the World War he served with the A. E. F. in France, then worked on newspapers out West, in New York and in Chicago.

•

Now in my second decade of funny-manning, I, Parke Cummings, enclose this little snap of myself. It obviously cries to be styled: Portrait of a humorist. It was taken in my dark brown study where I work, and from whence my wife releases me at one o'clock for lunch and again at five o'clock when I am usually pretty well slept out. On Sundays I am allowed to go out and play with the other children in the neighborhood.

I want to apologize for the simpering smirk on my face. When this was taken I had just got hold of what I thought was a particularly comical idea for an article. Usually I do not look this cheerful.



Parke Cummings

•

Gene Kessler's literary ambitions were torched by an Indianapolis English teacher whose prize pupil had been Roy Howard. He got the same post on the *Indianapolis News* which Howard had held as a high school lad. After that he was sports editor successively, of the *Kokomo Dispatch* and the *South Bend Tribune*, and Roy Howard's tabloid in Washington. While at Notre Dame he ghosted Knute Rockne's early articles and passed up a fortune by not signing him up for exclusive use of his by-line. Several years later, in Chicago, he saw Joe Louis' possibilities, rushed out and signed him on the line. He is forty-one, married to a South Bend girl, who is Irish, has three children, two boys and a girl, the youngest fourteen, and is devoting his life to training them how to avoid literary careers. He is assistant sports editor and fight expert of the *Chicago Times*.

•

Commander R. R. Smith (*Our Fleet Meets the Enemy*, page 68) says: "I have been retired for four years now, but mentally only for a year. After thirty-two years in the Navy it takes one about three years to unwind. I may walk about in clothes like other civilians, but my mind is full of battleships and guns, engines and torpedoes. Looking objectively at the Navy from without, I am beginning to appreciate what a tremendously fine organization it is, and how true to their trusts are the officers and men who man the Fleet. I live in Coronado, a mile distant from the Naval Air Station. There is scarcely an hour of the day or night that the roar and whine of diving planes is not heard. In the bay close by, squadrons of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines are anchored. Around the bend, on the San Diego side, is the Marine Base and the Training Station. At the far end of the bay lie silent rows of decommissioned World War destroyers. Navy is in the atmosphere."

•

George Hurrell is going to get on the other side of a camera. He will play a photographer in *Models*, a Warner movie.

•

Ralph Bergengren says he was inducted into an effort to entertain by the acceptance of some verses by the old *Life* magazine. He passed into miscellaneous writing, editorials and other miscellany for the *Boston Transcript* and *Christian Science Monitor* and occasional essays in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was, he confesses, connected with publicity writing before it was called propaganda and lost a reasonably respectable face. So he came upon piracy, and at one time added materially to the known history of the group commemorated in *The Tobacconist's Daughter*, page 36. He has published books of essays, one of piracy, another of juvenile verse.

Ralph Bergengren

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Good Taste

WHEN IT BEARS THIS *famous signature*

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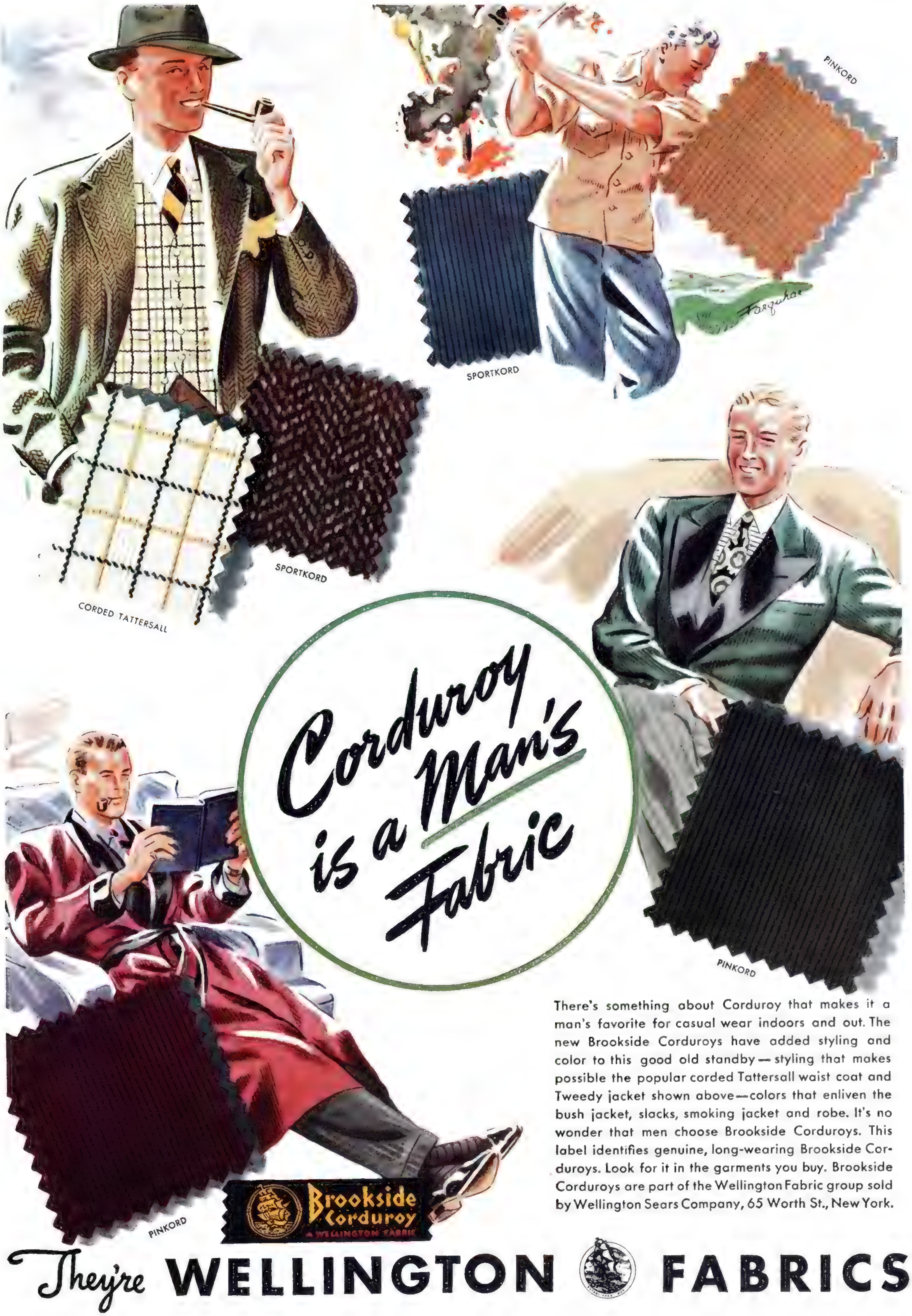
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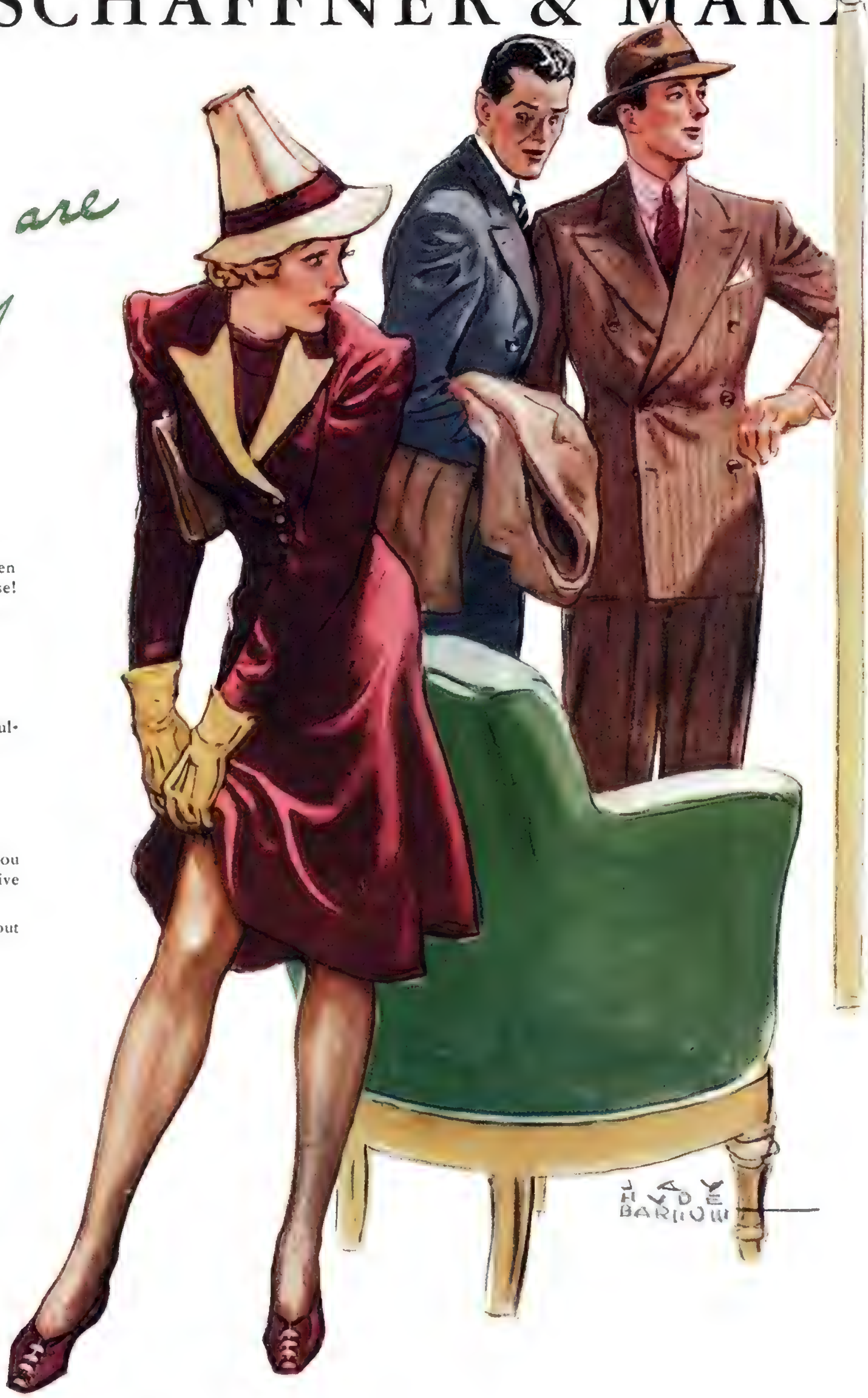


"The Lines are Certainly Okay"

SALESMAN: You bet they are! I've seen lines, but never any like those!

CUSTOMER: Not bad. Not bad.

SALESMAN: And what a shape.

CUSTOMER: Good "body" eh?

SALESMAN: Good? . . . *perfect.*

CUSTOMER: I wouldn't touch the shoulders, would you?

SALESMAN: *Would* I!

CUSTOMER: How about the back?

SALESMAN: Swell.

CUSTOMER: Look, I like the suit but you don't have to be so positive about it.

SALESMAN: Oh, you were talking about the *suit.*

CUSTOMER: Sure, weren't you?

SALESMAN: Why—y-y-yes, of course!

Well, *we're* talking about the suit, and here goes: Triple Test (that's the suit) will hold its shape like a million dollars . . . because it's made of a sturdy, durable worsted fabric that was created to stand up under all kinds of punishment and never show the stress or strain of day-to-day wear!

And as for its body and its lines . . . well, all we'd like to suggest is that you step into the store in your town featuring Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes and ask to see Triple Test. We guarantee that after you slip into one of these superb new suits for fall you'll agree that this salesman didn't misplace a single superlative. For Triple Test is everything he's said it is—at a price that's as easy on your budget as the lady in red is on the eyes!

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing to Look For . . . A Big Thing to Find

Money Is Everything

Proving cold cash is the root of all good: it brings health, self-respect, popularity, love and spiritual peace

by CREIGHTON PEET

• SATIRE •

You might not think money needed a recommendation but for some reason it has a bad name. Even before the depression let the sawdust out of some of our faster-than-the-eye tycoons, and long years before the income tax made gross understatement profitable, money had a big black mark against it. Even today the Finer Element of the population promotes the belief that money is somehow disreputable, certainly unimportant.

Leaning from their limousines, corporation presidents and movie stars tell reporters they would gladly trade all their cash for a baby's smile, a sight of their hand-grown rose bushes, or a chance to go back and start all over again in the steel mills at $2.50 a week. Money? Phooey! Why, they never even think of it. "You know, young fellow, I envy you your chance to start at the bottom and work . . ."

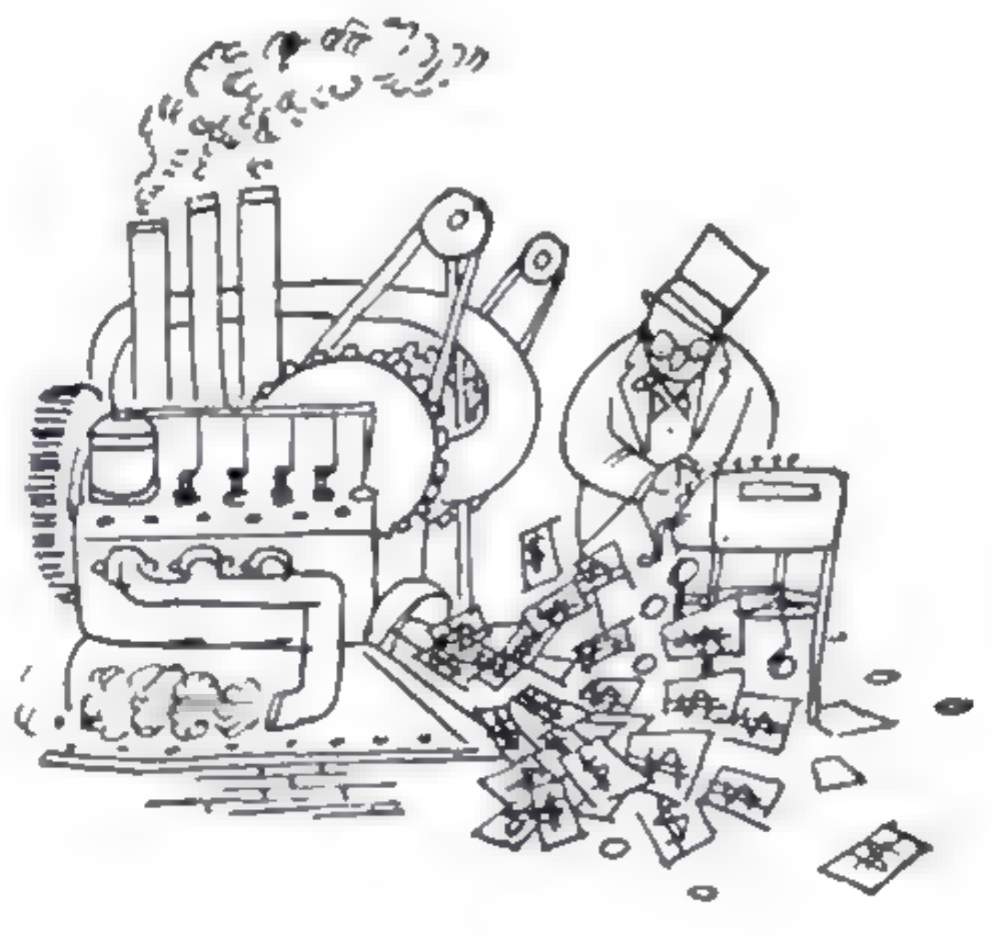
Nobody pays much attention to these fumbling and ineffectual attempts to cover up the fact that they are drawing incomes of $100,000 a year. It is not surprising that anyone lucky enough to have more than his share in these days of scarce jobs should be self-conscious.

More astonishing is the fact that money is spoken of patronizingly even among the meagerly well-to-do who spend their lives sweating and scrambling for it.

"Money can't buy happiness," they recite with wise finality, or, "money can't buy love," or "the best things in life are free," or "money is the root of all evil."

"Americans," the centime-nursing French have for the past twenty years been quick to inform any citizen of the U.S.A., "worship the Almighty Dollar. They have no souls. They are greedy. They are coarse money grubbers."

Naturally this criticism has had its effect, particularly on those people who made a specialty of having souls and appreciating the spiritual values.



Then there is the old saw, "he came from poor *but* honest parents" (italics mine). You get the point. If his parents had been flush they must certainly have been crooks.

And don't tell me you haven't heard about the Joneses who inherited all that dreadful, demoralizing money? Why, they were miserable forever after. For twenty years they had starved happily. And then right off when they inherited the $50,000 they got a divorce and he married one of the girls in the office and she went on a trip around the world . . . and they never saw each other again.

At this point I wish to announce the simple, candid truth which is that money is everything—everything in this life—and the only adequate preparation for any life to come. Money fixes everything. If anything can, money will bring health, happiness, love, popularity, self-respect and spiritual satisfaction. It makes people more broad-minded, more just, and more honest. Money is the root of all good. It makes its owners members of the human race. Maybe there was a time, or will come again a time, when cash will not provide this essential membership, but not in this generation. Without money you are shut out from association with other humans, and shut out from this fellowship the human animal frays and curls up at the edges and develops strange mental quirks. He takes up food fads, phony religions, bingo, or drink. He or she looks with increasing credulity at the dregs in dirty teacups.

Consider some of the smug and fatuous insults aimed at this essential Almighty Dollar which should always be treated with enormous respect and should probably have a large monument put up in its honor.

"Money can't buy happiness," unctuously mumbles your friend looking at a picture in the evening paper of the widow of a wealthy executive who has just died.

"What can all his money do for him now," he asks irrelevantly buttoning his eight-year-old overcoat about him and climbing into his ten-year-old car.

So the big executive died, eh? And not all his money could save him? Of course not, but all of us die and what he could do was leave his wife and children a half-million dollars' worth of property instead of the horrible prospect of trying to earn a living at middle age without having any preliminary training.

And the movie stars who earn $150,000 each, per picture, are getting another divorce, proving that two of the biggest salaries in the United States cannot bring "happiness"? All too, too sad! But if the handsome man and the beautiful girl found each other intolerable, it is hardly to be thought that it was their money which made them so. All that plenty of money did was to make a quick divorce possible. There are undoubtedly thousands of married people who are perfectly miserable today because they cannot get separated without disastrous results to their financial arrangements. A little more money would make divorce possible and restore their self-respect as individuals.

Now for that monstrous, incredible nonsense about the best things in life being free. First of all, beams placid Cousin Mattie who never encountered any trouble in her life greater than a sprained ankle, "love is free; you can't buy love." She is sure of that because Joan Crawford just said so in a movie.

No? Well, you can come within .00001 of an inch of it, even if you spell it with a heart instead of the "o."

So you want to buy your lady flowers or take her to a show? So you want your gentleman friend to think highly of you when you can ill afford a permanent on your salary of $16 a week as a stenographer? So you want to take her to football games and show off in a decent looking car? And you need a new dress to bolster your self-respect and hold your own with the competition? For all of these things and a thousand others both of you need money. And money will buy them all plus self-confidence, peace of mind, and in most cases the winning argument, an assurance of some sort of economic future.

Then there is health—"as long as you've got your health," everything will be fine. But how can you keep your health unless you can afford to take time off to nurse your little ills and pay for them—before they grow into serious or chronic illnesses? What is the value of good health unless you can get a vacation once in a while and not run yourself into a ditch from overwork?

And then there are babies, just babies which, according to tradition drop from the sky. "Such blessings," smiles grandma. "Why, I had six before I was twenty-five, and

Continued on page 135

The Tobacconist's Daughter

How an innocent pirate learned at the Pipe and Pot there are things more dangerous than rum

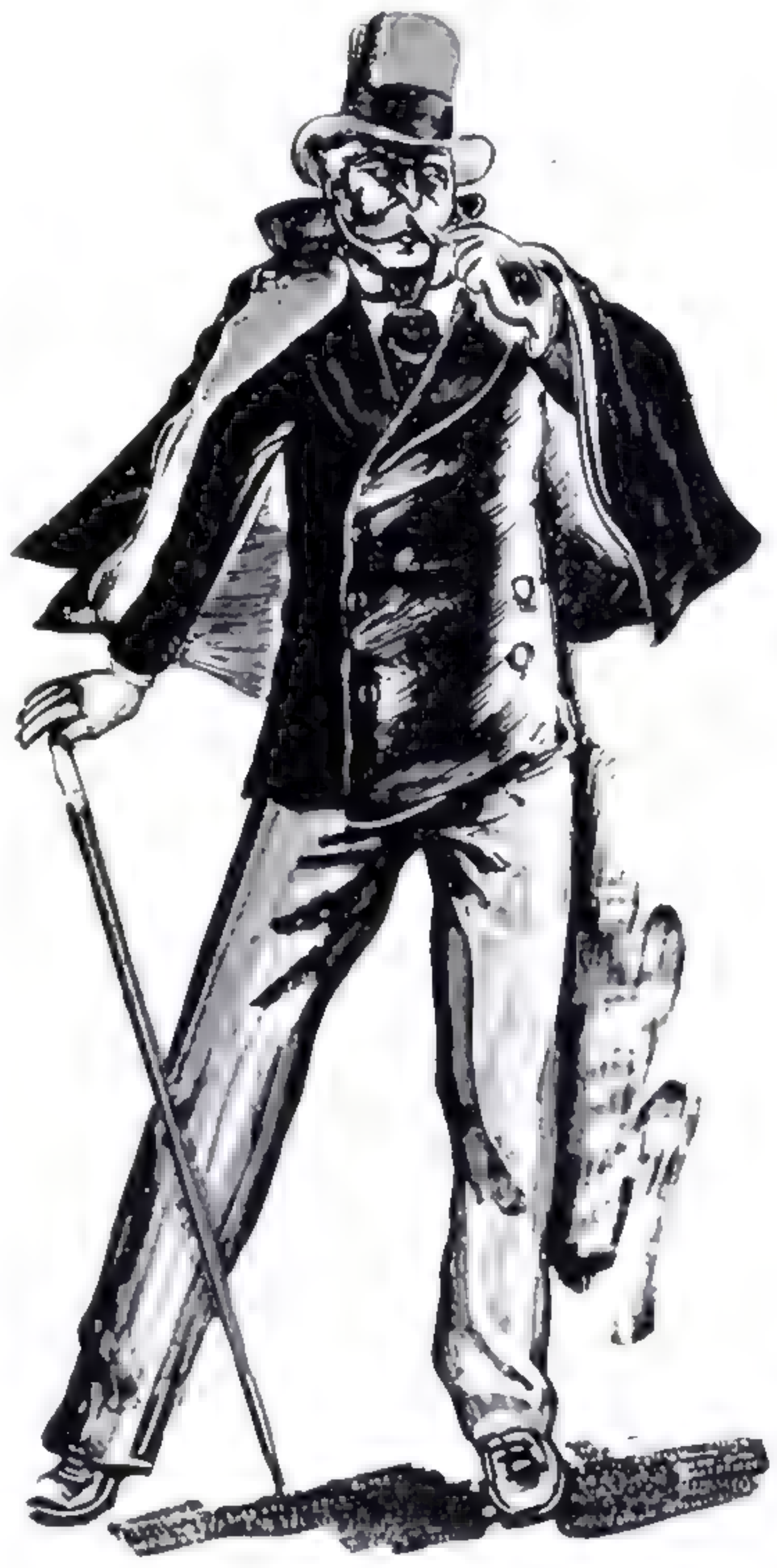
by RALPH BERGENGREN

•SEMI-FICTION•

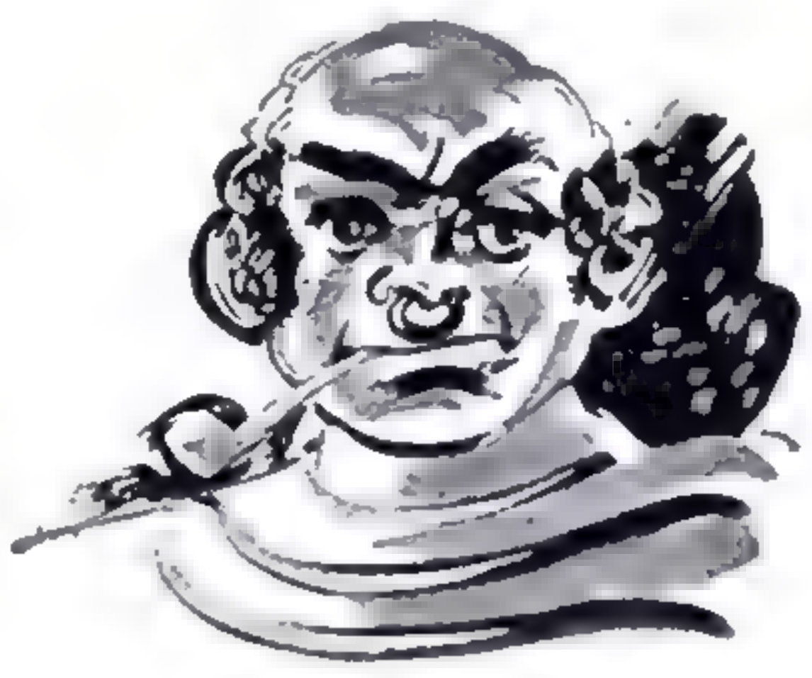
Shocking Experience at Sea

A distressing incident of ocean travel is reported by Captain Moses W. Jackson of the bark *Mary J. Todd*, yesterday returned from New Orleans with cotton and molasses. Passing an unnamed island off the coast of Florida, Captain Jackson sighted what seemed a distress signal at the top of a tree. As the *Mary J. Todd* drew nearer this was seen through the glass to be a suit of underwear, which Captain Jackson rightly concluded belonged to the naked man waving his arms from the beach. The solitary inhabitant was next observed to climb the tree and recover his underwear, which he put on. This gentleman, it later transpired, was Mr. Eben W. Cobb, a well-known merchant of this city. Mr. Cobb had been a passenger on the *Aphrodite*, taking the sea voyage for his health, when that unfortunate vessel, whose disappearance has been a mystery, was captured by pirates. It became known to these miscreants that Mr. Cobb had advised the late Captain of the *Aphrodite* to make no resistance, and as he made no resistance himself, they allowed him to retain his underwear and marooned him on the island. His rescue solves the mystery of the *Aphrodite* and adds one more to the tragedies of the deep. It is to be hoped that this latest outrage will arouse the Government at Washington to even greater activity and that the few bands of deluded and refractory men still preying upon our commerce will soon meet a disgraceful and merited end.

Boston Weekly News,
May 17, 1835



Something more than two months after the *News* had reported Mr. Cobb's shocking experience two ostensible gentlemen sat at a retired table in the tobacco and coffee shop of his brother Ephriam. Tobacco, then as now, could be purchased of the apothecary; but the Pipe and Pot was the only place where a Bostonian could obtain *Ephriam's Own Mixture*. A severe but friendly native American stood permanently by the door, offering the public a bunch of wooden cigars and a cup of wooden coffee. Inside was a large, low-ceilinged, raftered room with a long counter at which a customer might imbibe coffee on his feet or buy tobacco to take away with him. In that case Ephriam or his daughter Amelia scooped it from a bright tin receptacle, weighed it on shining scales, delivered it in a paper bag, and made change from a drawer. There were oak tables and chairs at and in which to sip coffee and smoke *Ephriam's Own*, for which purpose Ephriam provided the smoker with a new long-stemmed clay pipe.



It was the quiet afternoon hour and the two customers had the cozy place to themselves, all the cozier for being not too well lighted by its street windows and the two candles burning on either side of an appropriate picture of Sir Walter Raleigh being extinguished by his surprised servant. They were dressed like gentlemen—but, *they were not gentlemen.* Whiskers were all right; but one of them unquestionably allowed this growth to exceed gentlemanlike taste. The other was at least unconventional in that he wore a brass ring in his nose.

"Pert she be an' pooty," the red-whiskered customer was saying. "Too thin mebbe, but pert an' pooty."

"Howsomever," said Nose Ring, "cuss me ef I sees wot he sees in her."

They referred to Amelia Cobb, who had served them with coffee and pipes.

"Mebbe it ain't so plain," said Red Whisker, "but th' lad sees it. Th' pint be, messmate, as th' *Polly* can't lay in harbor much longer while he comes ashore arternoon arter arternoon t' swill coffee an' look at her."

"Infatooated," commented Nose Ring.

"Infatooated," agreed Red Whisker. "Buys her a bag o' candy every arternoon on his way up from th' harbor."

"As we've seen," said Nose Ring. "Leastways he takes it in an' he don't bring it out."

They sipped and smoked.

"Infatooation," said Red Whisker thoughtfully, "ain't a man's fault an' no harm done ef it don't lead to th' parson. Wot they calls their cussed civilization, Nose Ring," he added later, "be a-rubbin' piruey out."

He had said it. Civilization, whether or not accurst, had almost completely discouraged piracy. The tall ships and predatory crews of the Main were long gone. But a few picayune pirates were left; and, as one mosquito may here and there survive a campaign of extermination, the piratical *Tender Polly* alias *May Jones* lay snug at anchor in Boston Harbor. Lacking ingots and pieces-of-eight, the vocation was still not without profit. Traders carried money on trading vessels; passengers carried cash, watches, and jewelry on packets, and some wore desirable clothing made by the best tailors. For what the *News* called deluded and refractory men the life had its charm.

They sipped and smoked.

"Mebbe ef we left a letter fer th' gal to read?" suggested Nose Ring. "A word to th' wise like."

"'Twould do no harm," agreed Red Whisker. He tapped with his spoon, looking over his whiskers as over a hedge at the door that gave Amelia entrance and exit.

Despite his criticism, Amelia Cobb was reasonably plump. The costume of the time imparted what has been called an "hour glass" figure; but if Amelia had been an hour glass the sand would have run through in much less than an hour. "Pooty" was justified.

"Another round o' coffee an' yer mild baccy, m' fair miss," said the pirate, in what he meant for an affable, gentlemanlike way. "An' mebbe we might borrow th' loan o' pen, ink, an' paper?"

"Yes, sir," said Amelia.

She was not surprised; gentlemen often wrote notes in the Pipe and Pot. She went lightly back and forth, filled the cups from a silver coffee pot, replenished and held matches to the pipe bowls, brought pen, ink, paper, and a sand shaker, for insurance companies did not yet vie with each other in providing letter writers with blotters. She went lightly away. Red Whisker secured the paper firmly to the table with his left thumb so that it could not escape from him, scowled at it thoughtfully, and dipped his quill. He was not one of those who dashes off a note; and under any circumstances warning an attractive young woman against being seduced is not a note to dash off. It demands concentration, tact, and some special knowledge of the female mind and emotions. His whiskers moved as he whispered each word to himself as he got it down. Now and then he sipped coffee; but it was no use smoking a long-stemmed clay pipe. Eventually he shook sand on his composition and pushed it across the table.

"Seems like it might be a leetle stronger ef ye called him a snake," commented the critic.

"Mebbe it might," agreed the letter writer.

He secured the sheet with his thumb, finished his coffee, and added a postscript. Then he folded his letter, put it under his coffee cup, looked speculatively toward the street door, and tapped with his spoon.

"We won't be in here agin," he remarked, as they waited for Amelia, "but mebbe it will help th' letter ef we pays th' gal."

II

Amelia Cobb perched on the high stool behind the counter of the Pipe and Pot rereading the letter she had found under a coffee cup.

She had given the American his noon dusting and tidied the Pipe and Pot for afternoon trade. Each table had its blue sugar bowl and attendant spoon, blue saucer with a card of matches, a recent invention, from which one could be detached at a time, a square of sandpaper to strike them on, and a bright flower in a blue vase. The grandfather clock ticked in its corner and fresh candles illuminated the surprised servant extinguishing Sir Walter Raleigh.

The letter was less desirable than a shilling, but it was indubitably a tip:

"Fair miss. I take my pen in hand to tell you to b wear of the man with the can d. He is a bad one. He has a wife and 7 small ones 4 girls and 3 boys. He left them and now poor thing she must scrub floors to live. That is the kind of a man he is.

The best thing to do is to hire a boy to wait on him. Then he will come here no more. He does not come to see a boy.

a Friend

p s You are a bird and he is a snake. Do not let him charm you. Hire a boy. Hire a boy. Then the snake will give it up and creep here no more."

Amelia had read this tip several times with amusement and indignation. The idea that she needed such a warning against a man she instinctively did not like! He was not a gentleman. Born and brought up in Boston, Amelia Cobb knew a gentleman by his speech; and this customer's was as ungentlemanlike as the spelling of her red-whiskered "friend." Imagine Mr. Emerson, in only the other day for a cup and pipe with Mr. Hawthorne, talking like that! Or Mr. Hawthorne! Or Uncle Eben! *And his "can d"*!

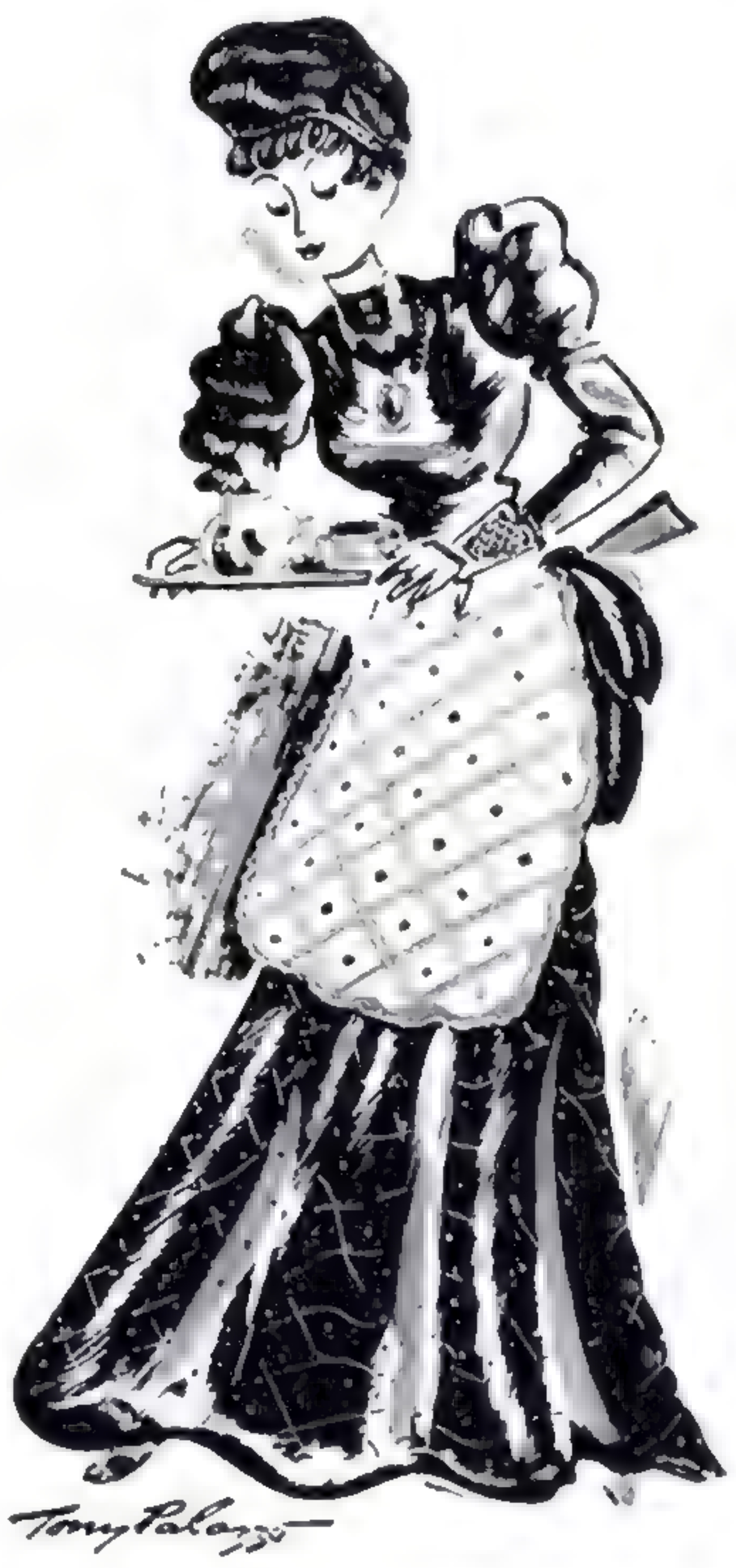
She had not refused it outright, which would have been discourteous to a customer, but she knew where it came from, so she had taken it back and the nice old lady who kept the shop had sold it again.

Presently a fashionably dressed gentleman breezed in from the street, carrying in one hand a paper bag. He was attired in a double-breasted blue swallow-tail coat somewhat too

"Ef ye feel like that about it," said the customer, sitting at a table and regarding Amelia with a look any girl would have recognized as warm, "cuss me fer a fish ef it weren't wuth while bein' locked in."

"It is always unfortunate," said Amelia, but with no reciprocating warmth, "when unexpected circumstances interfere with pleasant and harmless intention."

"Pleasant it were to be," said the customer, "an' harmless as a cooin' dove—"



"Coffee?" asked Amelia.

"Th' usual," said the customer. "An' that's funny when ye comes to think on't. Time were as I liked coffee in reason ef I couldn't git rum. Then I happens in here, cuss me! —an' I gits a taste fer coffee as I can't drink enough of it."

"I'm sure it's much better for you," said Amelia.

She went away to return with a steaming cup, spoon, and small pitcher of cream on a tray. She set the cup on the table, laid the spoon beside it, and put the pitcher within his reach.

"There be some," said the customer, brightly resuming conversation, "as has wot ye might call a prej'dice agin rum."

"William Shakespeare," remarked Amelia indifferently, "said that liquor is a serpent men put in their mouths to steal away their brains."

"I don't know yer friend," said the customer, "but he's a ass. Who'd swaller a sarpint? An' how'd th' critter steal yer brains when he's in yer stommick? Mebbe he's a teetotaller."

"*Ephriam's Own*"? asked Amelia.

"Nothin' else," said the customer, "an' yer own pooty fingers t' hold th' match."

Holding the match to light his pipe was one of the things Amelia did not like about this customer. But Bostonians were passing outside and Ephriam was within hearing of a good scream. She got a fresh pipe, filled it from a tin, handed it to him, detached a match, struck it on the square of sandpaper, and leaned nearer to light his pipe. The customer puffed.

"Ef ye'd say th' word," he confided, "Cuss me ef I wouldn't turn tee-total m' self."

Amelia Cobb said no word. She couldn't have. She saw his cravat—not merely as a green silk cravat but as a green silk cravat embroidered with yellow daisies. The flame

calling her back. The only explanation that occurred to him was that she had been overcome by his offer to give up strong drink.

III

Ephriam (a widower) and his daughter lived over the shop. A door and stairway joined home to the street; another stairway linked home and business. Downstairs a cozy office adjoined the Pipe and Pot with a small window in the partition. Genius had not achieved the screen door, and sometimes in summer a fly came into the Pipe and Pot. But no fly stayed long, for Ephriam or Amelia promptly chased the little intruder out with the fly chaser, an ingenious implement, now obsolete, made by fastening the scissors-sliced pages of an old *News* to the sawed-off handle of an old broom. Agitating the handle agitated the *News*.

In this office Ephriam sat in a rocking chair reading yesterday's *News*. He looked up casually—and dropped the *News*.

"*There's* a *man* out *there*," breathed Amelia, "who's *got on* the cravat I *made* Uncle Eben last *Christmas!*"

"You don't say!" exclaimed Ephriam, getting up. "Eben's cravat."

"I'd know it *anywhere*," said Amelia.

They looked through the window together. They were about the same height and the window a little less than chin high.

"*Uncle Eben*," whispered Amelia, "had that *cravat* with him when he was *captured* by the pirates."

The customer, probably in response to the protective instinct that senses observation, turned his head, but the protective instinct of father and daughter was quicker. Nobody was looking at him.

"That *man*," whispered Amelia, "is *one* of *those pirates*."

They looked again. He was finishing his coffee.

"I *can't* get him any more *coffee*," whispered Amelia. "*Think* of poor Uncle Eben *climbing* that tree!"

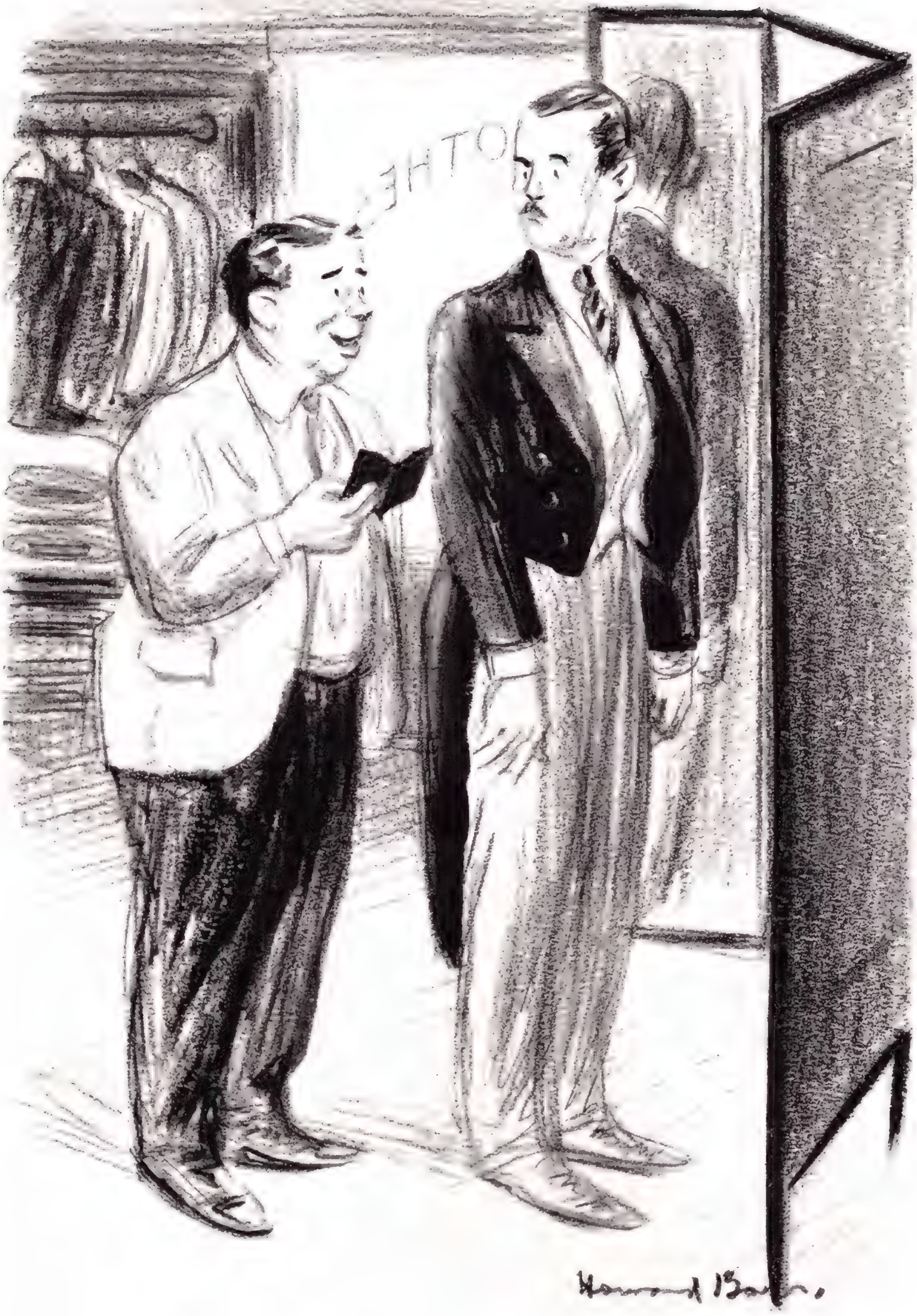
"It was smart of Eben," said Ephriam, absently but keeping his voice down. "Not everybody would have thought of taking off his underwear."

The customer tapped with his spoon.

"I wouldn't let you," whispered Ephriam. "I'll wait on him myself. Run upstairs, my dear, and down the other way and fetch a constable."

Tap-tap-taptaptaptap.

"You tapped, sir," said Ephriam, tying his


Howard Baer

"And this little book of phone numbers goes with the outfit"

Coaches Watch the Clock

The game usually goes to the side which controls the ball longest in fifteen minutes of actual play

by LYNN WALDORF

• SPORTS •

AT THE North End of the field is The Clock. Its big square face is marked to time the fifteen minutes that make up each quarter of a football game. Forty-eight thousand spectators, the twenty-two men on the field, the officials, the press box and the players and coaches on each bench can watch the second hand move in relentless circles. The clock is our symbol. Every season, every game, every play is a race against time.

No, this is not a Hollywood scenario with the home team completing a fifty-yard pass to win the game in the last minute—though such things have happened. That Hollywood minute is important, but no more so than the other fifty-nine. Did you ever take a stop watch to the stadium on Saturday afternoon? Try it once and you'll be conscious, ever after, of The Clock at the end of the field. Start the watch when the center passes the ball back and stop it when the referee blows his whistle as the runner is downed or a kick sails over the side line or goal line or the incompleted pass hits the ground. When the game is over, you will have between thirteen and fifteen minutes recorded on your stop watch. Fifteen minutes to advance the ball and two teams to share the fifteen minutes! The rest of the time is consumed in the necessary preliminaries of forming the huddle, giving the signal and lining up for the next play.

The sophomore quarterback, after practice, looks thoughtfully at The Clock which surveys the now empty stadium and says—"How many plays do you think we should be able to run off next Saturday?"

"About sixty for each team is 'par,'" I tell him—"Of course, that does not include punts, kick-offs or attempted field goals. Neither does it include plays on which a penalty occurs."

Actually, I am a little high in my figure. In 1400* major games last fall the number of plays from scrimmage averaged 54.8 for each team. (If you are interested in statistics, 40.8 were running plays and 14 were passes. In addition, each team averaged 9.3 punts per game.) 55 chances to advance the ball during the game! That is not a large number. Each play is very precious. If we can run more plays than the other team, it will help us. Naturally, they feel the same way, for both teams know that they are competing not only against each other, but against Time. No wonder The Clock sits enthroned against the sky line at the end of the field!

Of course, it isn't always true that the team which runs the most plays will win the game. During the past five years, the best games Northwestern has played, probably, were the 14-7 victory over Notre Dame in 1935, and the 6-0 victory over Minnesota in 1936. Yet we ran only 43 plays against Notre Dame and only 46 against Minnesota. Our worst game was with Ohio State in 1935 when we ran 83 plays, yet were beaten 28-7. But, the law of averages is with the team which controls the ball the greater share of those precious fifteen minutes of actual playing time.

But let's get back to that Hollywood minute. For our scenario we'll take Minnesota and Nebraska—two of the greatest names in college football. The year is 1936 and the scene is Minneapolis. The scoreboard shows 0 to 0 and the clock marks two minutes to go. It has been a hard game and both teams are tired. The Nebraska kicker drops back in punt formation. He gets the kick away, but it is a little short. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, stationed a few yards in front of the safety man, Uram, catches the ball and starts up the field. The Nebraska tacklers sweep down on him. He is cornered. But no, he gets a lateral away to Uram, who is coming up under full steam. The Nebraska tacklers change direction desperately. Uram darts between two of them, a Minnesota blocker cuts down another. There is more help downfield and Uram is away for a 70-yard run for the only touchdown of the game. As he crosses the goal line, barely a minute remains on The Clock. The Northwestern scout was too excited to remember what happened in the few remaining seconds, and so was most of the crowd—Minnesota wins 7-0!

Not a bad scenario, is it? The only score came in the 59th minute. But if either Nebraska or Minnesota had used up an average of two seconds longer in each huddle during the first 58 minutes, the game would have ended 0-0, with the ball in Nebraska's possession. A race against time for the full 60 minutes—and every minute is important.

Not only is every game a race against The Clock, but every play is a race against that stop watch in your hand. It's 4th down and 3 to go. Even the grandstand quarterbacks approve the choice of a punt. Our team lines up in deep punt formation, the kicker about ten and one-half yards back of the center. The defensive team tenses to rush through and attempt to block the kick. They watch our center's hands upon the ball for the first tell-tale tightening of his fingers. The ball starts back—will the kick get off? The stop watch comes into the picture now. If the interval between the start of the center's pass and the impact of the kicker's foot is 1.6 to 1.8 seconds, the chances are that the kick is away safely, assuming, of course, reasonably good blocking by the rest of our team. One and nine-tenths seconds is a bit dubious; two seconds is dangerous and anything over two seconds is manslaughter, unless that right defensive tackle has a wooden leg.

If you were among the thousands who watched the Army-Notre Dame game last year, you undoubtedly remember a tense spot in the second quarter. Saggau, the great Notre Dame sophomore left half, took the pass from his center and dropped back. Fifteen or twenty yards downfield, Earl Brown, his left end, outmaneuvered the Army halfback and broke to the outside. Saggau arched a beautiful ball toward him. The Army defensive man tried desperately to deflect the ball, but Brown caught it and beat the Army safety in a race to the goal line. It was a beautiful play, timed perfectly—the peak thrill of a great game. The spectators shouted enthusiastic comments on Brown's great catch and Saggau's well-placed pass. And they were right—it was a real combination.

But how few in that great crowd noticed the sustained blocking that dammed back the flood of Army linemen until the pass was in

Continued on page 173

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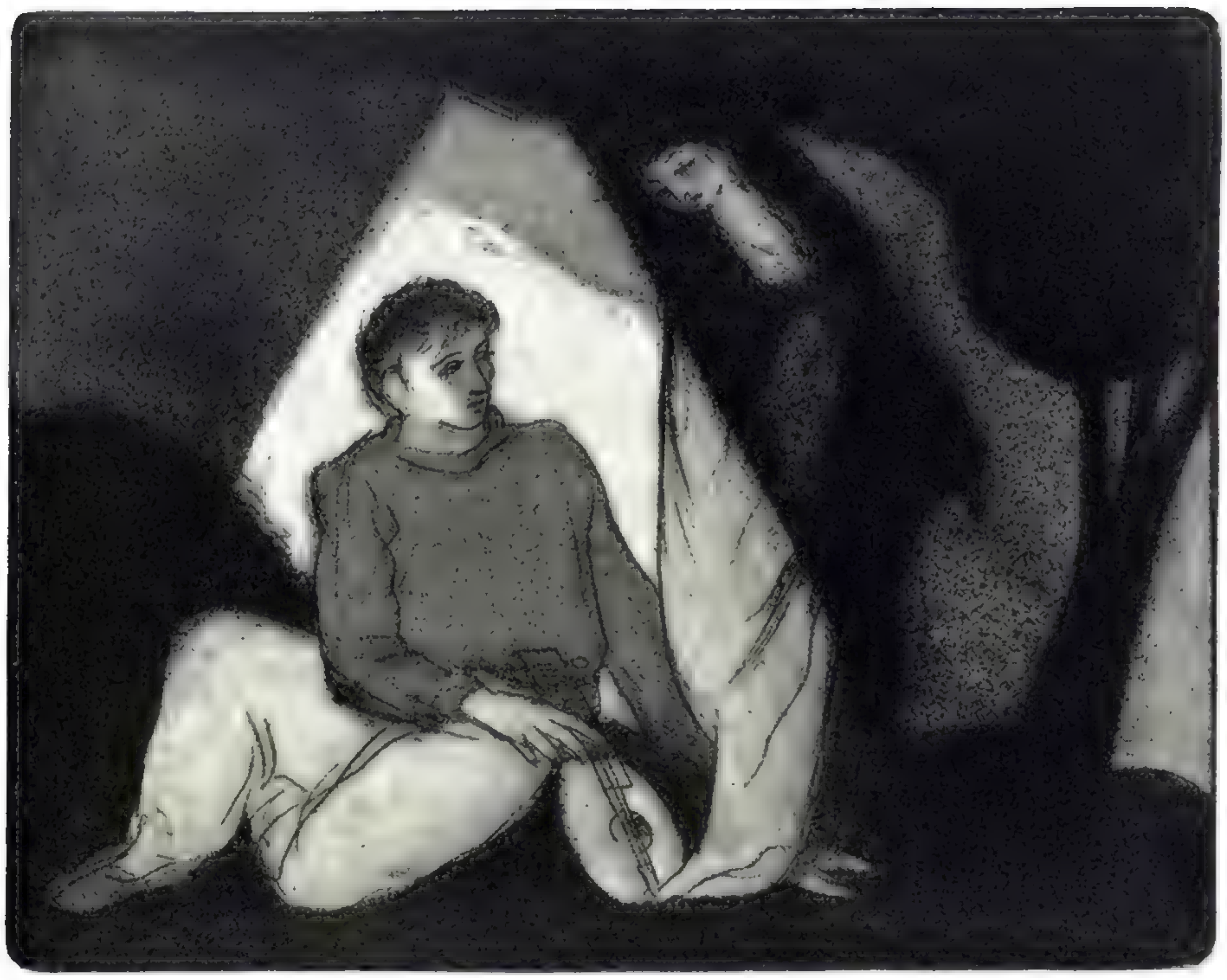
*1938 Intercollegiate Football Summary, American Football Statistical Bureau, P. O. Box 258, Seattle, Washington



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Songs for a Lost Girl

by LEGARÉ GEORGE

I

I do not know how far I came
Through fields where roses blew to flame,
Through leaves the first frost made to burn
From branches where no leaves return.

I dare not guess how far I go
On roads December filled with snow
Till starlight made the snow to shine
In barren meadows that were mine.

For snowflakes, falling through the air,
Clung white as petals in your hair:
Through day and dark I see them cling
Like petals blown from boughs of Spring.

And all at once your arms are filled
With snowy bloom the wind has spilled
From pear-tree boughs and apple trees
And hawthorn branches white as these.

Beyond your door the sunlight fades
From roads the storm-wind clouds and shades;
But, changeless, you prevail through storms
With boughs of Summer in your arms.

II

Outside her window the elm tree stands,
Tapping the pane till her dream-pale hands
Shall take its colors. She understands,

Since the wind's been in the tree all day,
Changing and blowing its leaves away,
That they must go, but the tree will stay.

Well, should you walk there under the bough
When next the leaves fall as they fall now,
They will go lightly there, touching your brow.

I would have gone so, had I known how.

III

When I am borne towards other shores than these
With men who die and leave the hearts they love,
If, looking back, I see your golden trees
Sway to the blue above,

Not then shall lack of breath compel me there,
Or active limbs to cleave the shadowy tide;
For I shall burn my way through the chill air
Until I reach your side.

The fatal goddess figured on the prow
Will gaze at the dark water, and be still;
And all the sad and scornful dead will bow
To love's unaltering will.

Under the golden elm leaves, where they fall,
Under the sky no bluer than your eyes,
Myself will wander quietly, and call
Until yourself replies.

You will be reading in a russet book
With sunlit pages and a pictured faun;
A leaf will fall—and, almost, will you look
To see me on the lawn?

Then, will you hear me call, and will you speak
To answer me, because you understand,
Nor think it is the wind upon your cheek,
The tear upon your hand?

But you will come and walk beside me there,
Among the leaves along the quiet street;
And all my thoughts, as soundless on the air,
Will fall around your feet

Till earth and sky and hills, amid the blue
Flood of old days up time's remembering shore,
Put on lost beauty, and the love we knew
Be as it was before.

Debutantes, Inc.

With Joe Balch promoting them, debs were no longer an expense to their fathers, but an asset

by TRACY PERKINS

• SATIRE •

DRYPOINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

IN THE nineteen-thirties there were some who thought that debutantes, particularly those with plenty of glamor, were excessively publicized, but the truth is, as of course we now realize, that things were only beginning. It was much like intercollegiate football. As far back as the eighteen-nineties there was a great deal of talk about commercialism in the sport, but how strange that seems in the light of present events! The launching of debutantes into society, in spite of the hue and cry about it in the thirties, was really in its infancy.

In 1940 the debutante business really started to go somewhere, due mainly to two people, Sondra Fanton and Joe Balch. Sondra Fanton was the current "deb of the year," a girl with so much glamor that there were some who maintained it glowed in the dark, like phosphorus on tropic waters or radium on a wrist watch. (A prominent scientist made a test of this, but the results were inconclusive.) Sondra had the perfection of features and figure of a divinely beautiful girl of eighteen combined with the *savoir faire* of a woman of forty-five—or even forty-six. In a combination like that you indubitably have something.

The tip-off came when, in a nationwide poll of schoolgirls, Sondra ran second in the vote to choose America's most distinguished woman. It is true that the leading debutante of the 1938-39 season gathered a few scattered votes for this honor, but she finished way out of the money. Sondra, on the other hand, finished such a close second that there had to be recounts in several states. This matter eventually came to the attention of an individual named Joe Balch who promoted professional tennis tours, wrestling matches, prize fights, dance marathons and sundry other events.

He sighed deeply, and remarked: "Where have I been all my life?" or words to that effect. Summoning a few of his most trusted henchmen, Balch announced: "We are branching out in a new line: debutantes." One timid underling objected that there had been some unsavory rumors about the debutante-launching business, but Joe overruled him. "It can't be *much* worse than wrestling," he maintained, and thereby won his point. It was too late to accomplish anything for the 1940 season, so Joe immediately started laying the groundwork for the next year. It was an easy matter for him to assemble scouts from the swankier universities and the more playful Metropolitan clubs. Times still weren't too good, and there were plenty of young men who were not averse to turning an extra penny or two.

These scouts were instructed to look over the coming crop of debutantes, and to make reports on the most promising of their number. A typical report might read: "Diane Simmons. Blonde, 5′ 4″. Weight: 112. Three years' experience at Southampton. Showed promise on Riviera trip. Face: .950. Figure: .875. Family: Grade A plus. Dancing: excellent. Conversation: passable. Inclines to clichés, but can be cured with good coaching, because she learns fast. May wilt when she gets up against big-time late hours, but looks good on recuperative powers. Good Yale and Williams following. Fine prospect."

Another, briefer, might go like this: "Cynthia Comden. Looks: O.K. But is scared of crowds, and would undoubtedly develop mike fright. Utterly lacking in showmanship value. Thumbs down."

These reports were carefully checked and cross-checked, and, early in the fall, Balch had lined up ten debutantes who gave every indication of heading the parade for the coming season. He then called on their fathers, and made the following proposition: Balch would finance all debuts, attend to the publicity, and pay the fathers a flat ten per cent of all proceeds from stage, movie, radio, night-club and endorsement activities of their daughters. In almost every case he had to explain this again, because the fathers would say: "Yes, but how much will this cost *me?*" Patiently, Joe would explain that it wouldn't cost a thing, that they would actually make money from introducing their daughters to society. He got acceptances from every father, although there were one or two who muttered skeptically that there must certainly be a catch in it somewhere.

Balch's venture clicked from the start. Thanks to fine publicity work, the public became more deb-conscious than ever. All stags of any social prominence attended the coming-out parties, and the boxes reserved for stage and radio agents and talent scouts were at all times crowded. Joe cleared a hundred thousand dollars in his first year. Five of his girls landed good radio jobs, three got night club spots, one made the grade in Hollywood, and all of them got all the endorsement work they could handle. After paying the fathers their commissions Joe still had plenty left for himself. There was only one flop, a girl who suddenly eloped and went off to live on a Vermont farm. This cost Joe nine or ten thousand dollars, but he simply wrote it off to profit and loss, and reminded himself to put a clause in next year's contracts whereby the father should be liable for the full cost of bringing out his daughter if she married anybody not approved by his firm which, quite appropriately, he had christened *Debutantes, Inc.*

For the next few years things went very well with Joe Balch's new enterprise. Then, almost imperceptibly, business began to slow up. The public seemed gradually to be losing interest in debutantes. Hollywood and Radio City seemed to be gaining the upper hand again. It took Joe some time to get to the root of the trouble, but he was a keen analyst, and finally he saw the light. *Debutantes, Inc.,*

Continued on page 143

Adventurers' Paradise

Foreigners in Shanghai worked lightly, lived well, read the papers and agreed the Japs would never dare molest them

by HILAIRE du BERRIER

• ARTICLE •

Everyone says Shanghai was a fine place back in the good old days, and by the good old days they mean way back two years ago.

It wasn't a beautiful town as towns go and there were not any hills or woods to drive through or beaches to sun yourself on, but there was something about Shanghai that made it different from any other place on earth.

If it was the tawdry you were after, Shanghai had it with blue ribbons on, but if you wanted to keep a race horse and a servant on a floorwalker's pay Shanghai was the only place I know of where you could do it.

You couldn't beat that town for tolerance and variety. Any time you walked in the Park Hotel or the Cathay or the Palace you could find someone to have a drink with or talk to. It might be a tai-pan or an importer, a United States Treasury Department Informer, an airplane salesman or a gambler or a missionary or a bum, but you couldn't tell till you talked to them, and they all had a story.

When you picked up a conversation with someone in Shanghai there was always an element of chance that made it more interesting.

The cabarets weren't exclusive. Russian girls sat around like a flock of vultures waiting for a lone male to pounce on, but there was one thing you could say for those cabarets; they didn't cost much.

Whether you went to Joe Farren's or the Arcadia or Del Monte's or any place else, you would find people in evening clothes at one table and a poor mug in a brown suit and green shirt at the next, but both were satisfied; the tai-pans because there wasn't any place better and the poor man because, such as it was, it was the best and even he could afford it.

If he couldn't afford it he went anyway and signed the check, only they call the check a chit in China. After you went to a place two or three times you became a habitué and quit paying cash, because you couldn't tell what might happen before the end of the month.

Smart people went to the French Club at cocktail time and those who weren't so smart went to the dumps on "Blood Alley." It was a matter of taste.

Everyone knocked off work when there was a race meeting, and on Sundays the people who would be taking a drive in their car if they were in America turned out in pink jackets for a hunt.

The No. 1 polo player was Judge Allman who had been a soldier of fortune in Mexico once, American consul in Tsingtao, and a judge in Shanghai. When the Mexican consul in Shanghai wrote a book about the place and had to leave, Allman got his job.

He called his string of horses the Dixie stable and took the Confederate flag for his colors, but no one knew what it was. When Bill Hunt bought a Chinese steamship line and made him his attorney, the Judge said: "Work is the curse of the polo classes," and took the job to support his horses.

"Fletch" said: "Now if Hunt makes a million and quits he may get away with it, but if he makes seven million those Chinese he bought the boats from will leave an ax in his head some night. You can't take something away from the Chinese and make money at it and get away. That's why he needs Allman, to tell him when to quit," and "Fletch" was right.

An ex-machine gunner made the perfect solicitor in Shanghai. He got you out before you started to lose and before you made too much, and in the meantime business was just as thrilling as horse-racing.

When a go-down full of worthless gas masks had to be cleared out a marine officer offered them to Signor X for 5c apiece, saying he might be able to use the waterproof bags and the eyeglasses for something.

Signor X agreed that maybe the boy scouts might buy them, then he sold the lot to a Chinese general for ten dollars each, and when the General took two prisoners out of his jail to test them on the Signor said: "Santa Maria! Now I'm going to have this on my conscience!"

Then, while they were sealing the prisoners in a room full of gas, he thought it over: The jail was a filthy place. They would have died in there anyway. At least he was getting them out of that torture, but he couldn't figure out what excuse he was going to give the General when he should open the door and find them dead.

X thought he was seeing ghosts when the jail door swung open and the two prisoners jumped out wanting to know if they could go home now. Then he realized: the gas was no good, and with a look of hurt innocence on his face he said to the General: "You see! and you distrusted me; Me, your friend. You think I would sell you bad gas masks?"

He gave two dollars out of every ten back to the General and the soldiers had the feeling of confidence a gas mask gives when you look at it, and everyone went home happy.

Vicki Baum should have written *Grand Hotel* in the French Concession. There was a man with a haircut like Paderewski's in my hotel who said he hadn't been in a barber shop for twelve years as a matter of principle. A barber ran away with his wife.

A little French woman had a parrot that kept yelling for rickshaws, and then the rickshaw coolies would come to her and want to be paid for waiting.

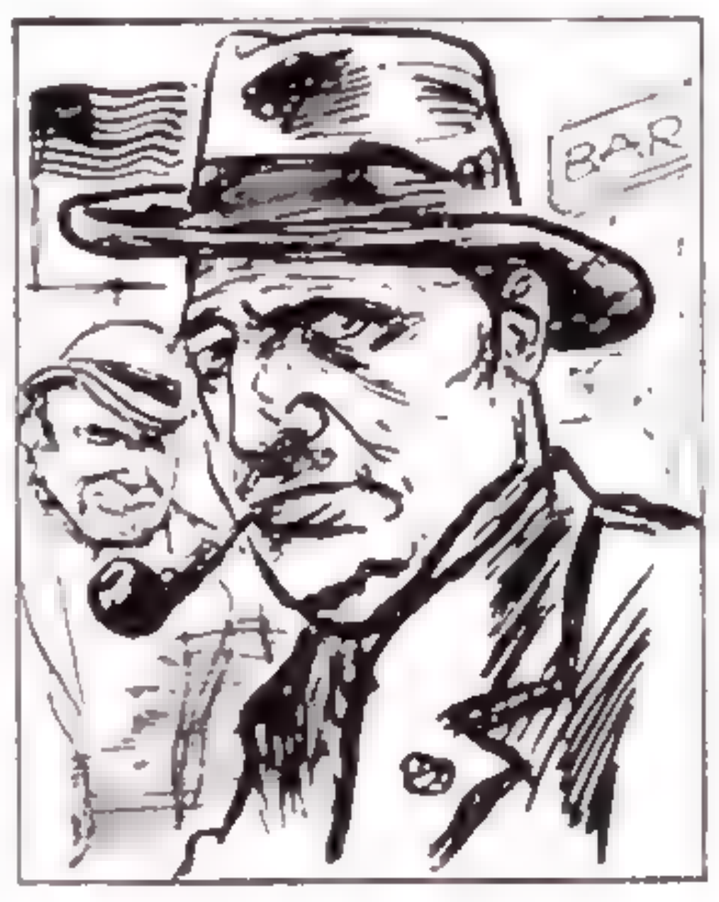
There was an ex-housemaid from Harbin who swept into the dining room every noon in riding clothes, carrying a crop and a riding hat.

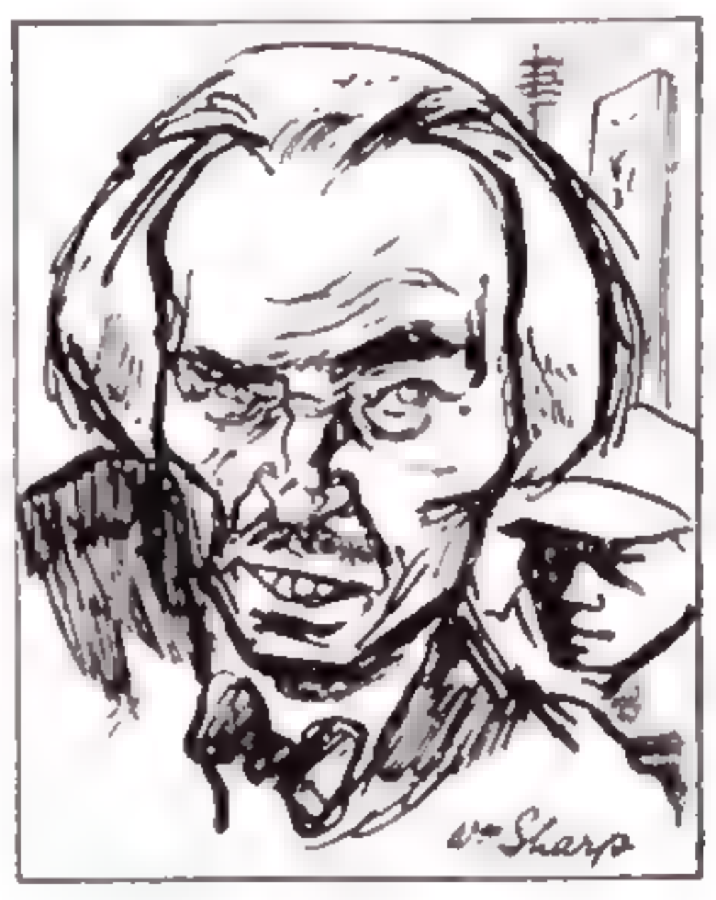
When she spoke of the hotel she shuddered and said: "—too awful! Nothing but navy wives and British military."

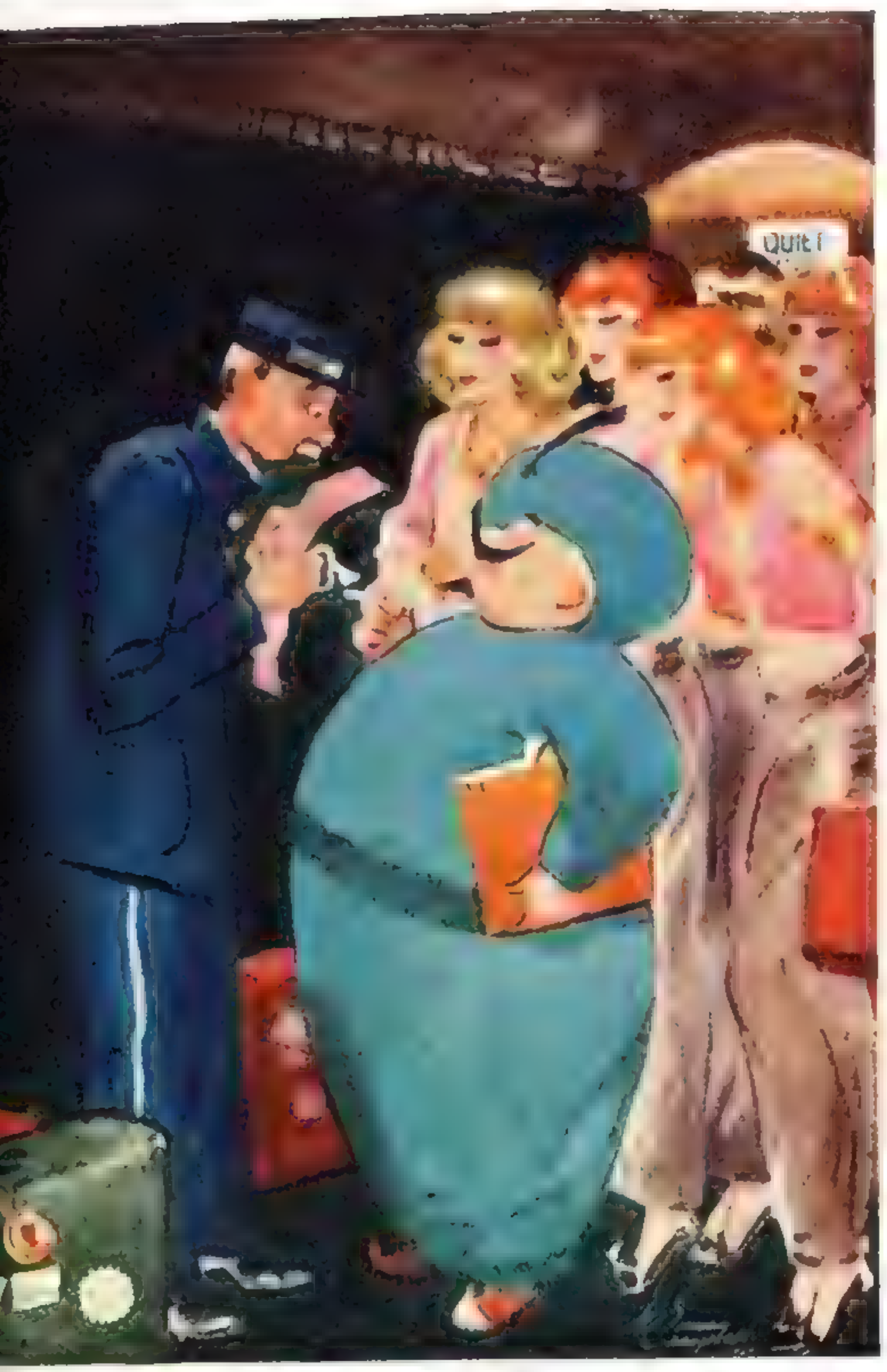
The blonde dressmaker who sat at the next table bowed graciously at all the ladies as they entered and then leaned over and told me how much they owed her, how ragged they were when they came to Shanghai and whose husbands their friends were.

Next door was a little boy whose father

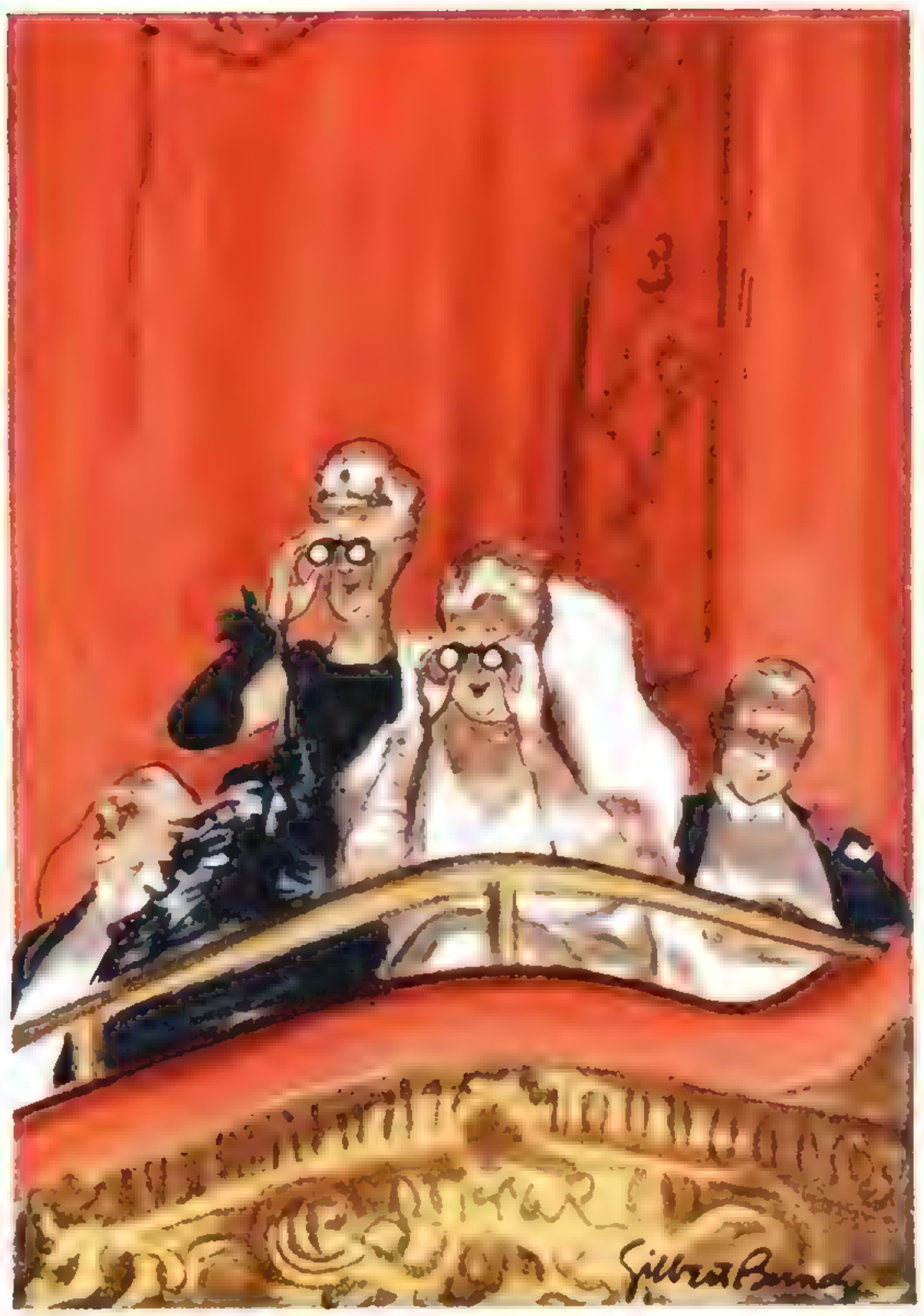
Continued in center of page 186



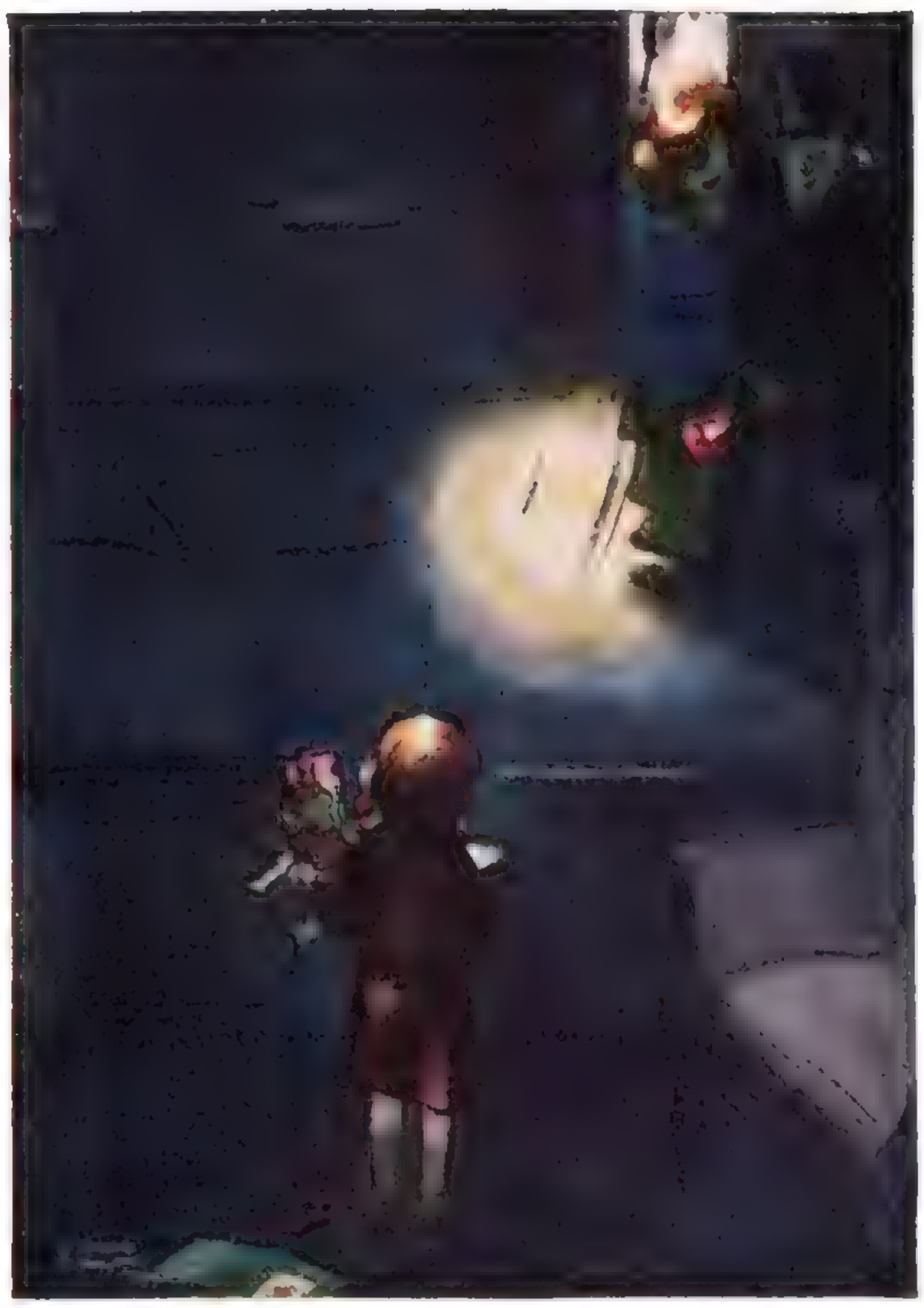




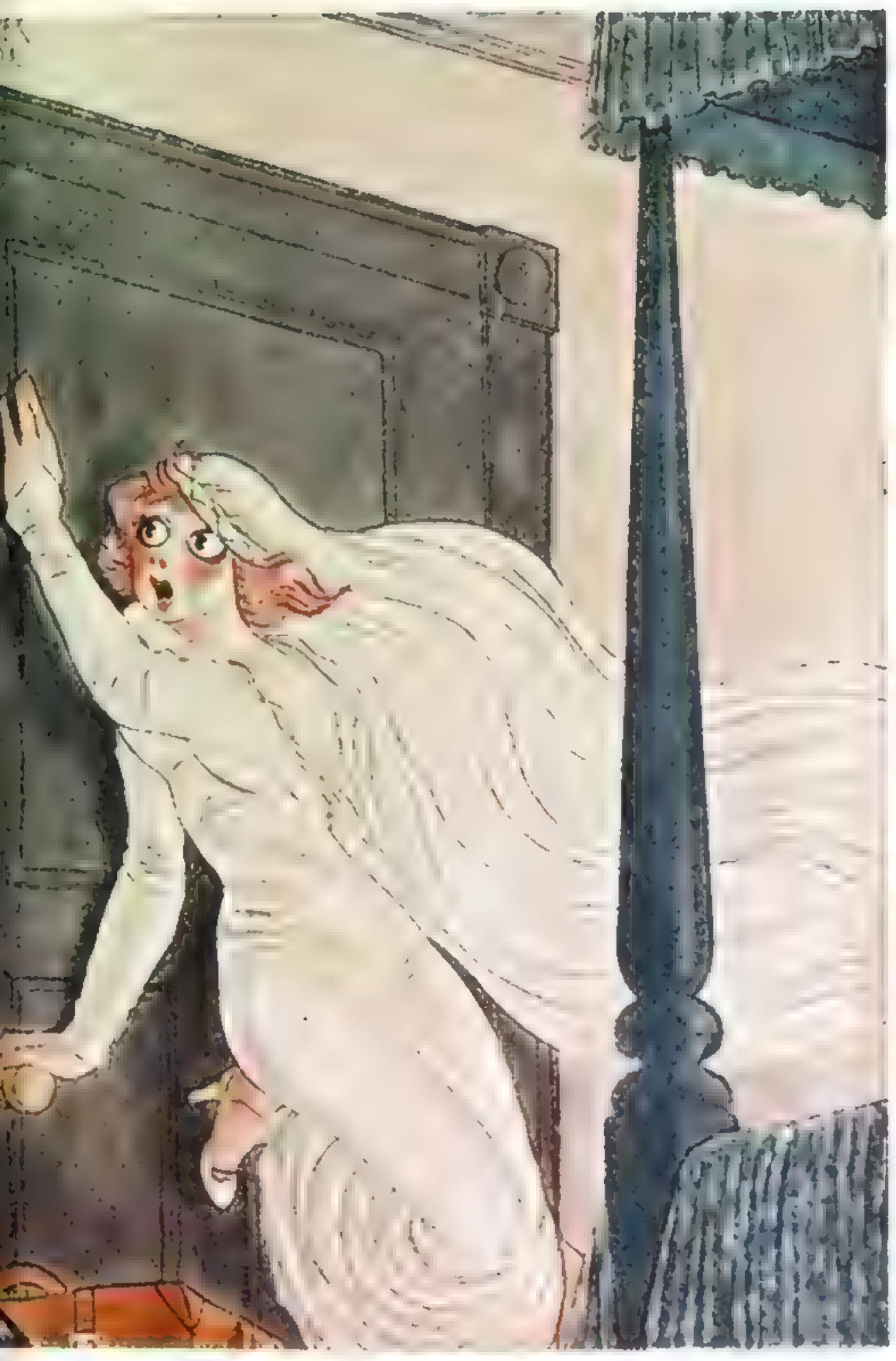
"Lower eight"



"You're right, Agnes—Faust's trousers are slipping"



"Merry Christmas, Momma and Daddy!"



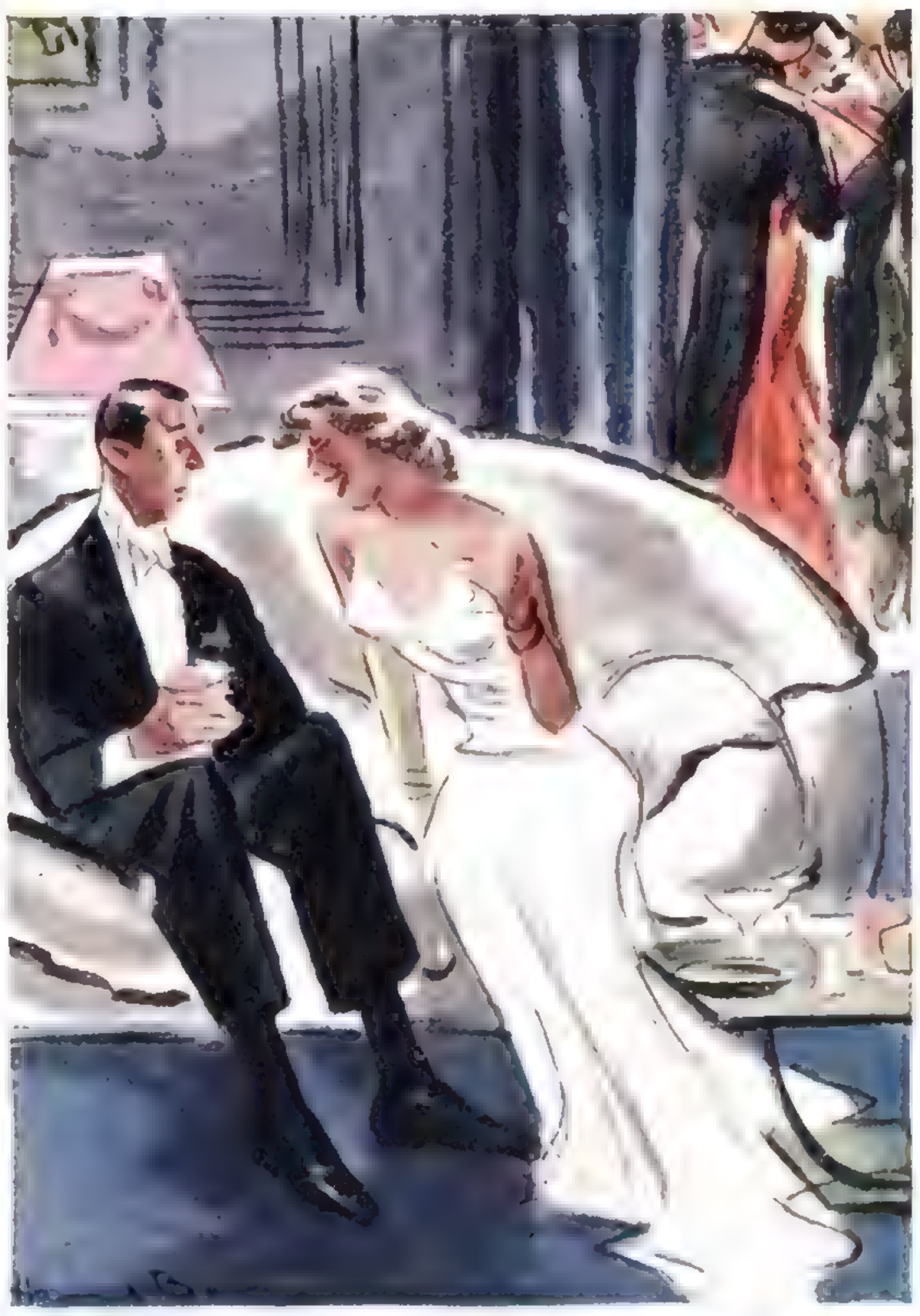
"But—but it's only noon!"

A Gagfest

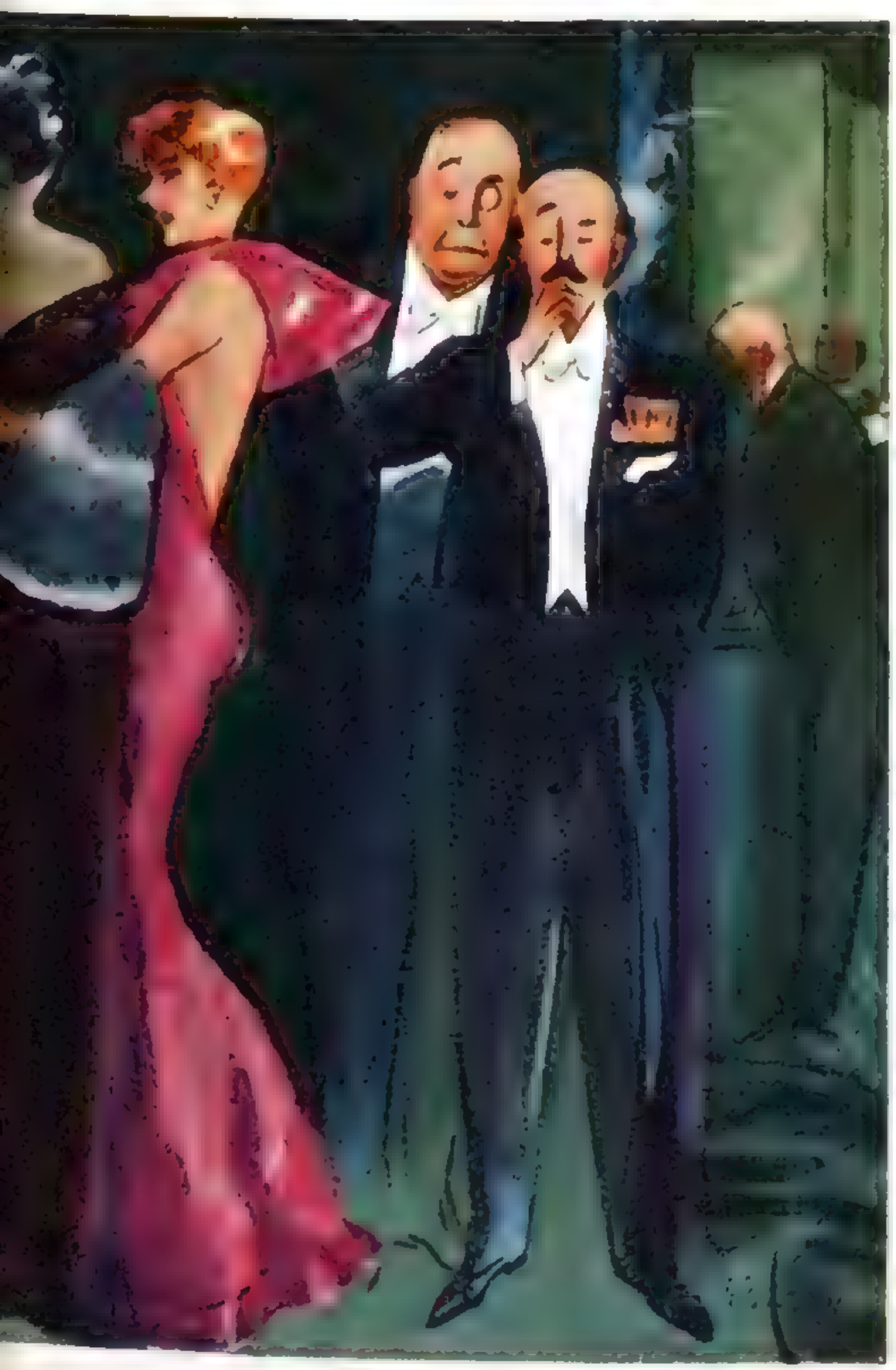
featuring some of the best remembered cartoons in Esquire's first six years . . .

October, 1933—October, 1939

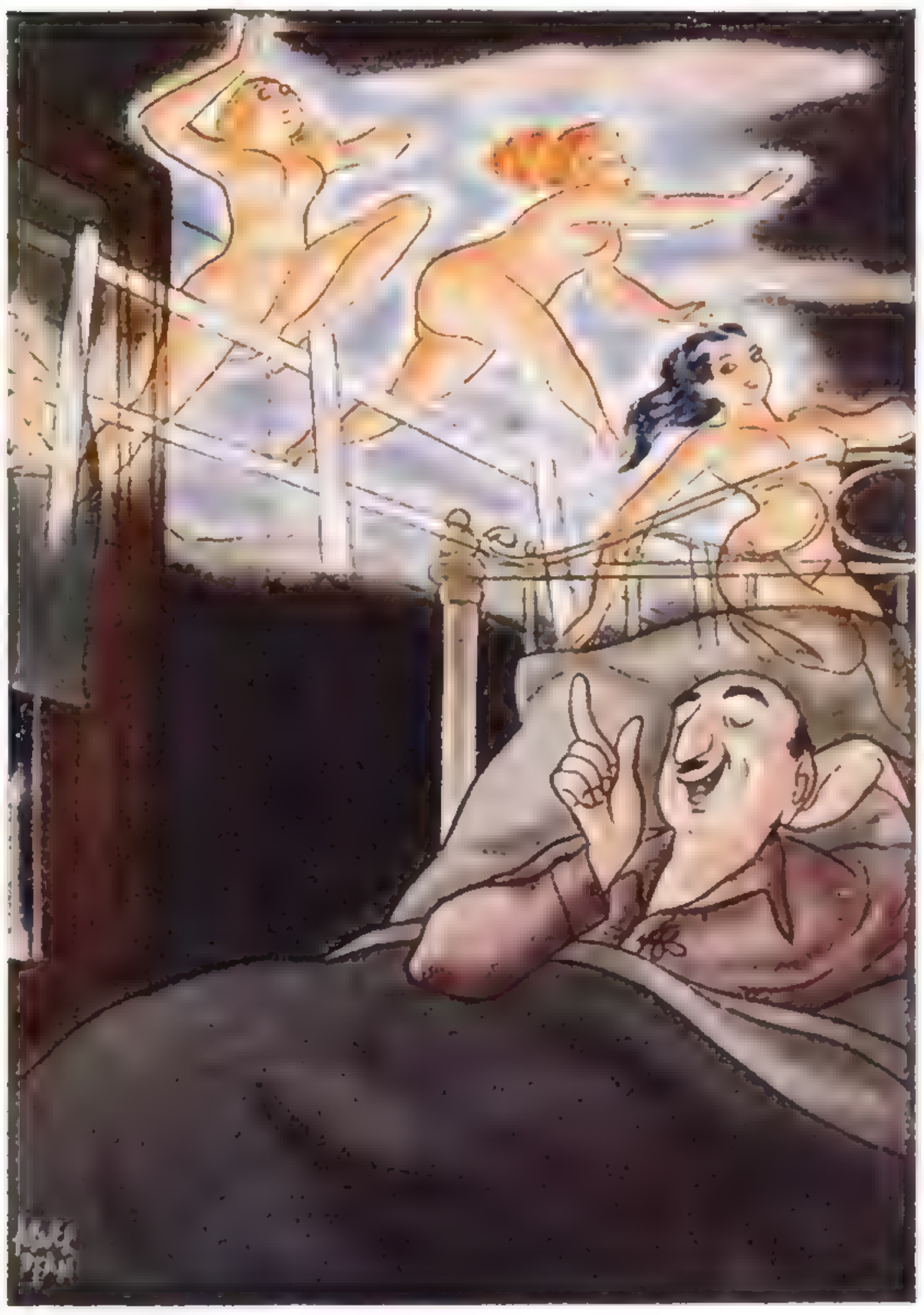
(For details of arrangement to obtain reprints of this portfolio turn to advertisement on page 190)



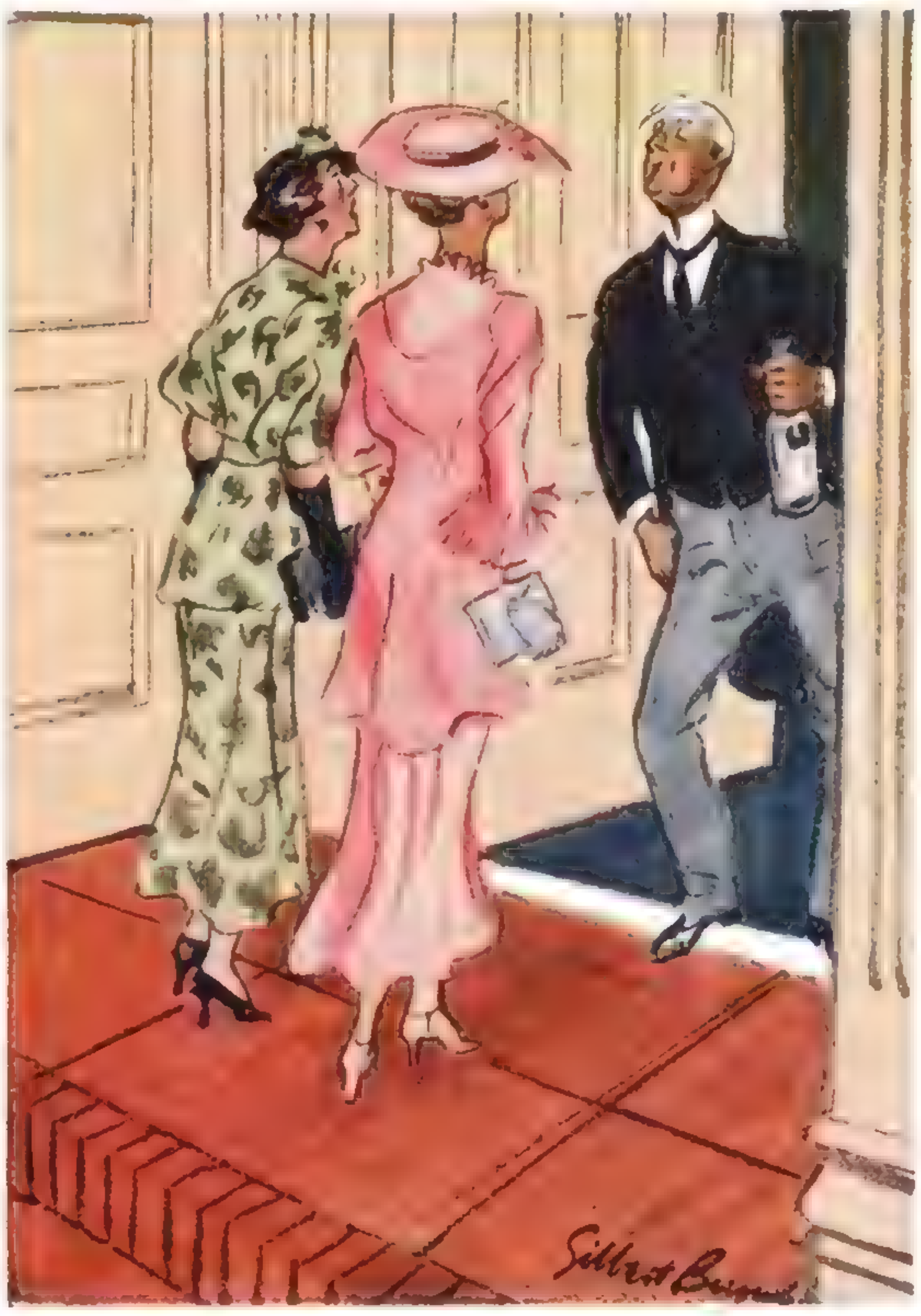
"I always know when I've had enough to drink—I get unconscious"



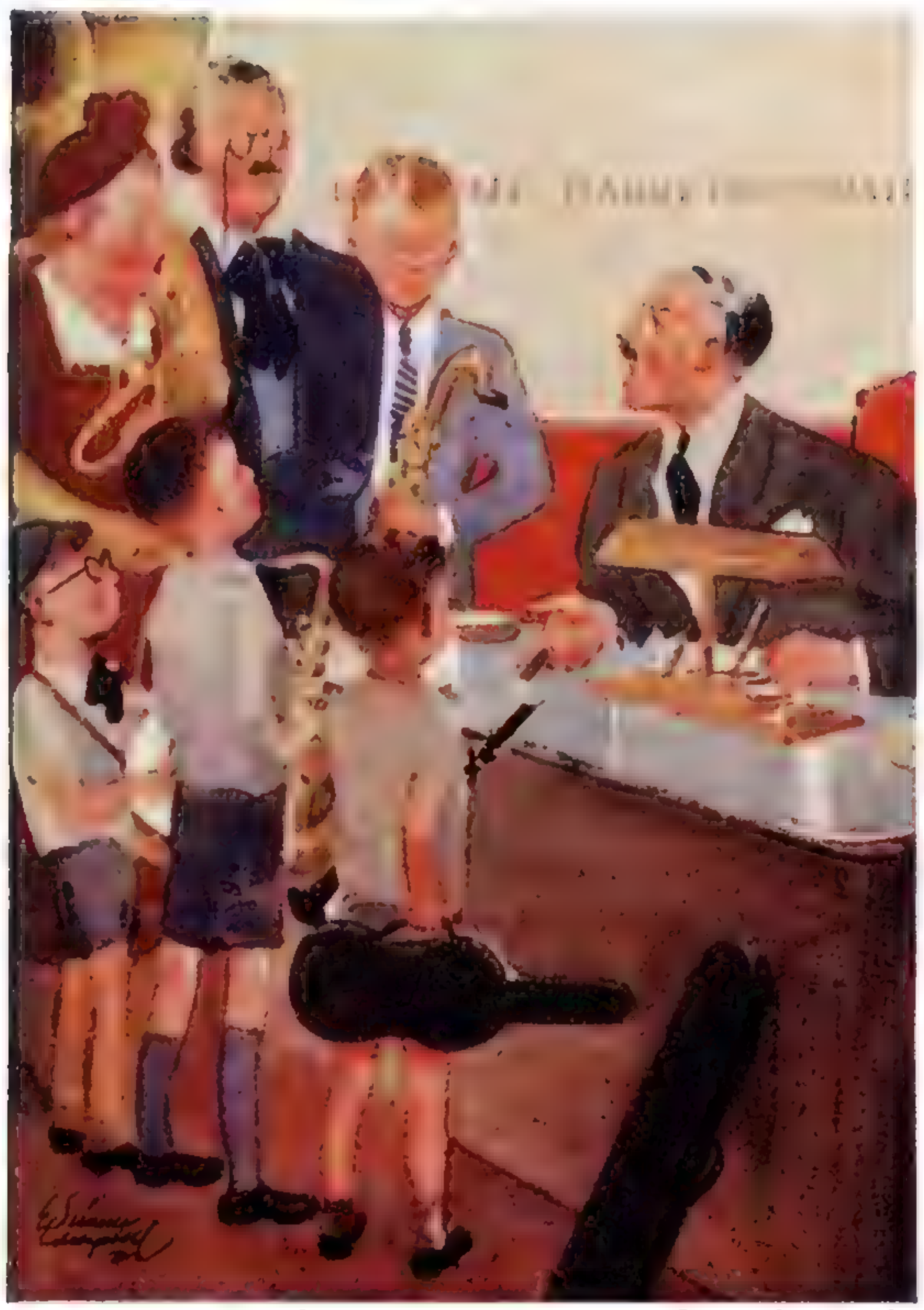
"Righto!"



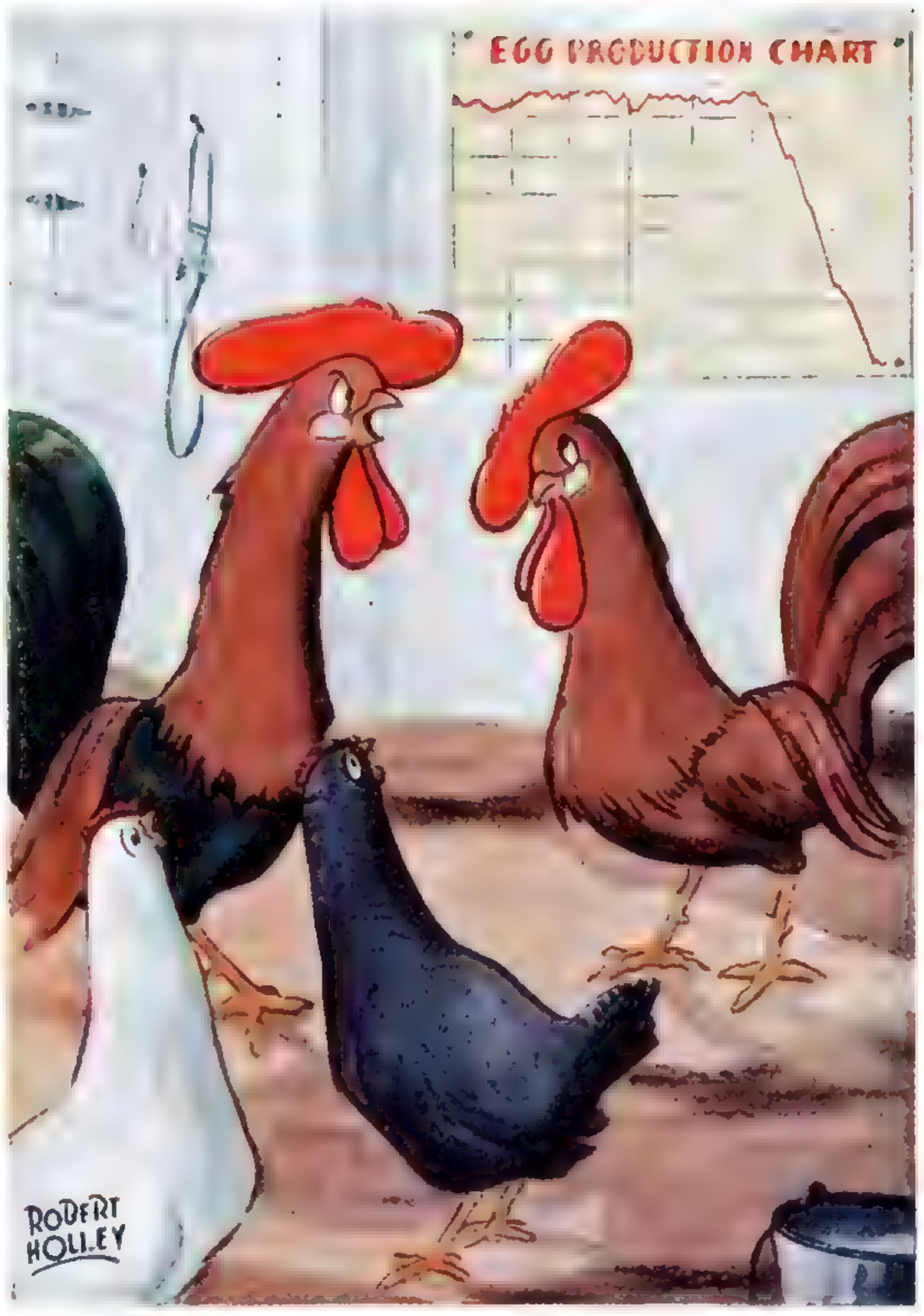
"—11, 12, 13, 14—"



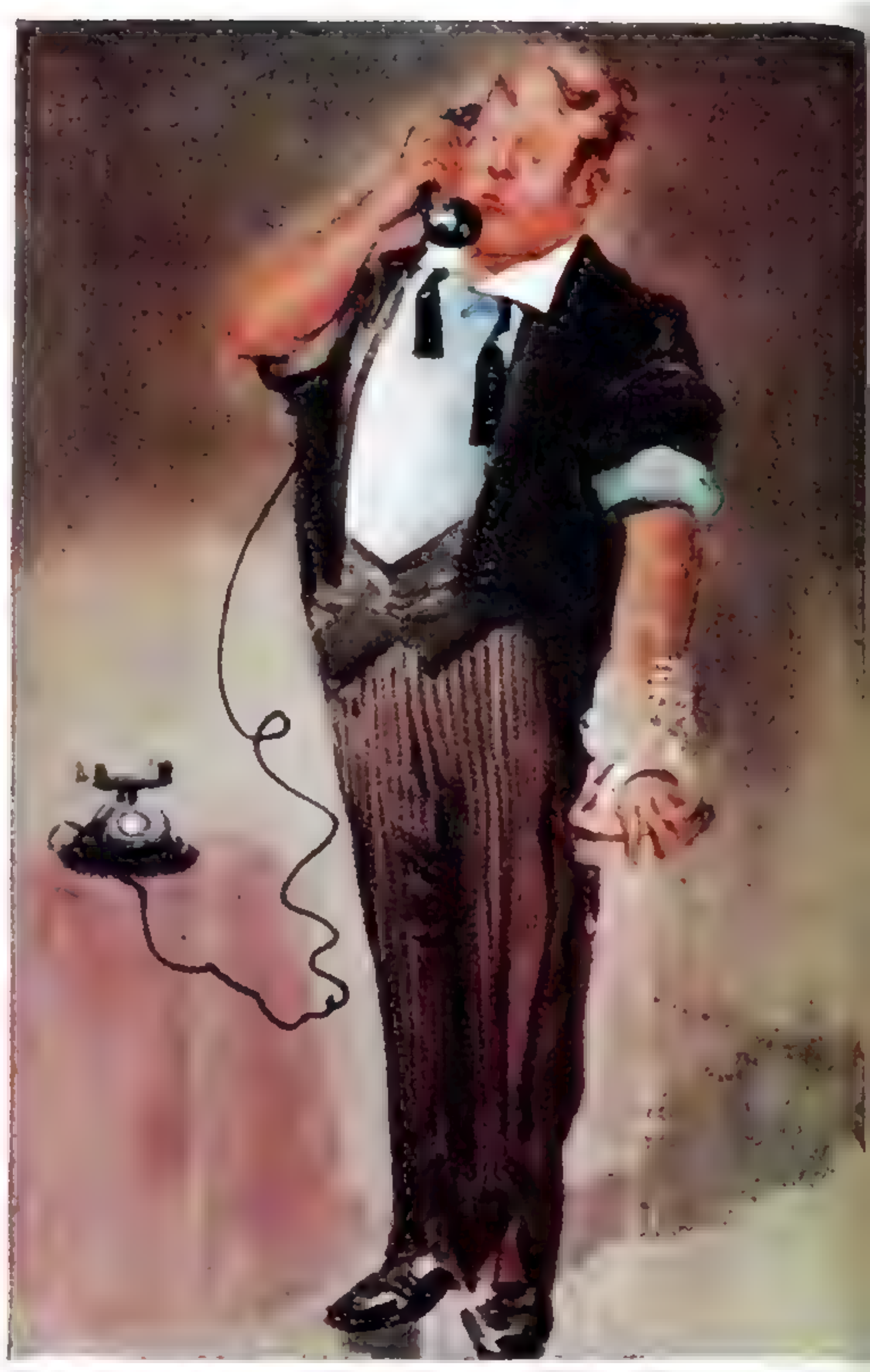
"Madam ain't at home—by Gawd!"



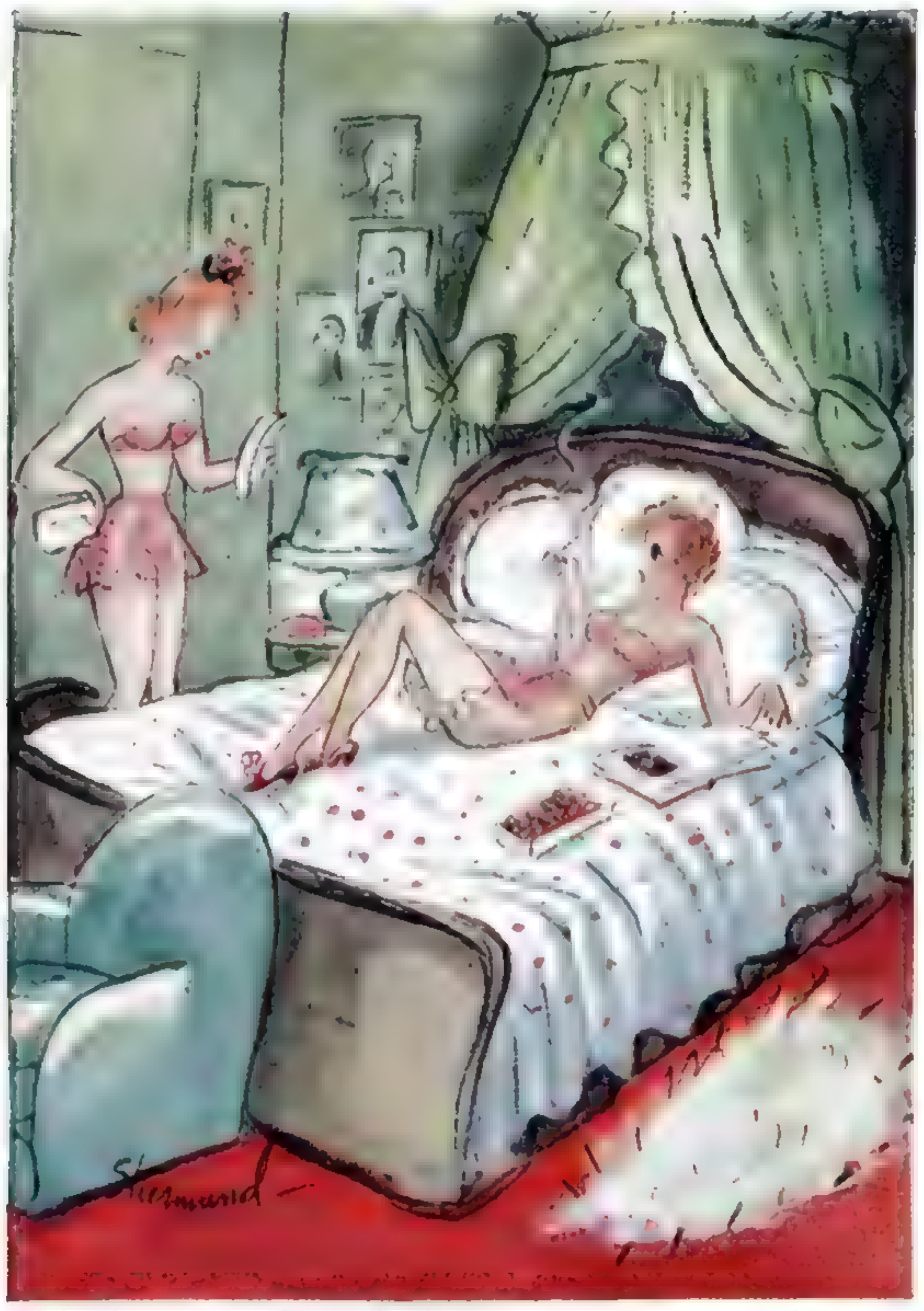
"Just because you've got a contract must I use the whole family? Who do you think you are—Roosevelt?"



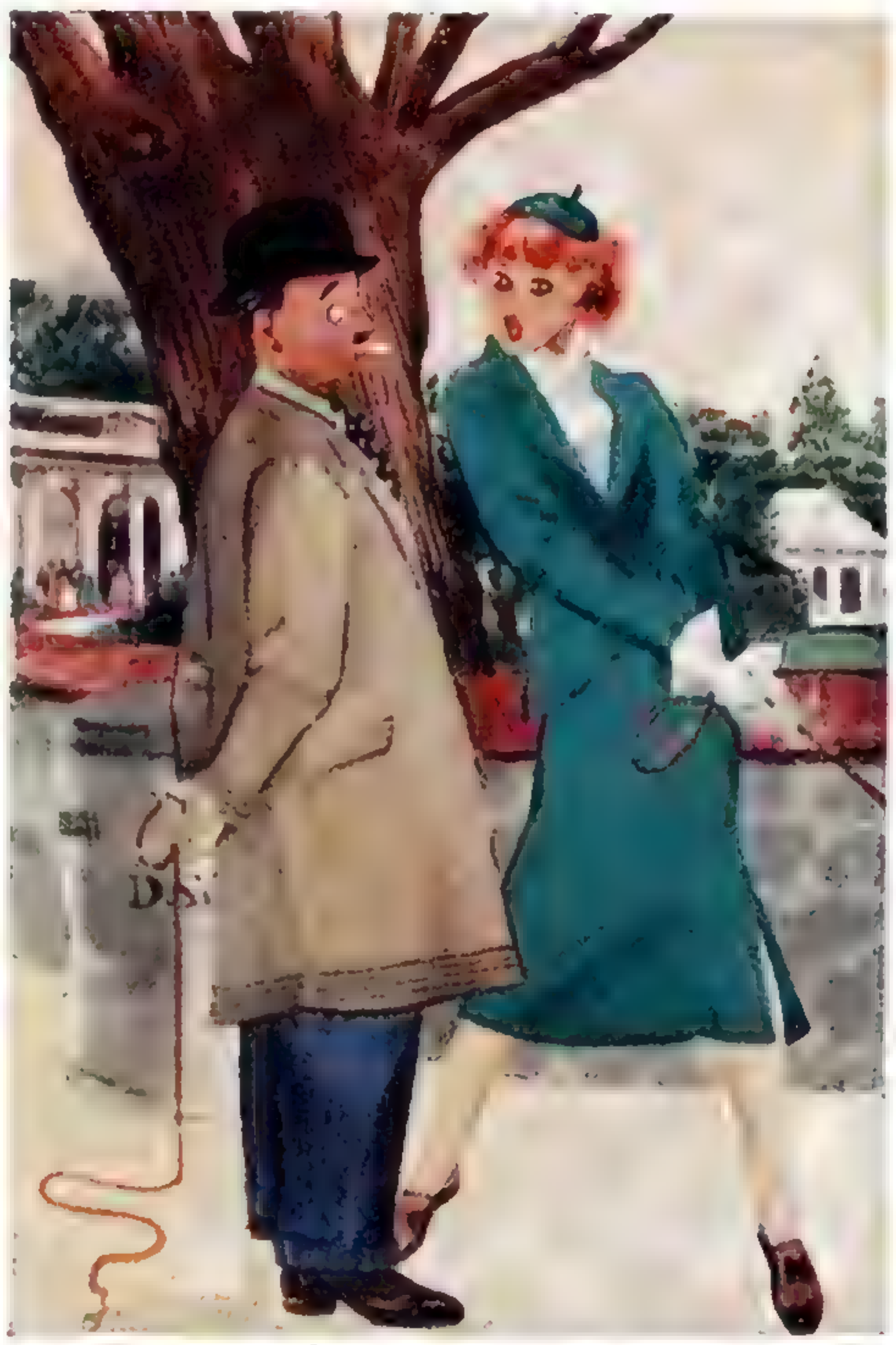
"So that's the way you take care of things while I'm away!"



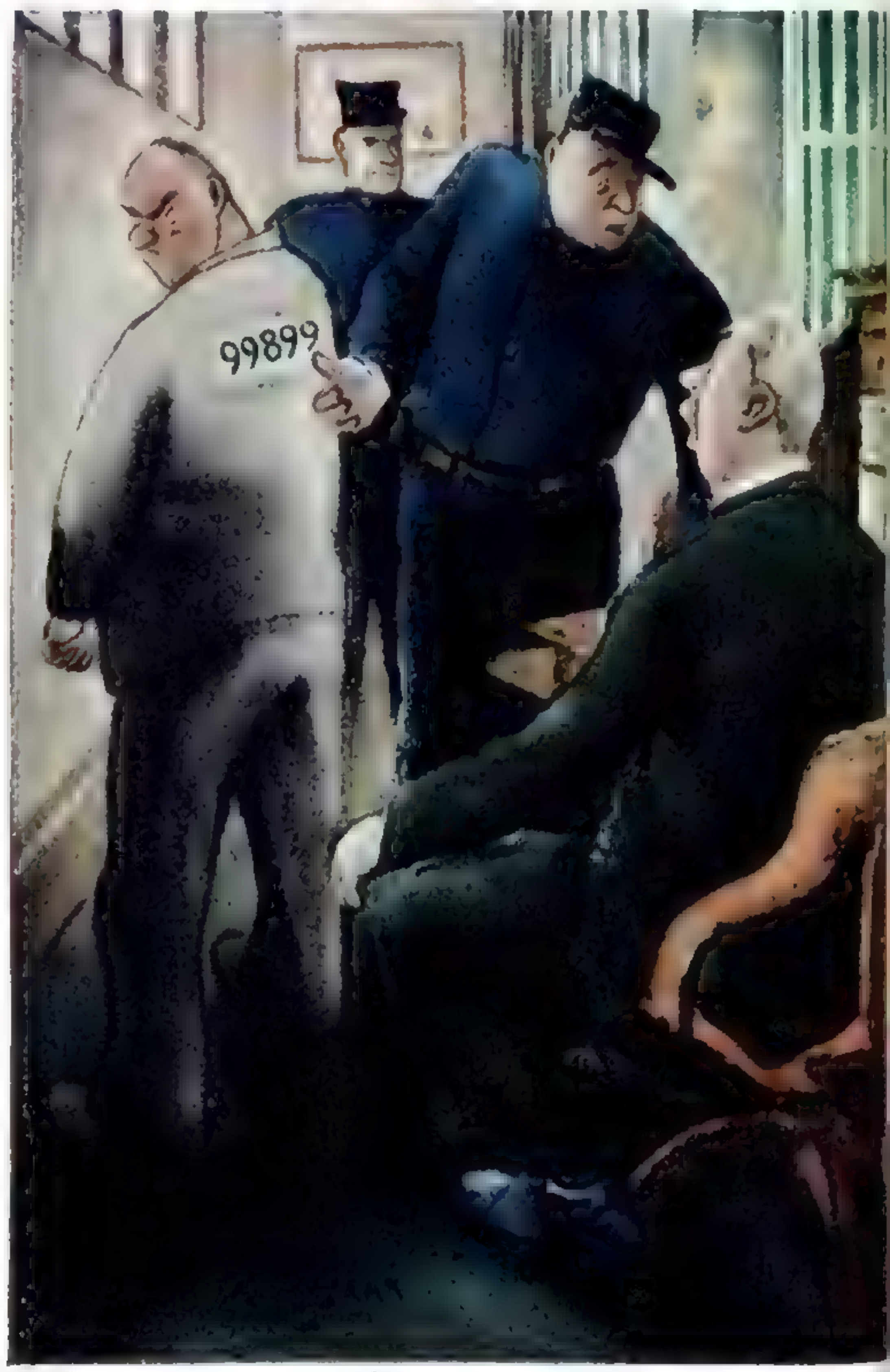
"Madam is taking a bawth—but I'll tell her you phon



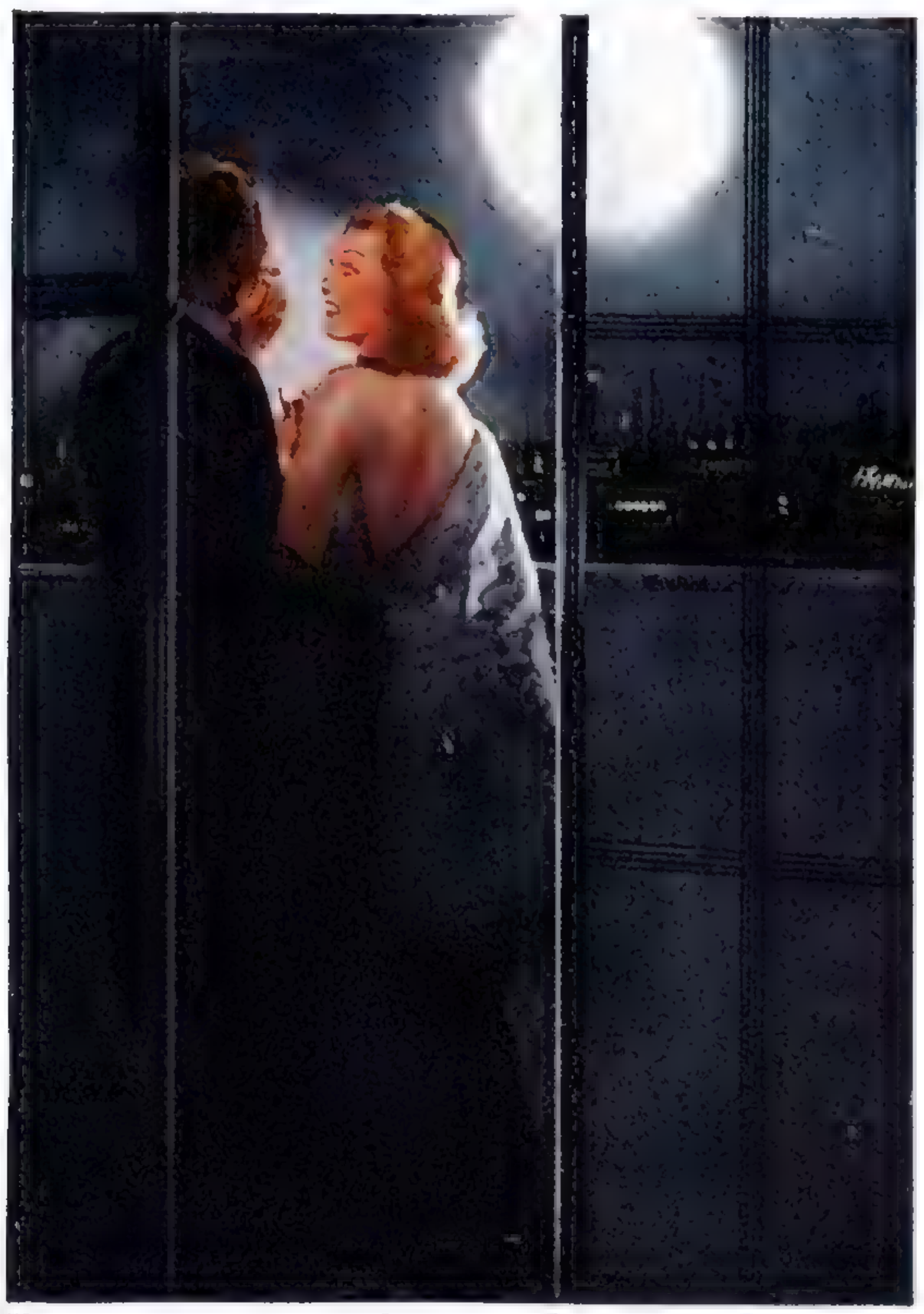
"It's from the World's Fair committee—they're not interested in our idea for a concession"



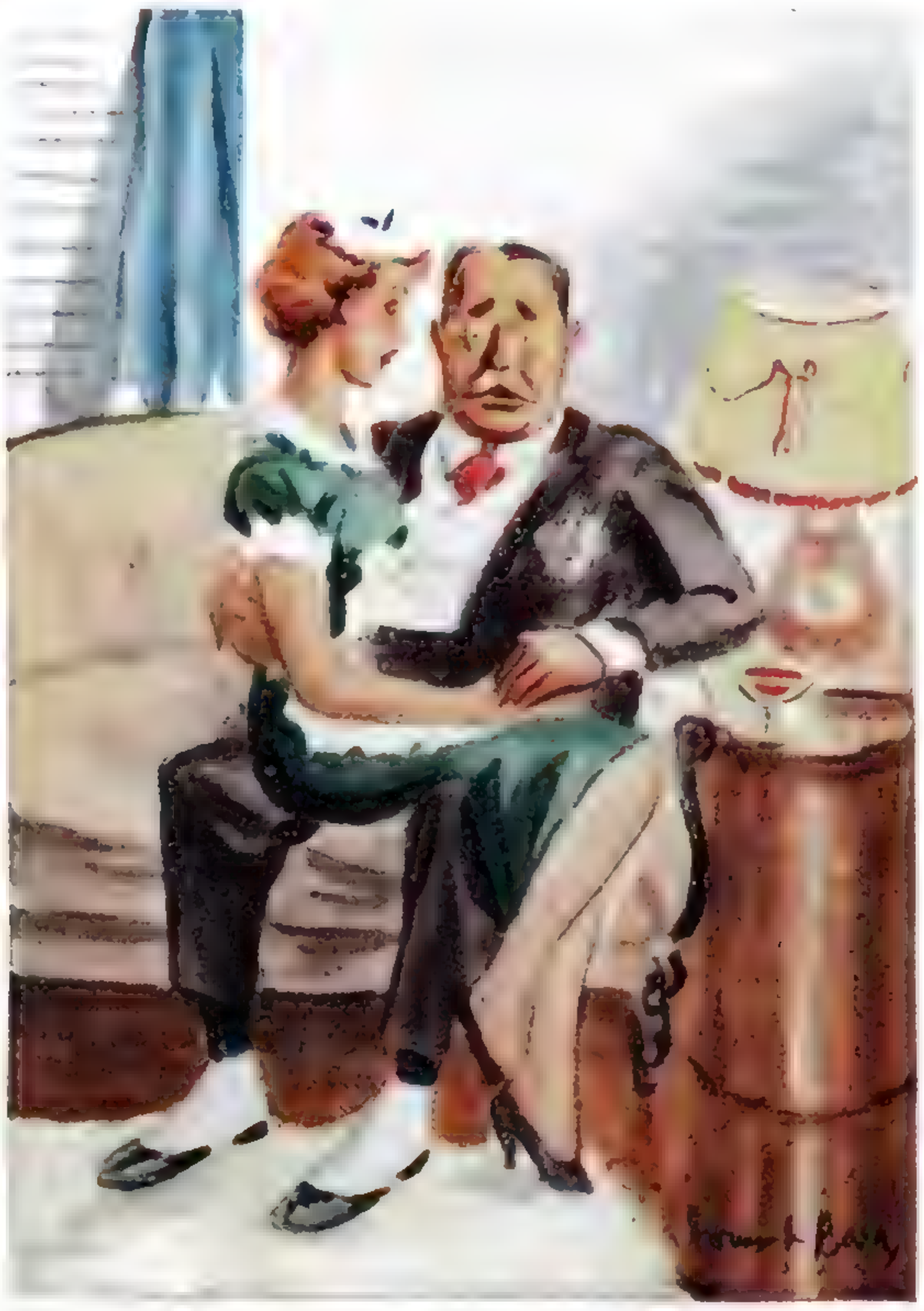
"Well do something—don't just stand there!"



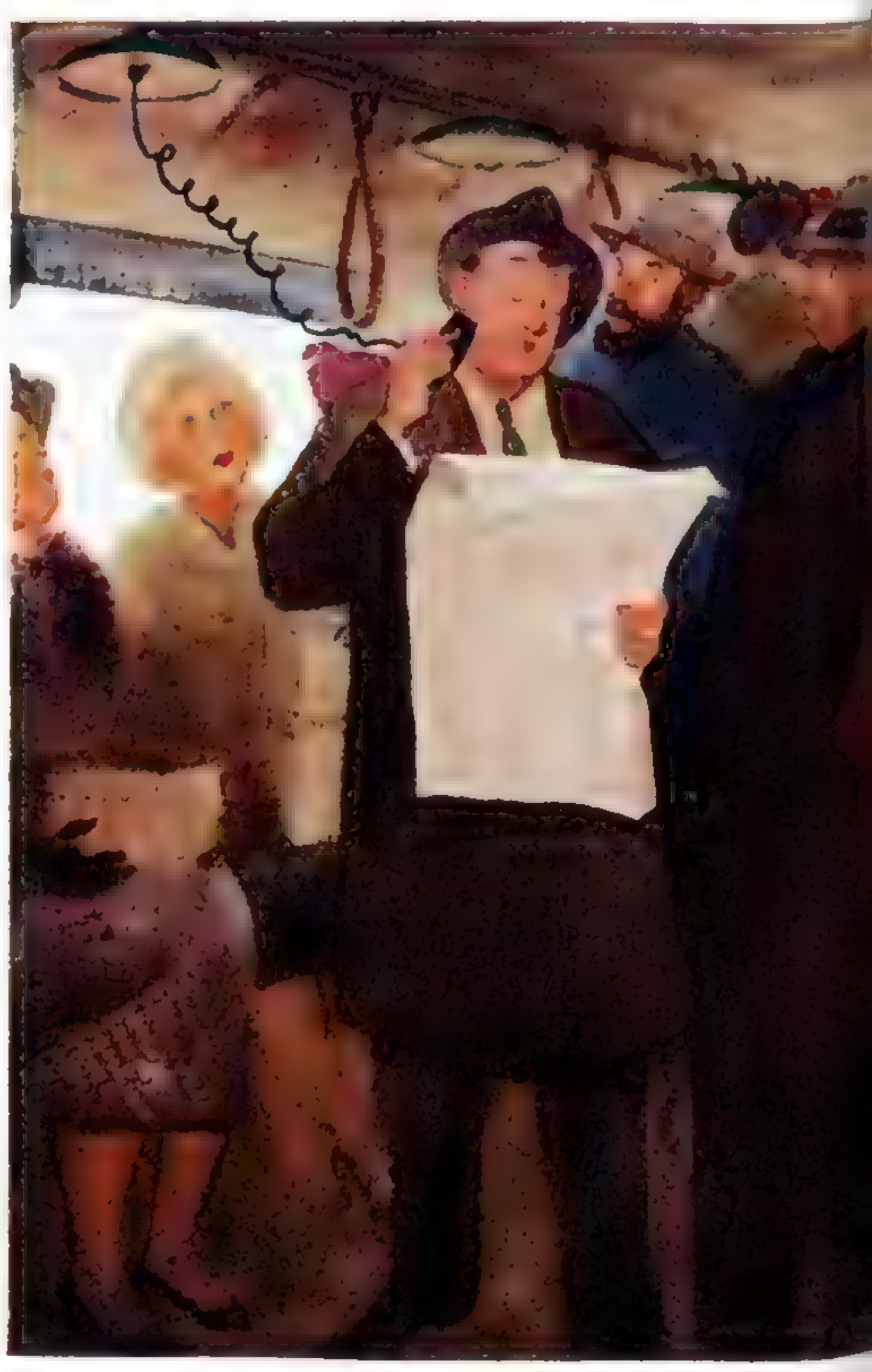
"He says the Secy. of State promised him a low numb

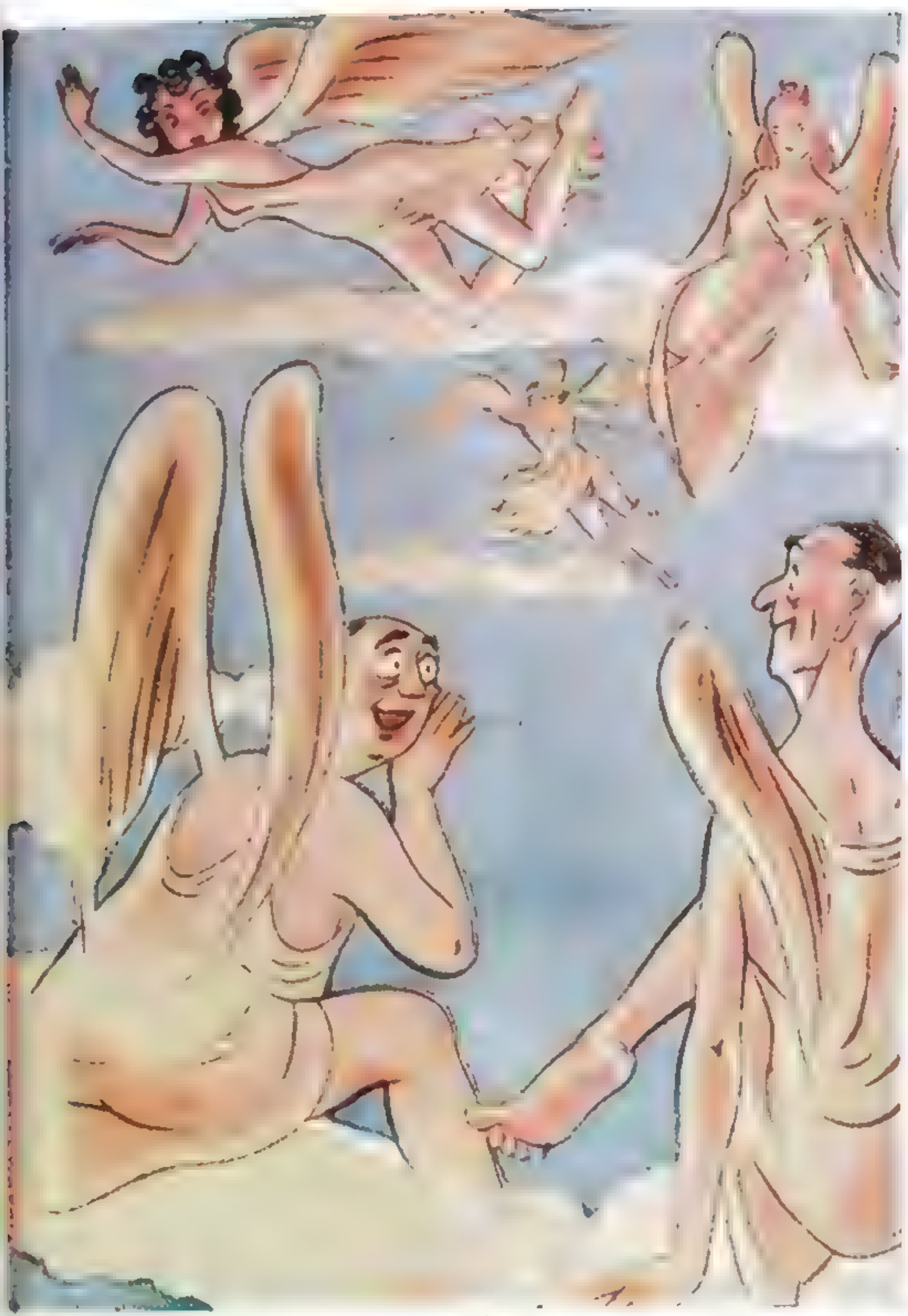


"What a moon—imagine the power of that advertising space!"

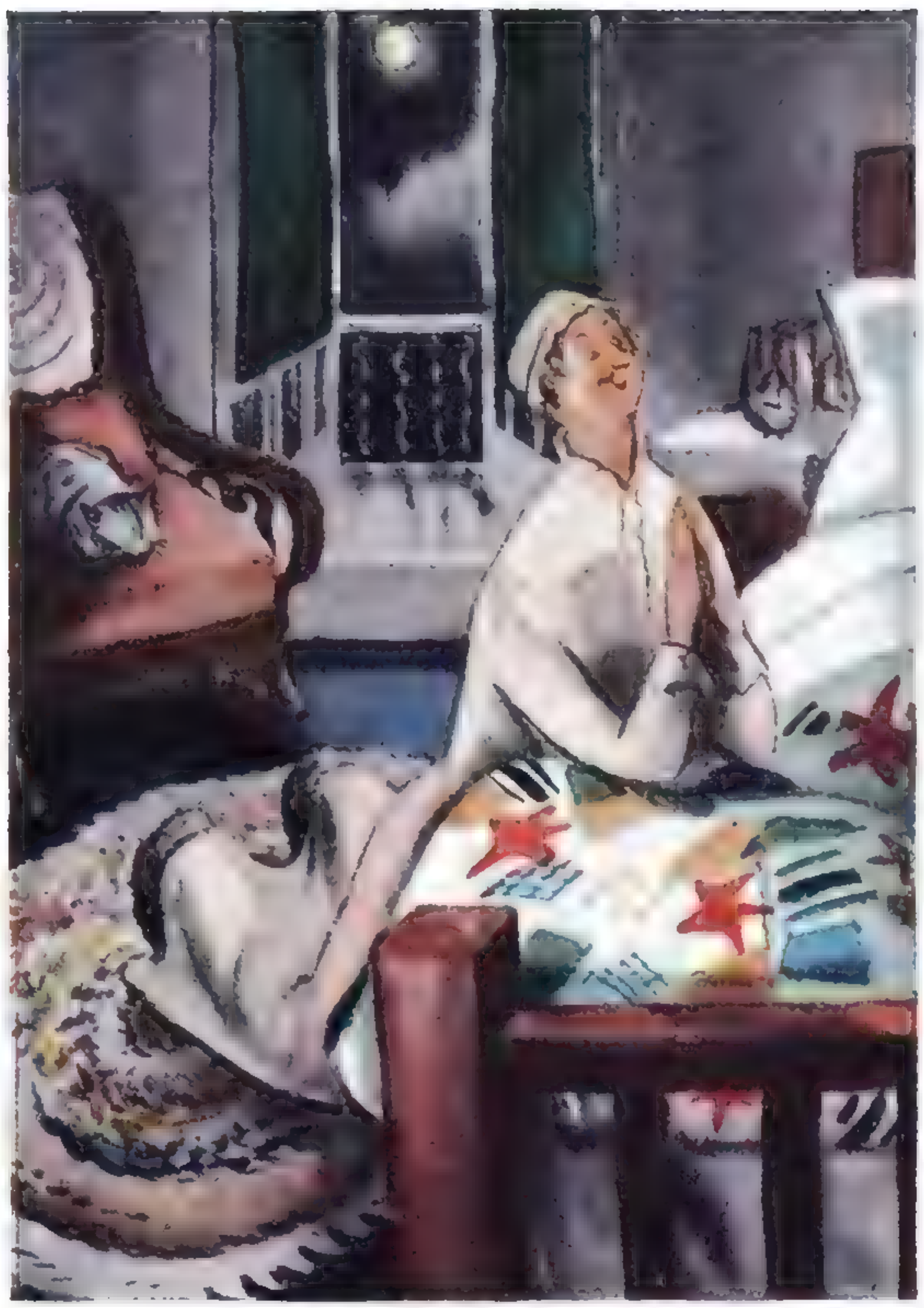


"I'm nearly crazy—my wife's been gone since yesterday"

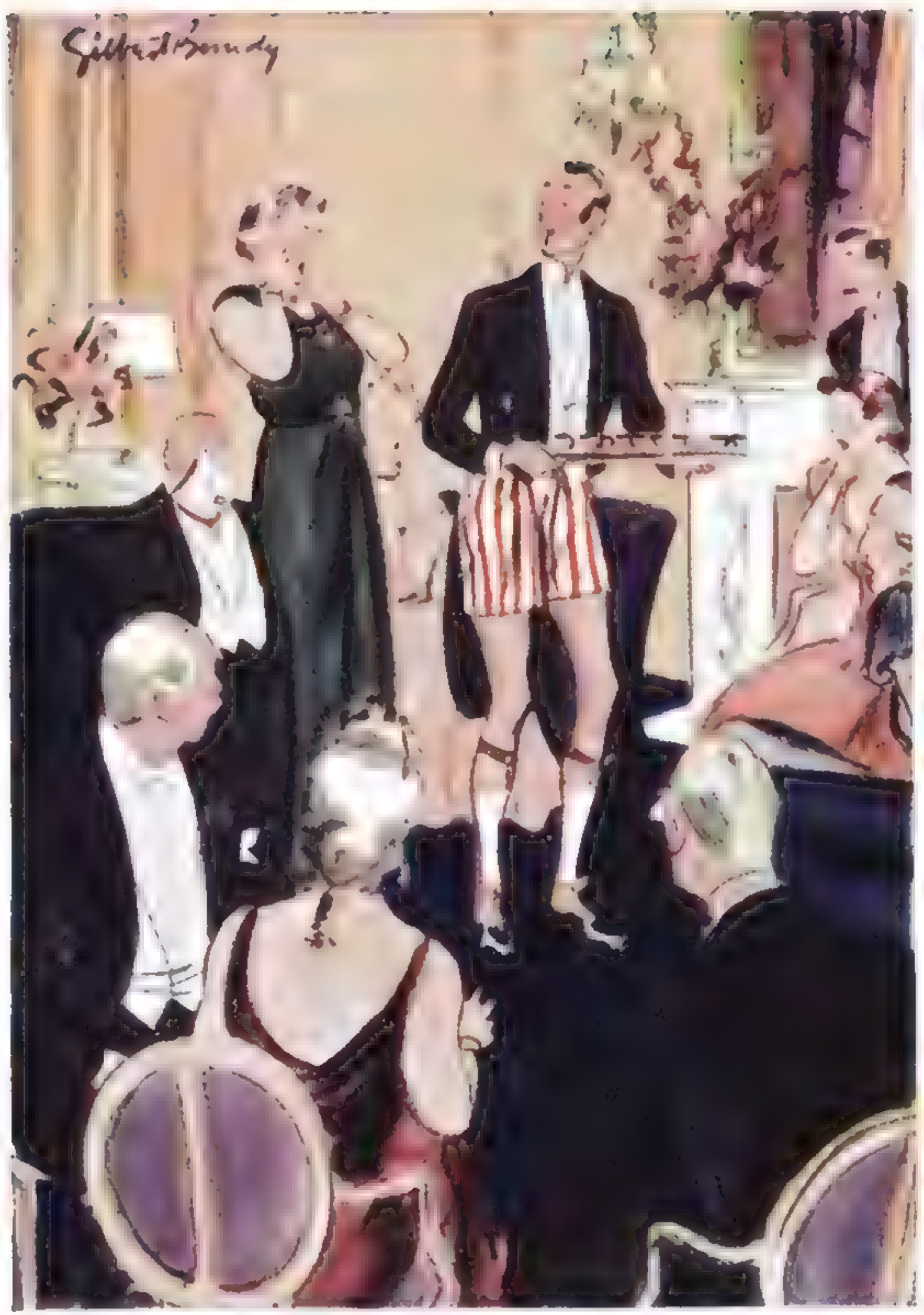




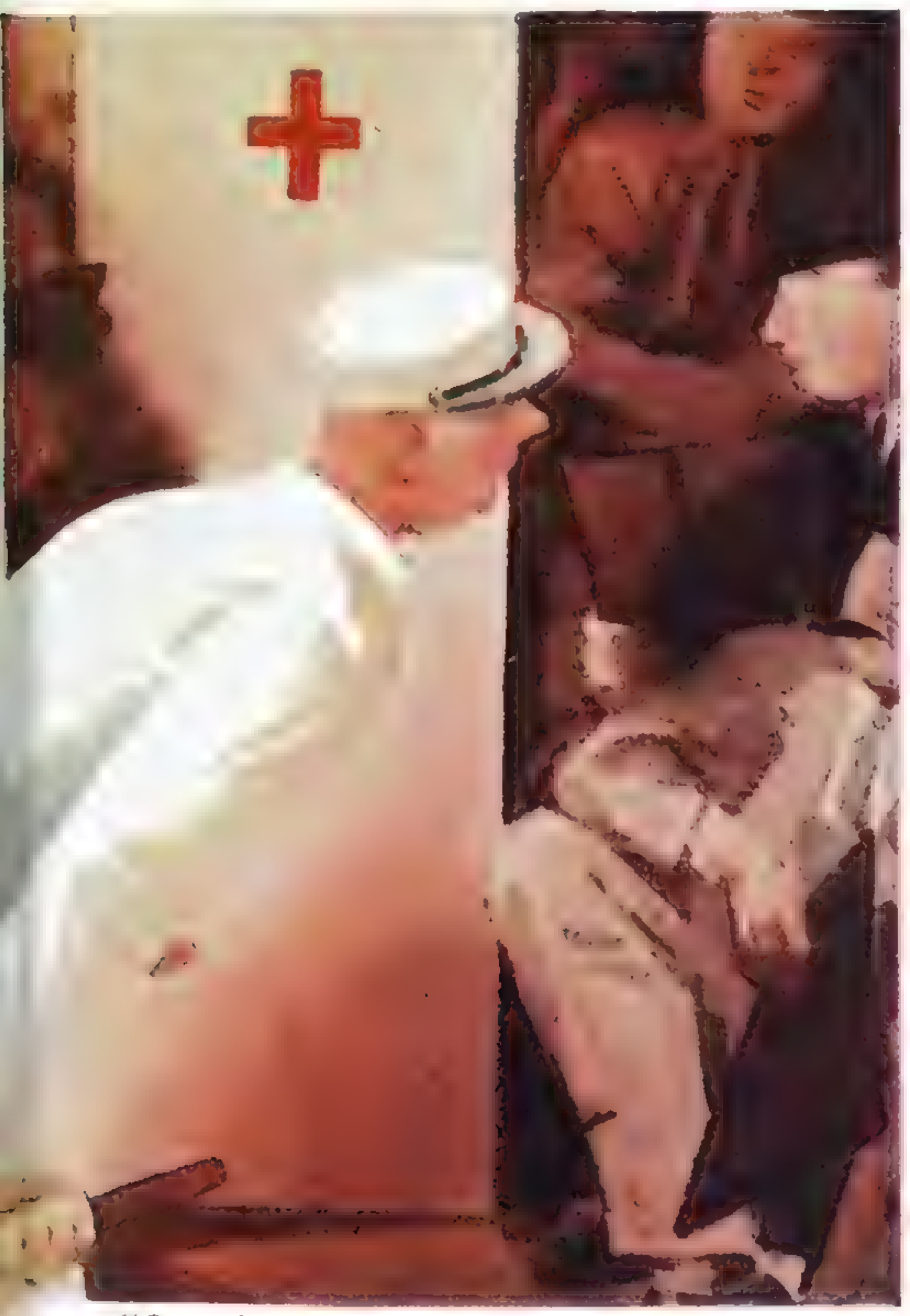
"I had no idea things would be like this or I wouldn't have been so careful of my liver"



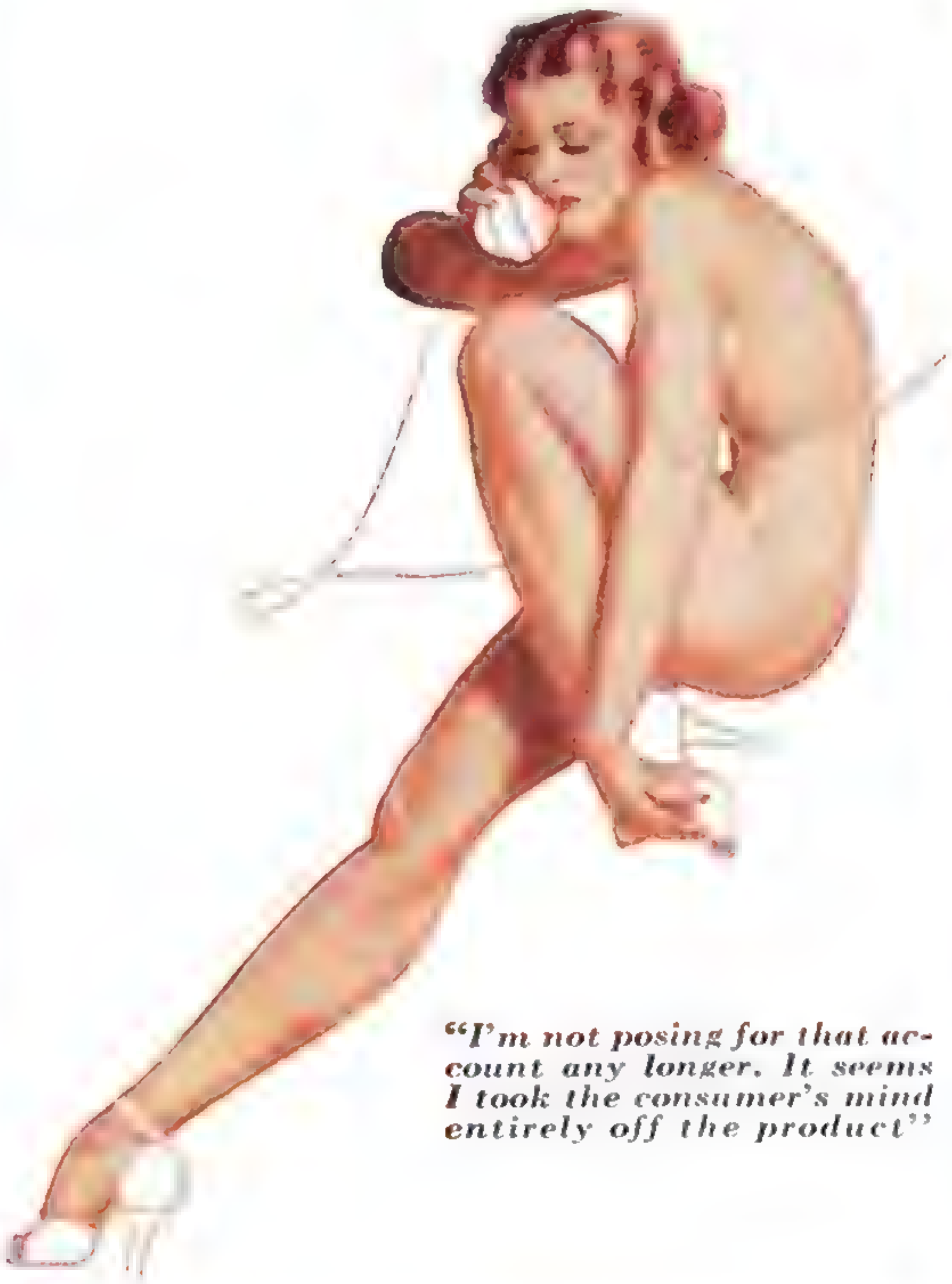
"Ah! Men!"



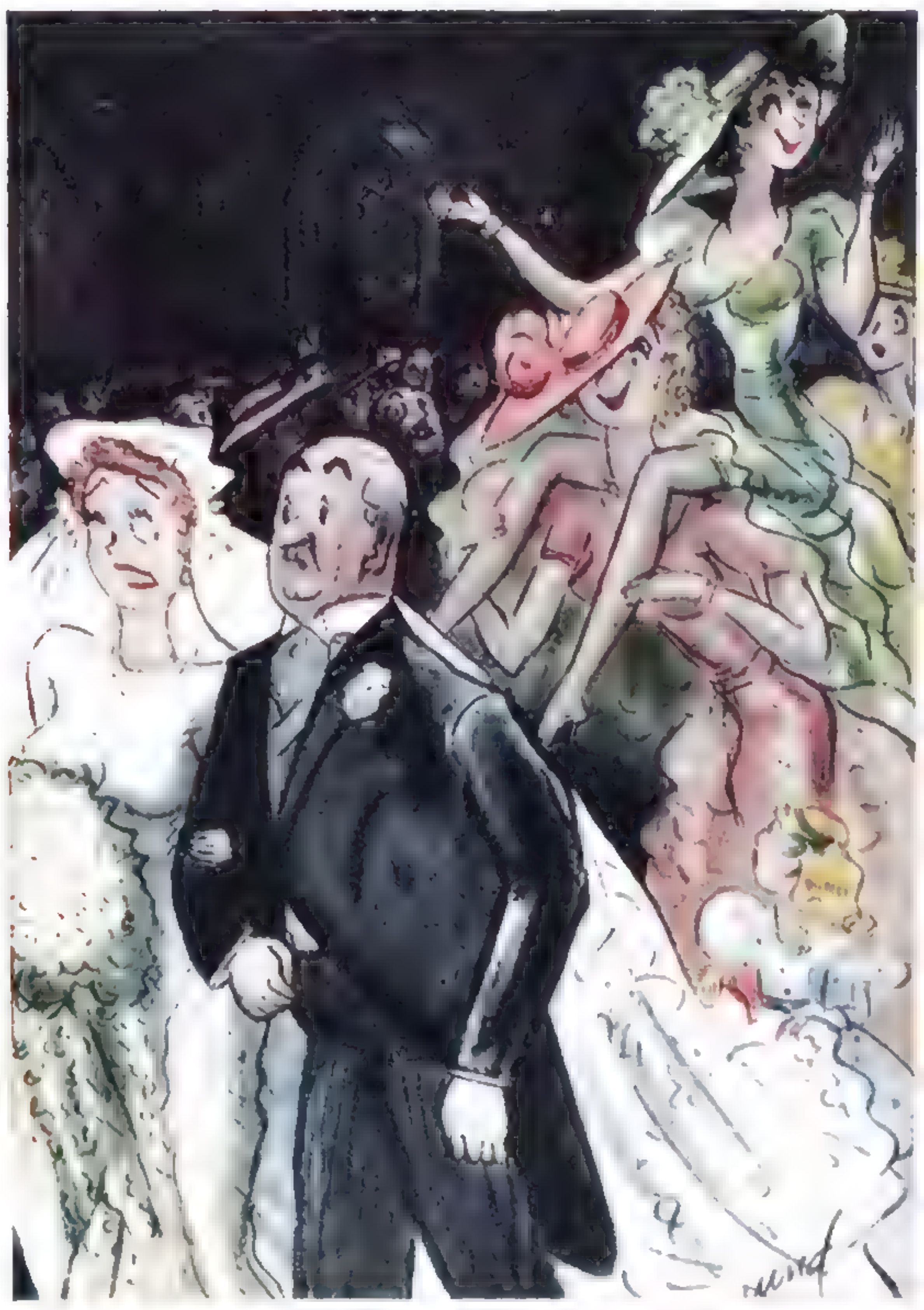
"The cook dared me to"



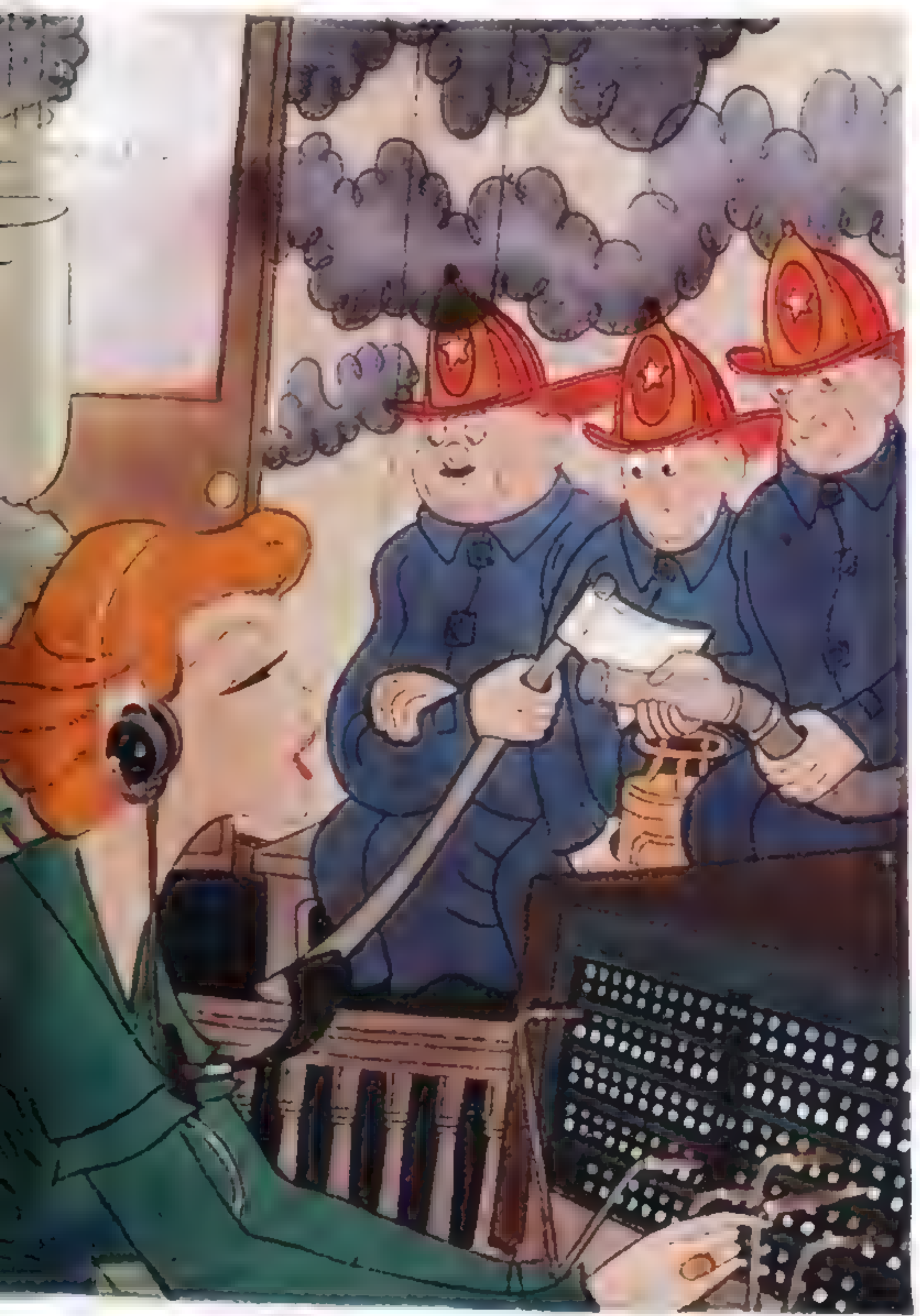
"One of you lawyers will have to get out and make room for the patient"



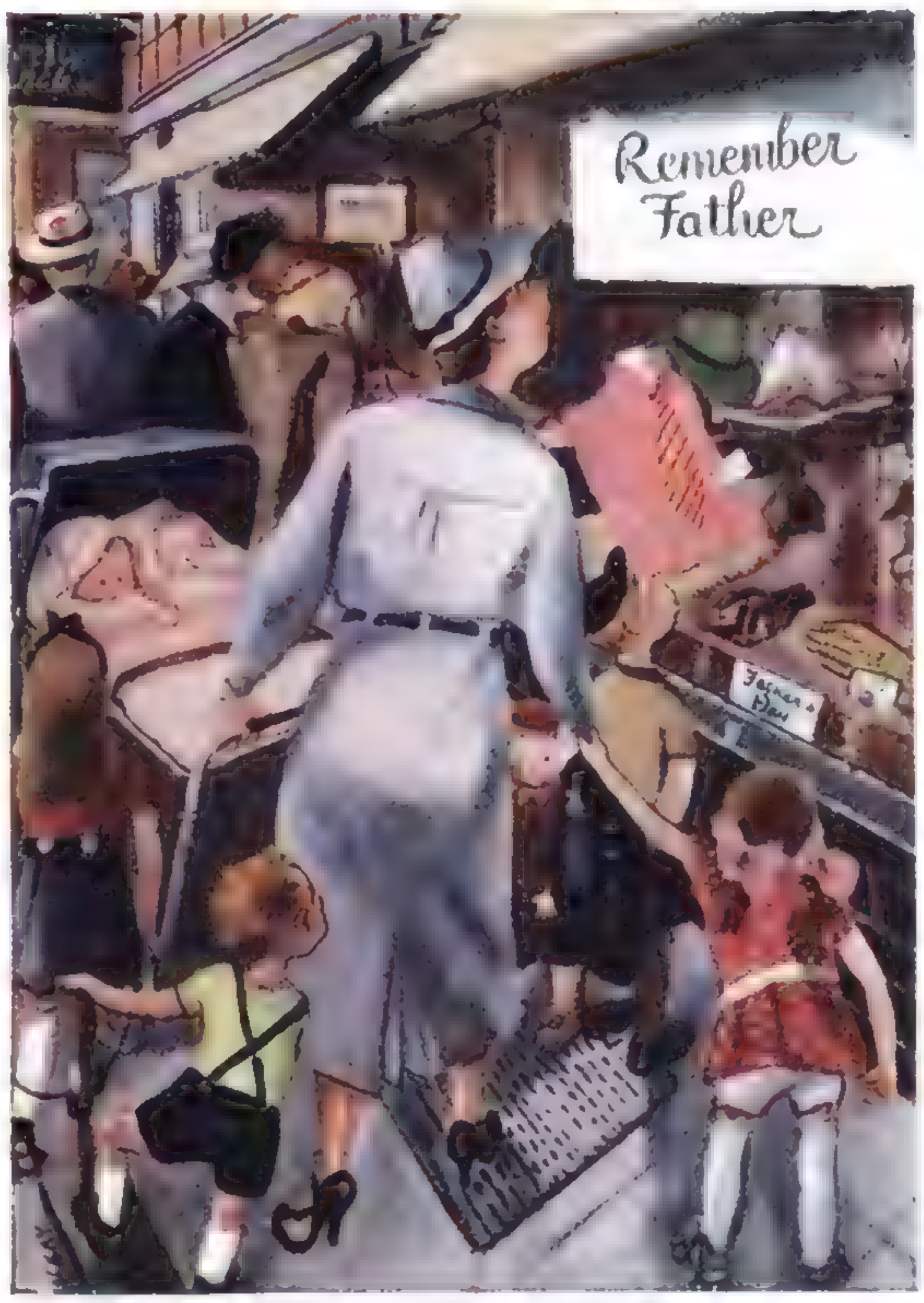
"I'm not posing for that account any longer. It seems I took the consumer's mind entirely off the product"



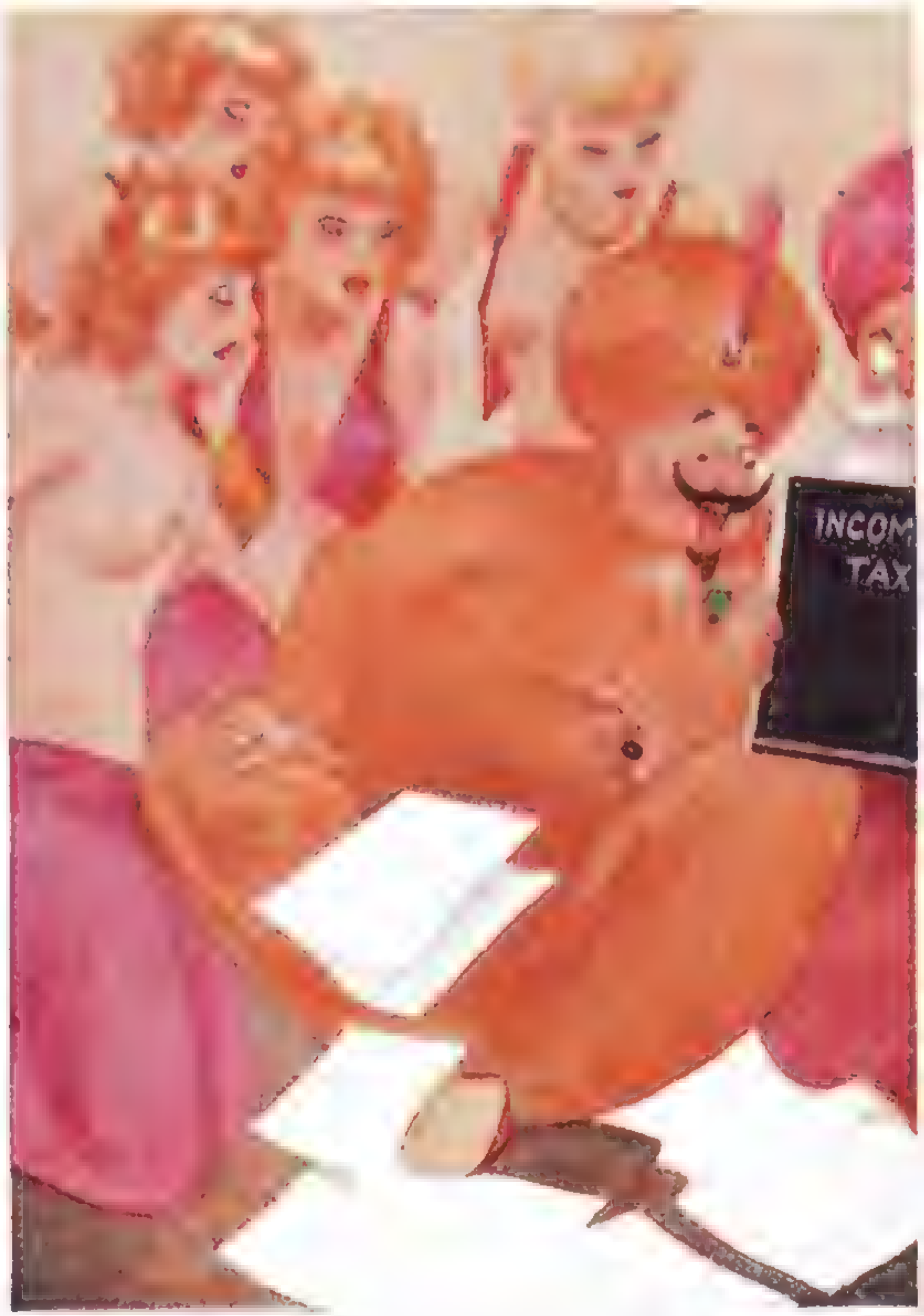
"Don't look now—but I think two of the bridesmaids have been drinking"



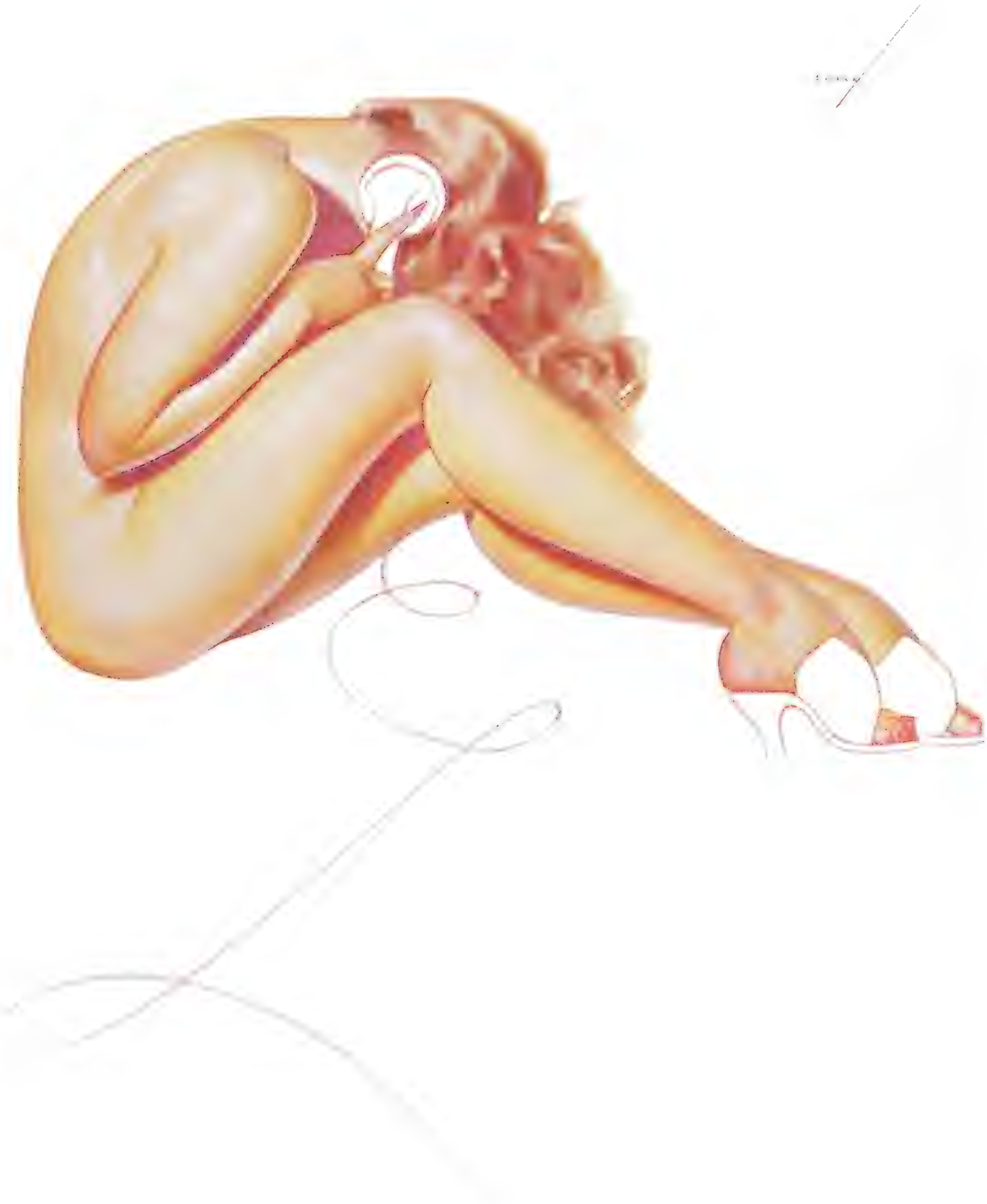
"You may go in now"



"How can I forget him?"



"You mean I can claim an exemption if I have children?"



"I'm returning your fraternity pin and the perfume, Mr. Holden, but I want to keep the diamond ring for sentimental reasons"

The Bottle Party

Beautiful women on tiger skins are fine if you like that sort of thing but you can't escape the inevitable

by JOHN COLLIER

• FICTION •

Franklin Fletcher dreamed of luxury in the form of tiger skins and beautiful women. He was prepared, at a pinch, to forego the tiger skins. Unfortunately the beautiful women seemed equally rare and inaccessible. At his office and at his boarding-house the girls were mere mice, or were puddingy girls, or swarthy, or had not sufficiently read the advertisements. He met no others. At thirty-five he gave up, and decided he must console himself with a hobby, which is a very miserable second-best.

He prowled about in odd corners of the town, looking in at the windows of antique dealers and junk shops, wondering what on earth he might collect. He came upon a poor shop, in a poor alley, in whose dusty window stood a single object: it was a full-rigged ship in a bottle. Feeling rather like that himself, he decided to go in and ask the price.

The shop was small and bare. Some shabby racks were ranged about the walls, and these racks bore a large number of bottles, of every shape and size, containing a variety of objects whose only interest was how they had ever got there. While Franklin still looked about, a little door opened, and out shuffled the proprietor, a wizened old man in a smoking cap, who seemed mildly surprised and mildly pleased to have a customer.

He showed Franklin bouquets and birds of paradise and the Battle of Gettysburg and miniature Japanese gardens, and even a shrunken human head, all stoppered up in bottles. "And what," said Frank, "are those, down there on the bottom shelf?"

"They are not much to look at," said the old man. "A lot of people think they are all nonsense. Personally, I like them."

He lugged out a few specimens from their dusty obscurity. One seemed to have nothing but a little dried-up fly in it; others contained what might have been horsehairs or straws, or mere wisps of heaven knows what: some appeared to be filled with grey or opalescent smoke. "They are," said the old man, "various sorts of genii, djinns, sibyls, daemons and such things. Some of them, I believe, are much harder, even than a full-rigged ship, to get into a bottle."

"Oh, but come! This is New York," said Frank.

"All the more reason," said the old man, "to expect the most extraordinary djinns in bottles. I will show you. You just wait a moment. The stopper here is a little stiff."

"What is this one like?" asked Frank.

"This one," said the old man, desisting in his efforts, and holding the bottle up to the light. "This one . . . Good heavens! My eyes are getting weak. I very nearly undid the wrong bottle. A very ugly customer indeed. Dear me! It's just as well I didn't get that stopper undone. I'd better put him right back in the rack. I'll stick a label on him one of these days. Here's something more harmless."

"What's in that?" said Frank.

"Supposed to be the most beautiful girl in the world," said the old man "All right if you like that sort of thing. Myself, I've never troubled to undo her. I'll find something more interesting."

"Well, from a scientific point of view," said Frank, "I . . ."

"No. No," said the old man. "Talking of science: look at this." He held up one which contained a tiny, mummified, insect-looking object, just visible through the grime. "Put your ear to it," he said.

Frank did so. He heard, in a sort of whistling nothing of a voice, the words, "Louisiana Lad, Saratoga, four fifteen. Louisiana Lad, Saratoga, four fifteen," repeated over and over again.

"What on earth is that?" said he.

"That," said the old man, "is the original Cumnaean Sibyl. Very interesting."

"Very interesting," said Frank. "All the same, I'd just like to see that other. I adore beauty."

"A bit of an artist, eh?" said the old man. "Believe me, what you really want is a good, all round, serviceable type. Here's one, for example. I can recommend this little fellow from personal experience. He's practical. He can fix you anything."

"Well, if that's so," said Frank, "why haven't you got a palace, tiger skins and all that?"

"I did have," said the old man. "And he fixed it. Yes, this was my first bottle. All the rest came from him. First of all I had a palace, pictures, marbles, slaves. And, as you say, tiger skins. I had him put Cleopatra on one of them."

"What was she like?" cried Frank.

"All right," said the old man, "if you like that sort of thing. I got bored with it. I thought to myself, What I'd like, really, is a little shop, with all sorts of things in bottles. So I had him fix it. He got me the Sibyl. He got me that ferocious fellow there. In fact, he got me the lot."

"And now he's in there?" said Frank.

"Yes. He's in there," said the old man. "Listen to him."

Frank put his ear to the bottle. He heard, uttered in the most plaintive tones. "Let me out. Do let me out. Please let me out. I'll do anything. Let me out. I'm harmless. Please let me out. Just for a little while. Do let me out. I'll do anything. Please . . ."

Frank looked at the old man. "He's there all right," he said. "He's there."

"Of course he's there," said the old man. "I wouldn't sell you an empty bottle. What do you take me for? In fact, I wouldn't sell this one at all, for sentimental reasons, only I've had the shop a good many years now, and you're my first customer."

Frank put his ear to the bottle again. "Let me out. Let me out. Oh, please let me out. I'll . . ."

"I say," said Frank, "does he go on like that all the time?"

"Very probably," said the old man. "I can't say I listen."

"It seems rather tough," said Frank sympathetically.

"Maybe," said the old man. "They don't seem to like bottles. Personally, I do. They fascinate me. For example, I . . ."

"Tell me," said Frank. "Is he really harmless?"

"Oh yes," said the old man. "Bless you, yes. Some say they're tricky— eastern blood and all that—I never found him so. I used to let him out: he'd do his stuff: then back he'd go. He's very efficient."

"He could get me anything?"

"Absolutely anything."

"And how much do you want for him?" said Frank.

"Oh, I don't know," said the old man. "Ten million dollars, perhaps."

"I say! I haven't got that. Still, if he's

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Love is Sweeping the Soviets

With their fashion magazines and cosmetics the daughters of the red revolution have rediscovered Cupid

by ARTHUR BEHRSTOCK

• ARTICLE •

No country's love-life has been as widely discussed, and as little understood, as that of Soviet Russia. "Is it true what they say about that land of free-love and quick-demountable marriage?" That's what we asked Mr. Behrstock when he got back from the latest of several trips there, and this, he swears, is the honest answer, whether we like it or not.

* * *

"ALTHOUGH I am anything but a gloomy ascetic, the so-called 'new sexual life' of the youth—and sometimes of the old—often seems to me to be purely bourgeois, an extension of bourgeois brothels. That has nothing whatever in common with freedom of love as we Communists understand it. You must be aware of the famous theory that in Communist society the satisfaction of sexual desires, of love, will be as simple and unimportant as drinking a glass of water. This glass of water theory has made our young people mad, quite mad."

Lenin in conversation with Clara Zetkin, German Communist leader.

* * *

The average American has one of two pictures in his mind of what he is pleased to call the New Russian Woman. In one of these, she is a lumpish sort of creature who spends her days sitting at the wheel of a tractor waving her hand, for no reason whatever, at millions of acres of golden wheat glistening in the sun. Her parlor conversation is concerned chiefly with Five Year Plans, the index of wholesale prices and the Betrayal at Munich. She is perfect and passionless as a blueprint. She is masculine, emancipated, dull.

The other picture is at least more appealing. According to this, the tractor is merely a decent façade behind which she indulges herself in all those indecent pleasures which are conveniently grouped together under the name of Communist Free Love. Brushing aside the dull preliminaries of courtship and a feminine reticence that history has shown to be purely rhetorical, she talks boldly and woos willingly.

In Russia, one gathers, sex is simply the shortest distance between two points; and, from the point of view of the man, is easy, informal and abundant—a constant fulfilling of the Five Year Plan.

The two pictures agree on one thing at least: that the tractor and the bedroom form the circumference of her life and that she spends most of her time commuting between the two. Comrade Maria Ivanovna would, of course, be highly amused to learn what a fabulous creature the rest of the world thinks she is. But then she couldn't protest too much, because, unfortunately, the pictures once were true. She has changed a lot since the days they were taken. Time has softened her, as the story books say, and perhaps it is painful to recall the past, the stormy years when she was showing all the ill-effects of a violent birth. For she was cradled in the chaos of revolution and suckled on theories of freedom that she didn't understand, and it is no wonder that she behaved as she did. She is a young woman now. The Revolution was twenty-one years old on its last birthday, and she has come of age. The New Russian Woman, model 1939, is radically different from the one of 1917 *et al.* To examine her now, one must first see what she was like then.

I

"A hen is not a bird, nor a woman a human being"—so goes an old Russian proverb that, from the point of view of the man, probably has much to say for itself. Unfortunately, the Bolsheviks did not think so. As a matter of fact, once they got into power, they promptly proceeded to proclaim absolute equality between the sexes. The trouble was, once the Revolution had taken place, no one quite knew what equality meant—least of all the sex it was supposed to equalize. Women talked glibly about the New Freedom and Emancipation, and tried desperately to live up to what they thought it was.

This question of morals, for example. What were morals anyhow? It wasn't bourgeois morality with its double standard—of that they were sure. Down, then, with bourgeois morality! Well, then what should take its place? That was exactly the trouble. The Revolution had presented them with a *carte blanche* and told them to write their own ticket. The Civil War and the foreign intervention that followed the Revolution made things even more difficult. There simply wasn't time to sit down and think about little things like morality. Besides, everyone was hungry; disease had filled the hospitals; there was confusion everywhere. To the New Russian Woman—and she was very new in those days—the double dose of Civil War and Revolution was to prove fatal. For the Revolution had destroyed her old moral code and had not yet given her a new one to take its place, while the war did the same thing to her that it did to the women of France during the World War. Sex seemed the one stable thing in a tragic and unstable world: an escape, a refuge from the dreariness of the times. The Civil War said to the woman on the street: find your pleasures where you may, for tomorrow—tomorrow you may be dead; or your lover maimed; or your sister or brother rotting on the street with typhus. And she followed the advice.

But immorality by itself wasn't enough. She had to justify her conduct—in her own eyes, at least—by inventing theories to explain it, to give it the dress of decency by making immorality itself a part of the new moral code. (Aldous Huxley once said that a man's philosophy is the rationalization of his instincts.) It is these theories, which she threw overboard years ago, that are largely responsible for the picture that many people have of her today. Let's take a few of them—on love, for example. What was love? Love was nothing more than a "physiological experience"—like drinking a glass of water. Being simply physiological, it had nothing to do with morals at all—no more than drinking too many glasses of water. The heroine of a novel of the period makes the point quite plain: "Anyone who looks for anything more than a physiological experience in love is regarded as ridiculous, pathetic, feeble-minded."

Well, then, what was chastity? It was, for one thing, *petit bourgeois*, and, if you thought about it long enough, even anti-physiological. With this premise, one can understand the brave, defiant words uttered by the heroine of perhaps the most famous novel of the period, *Love in Three Generations*—a novel which was widely translated. "I change my lovers according to my mood," she frankly admits. "At the moment I am pregnant, but I do not know who the child's father is, and, moreover, I do not care."

The leaders of the government tried to stem the tide, pointing out that Marx had never maintained that love was "free," or "mechanical," or *petit bourgeois*. But it was a hopeless task. The floodgates were loose. "The little yellow-beaked birds who have just broken from the egg of bourgeois ideas," Lenin wrote, "are always frightfully clever." The answer of the little yellow-beaked birds was that Lenin was a "Philistine" for not keeping up with the times. So was Marx. After all, hadn't he been faithful to his wife? It was a name-calling period in general. For men, the calling of names sometimes served a useful purpose. In the case of a reticent virgin, the impregnable fortress could occasionally be battered down with the cutting remark: "Philistine! *Petit bourgeois!*" After such an assault, resistance was futile. As a matter of fact, as an indignant writer in ***Pravda*** (the official Communist paper) pointed out, the high road to seduction seemed to be lined with nothing but epithets. "Every little Young Communist girl . . . upon whom falls the choice of this young fellow or that must comply with his wishes or otherwise she is *petit bourgeois*—whence such African passions have developed among us in the north, I cannot judge." Girls who used too much makeup or dressed too well were accused of aping the aristocracy; those who didn't use any and who dressed too shabbily were said to be unworthy of the proletariat. As for dancing—that was *petit bourgeois* altogether.

A good idea of what girls in the Young Communist League thought about morals is shown in one of the jokes current at the time.

"Have you a wife from the Young Communist League?" someone asks.

"No," is the answer. "I have one of my own."

But women weren't the only ones intimidated by this wholesale name-calling. Old-fashioned men who still believed in love took a beating, too, at the hands of Young Moderns who accused them of being weak and, of course, *petit bourgeois*. There were often touching and even tragic scenes between lovers who were too proud to confess that what they felt was love. In the novel, *The First Lass*, the Russian writer, Bogdanov, describes the pathos of such a scene. One of the characters is thinking to himself. "As I watched her retreating figure, huddled with cold . . . I wanted to cry out: 'Come back, stay with me, I will warm you and not abandon you to anyone!' But I knew that was a *petit bourgeois* idea . . . that she might interpret it as love and so I was silent."

But the New Morality was, after all, only one phase of the New Freedom. What about the freedom to work? Wasn't that really the most important thing that the Revolution had promised? But what did freedom to work mean? They weren't quite sure, but they were willing to guess. Might it not mean, for example, that work was life itself, and that compared to it everything else was trivial and secondary? One was a worker first and a woman afterward, and only the Revolution mattered. The feminine niceties could wait for less strenuous times, when one could afford the luxury of being feminine. This Spartan psychology produced thousands of women who gave up all thought of self to devote themselves to the cause of the Revolution, and one must admit that from their ranks came some of the most devoted and courageous women in history. It was an iron age that demanded iron women. So they learned how to fire a rifle and went to the front; they became commissars; they issued decrees on the place of women in the New Order; behind the lines, they helped organize the food supply. Like Lady Macbeth, they asked to unsex themselves—and they partially succeeded. They bobbed their hair short, dressed, talked and walked like men. Even child-bearing could become a way of celebrating the Revolution, as some of them showed by naming their children October (after the October Revolution) and May (after May Day).

But the road from the kitchen to the Council of People's Commissars was not a smooth one. Not everyone was agreed about the New Equality. In the backward regions of the south—where some women still veil their face—husbands murdered their wives who had sought equality for themselves. Priests told women that their emancipated souls would burn in the everlasting fire. When a woman delegate to the Soviet returned to her home town, the local wags called her a "commissar in petticoats"; a representative at the Supreme Soviet in 1921 who protested against admitting women as delegates and indignantly asked what his wife was expected to do with her eight children, was vigorously applauded.

Even as late as 1929, peasants were wildly speculating as to what sort of feminine monster had sprung from the dragon's teeth of revolution. In one village which was adjacent to a woman's agricultural commune that had recently been formed, an old man tells not of having been there himself—but of having *talked* to someone who had been there. The story is too good to keep to himself. He gathers a curious crowd around him and, enlarging on the story as he goes, tells about sleeping arrangments at the commune. "They all sleep together under a coverlet seventy yards long," he chuckles, "and the women are common property. If a man lies down at one end in the evening, he gets up the next morning at the other." Chided for lying by someone who had actually been there, he stammers and blushes, and walks away.

II

It seems curious that one and the same revolution should have given birth to both puritans and profligates. But it was a period of crisis, of extremes, and each had her own interpretation of what the extreme should be. Lenin, of course, had preached against both, but then they didn't stop to listen. They had to wait for more peaceful times, and then find out for themselves: the profligates that burning the candle at both ends, as a permanent way of life, was on the whole rather painful; and the puritans that gritting your teeth and wearing sackcloth and ashes was really very tiresome. Both groups had justified their conduct with vague references to the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, but when they had the time and leisure to look into the question, they were embarrassed to learn that they could find neither the chapter nor the verse. From a good deal of reading, they were to discover that Marx had not been opposed to all the virtues that they had so rashly called un-Marxian, and that when Lenin had criticized the "hypocrisy of bourgeois morality," he did not mean to attack such an institution as monogamy, but only the use and pious misuse of it under capitalism. "Healthy bodies, healthy minds!" he had exclaimed. "Neither monk nor Don Juan!"

As soon as there was time, the government turned to the problem of clearing up the question of what the New Morality really meant. By means of the press and in the schools, the tremendous power of public opinion was turned against the earnest, but sadly deceived, apostles of both promiscuity and asceticism. The fight was waged on both fronts. A speech by Mikhail Kalinin, president of the Soviet Union, in which he declared that

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Apple-wood, Apple-red

Emil's imagination kept going back, he couldn't control it, and all the tragedies he pictured seemed real

by PAN STERLING

▪ FICTION ▪

EMIL painted the tiny chair and table while he waited for his fire to come up and his coffee to boil. He painted them where he had worked with them, on his mother's old flower bench, inside, beneath the kitchen window. He left them there, apple-wood, apple-red, and grinned at them all the time he snuffed his coffee.

A year ago Emil had been in a hospital. It was there he had learned to work with wood. For green beans in a jar he had been in the hospital. Now, today, morning, he painted a tiny chair and table and when the chores were done he saw to it that the cat was out of the house and the lacquer can covered and moved. He went back a second time to determine that these things were so, and not being content with seeing that they were, he harrowed his memory on all the dusty way to town where he had to go to clean a cistern for one person and mend a fence for another.

All day he fretted, "I know I put that cat out. I'm sure I did."

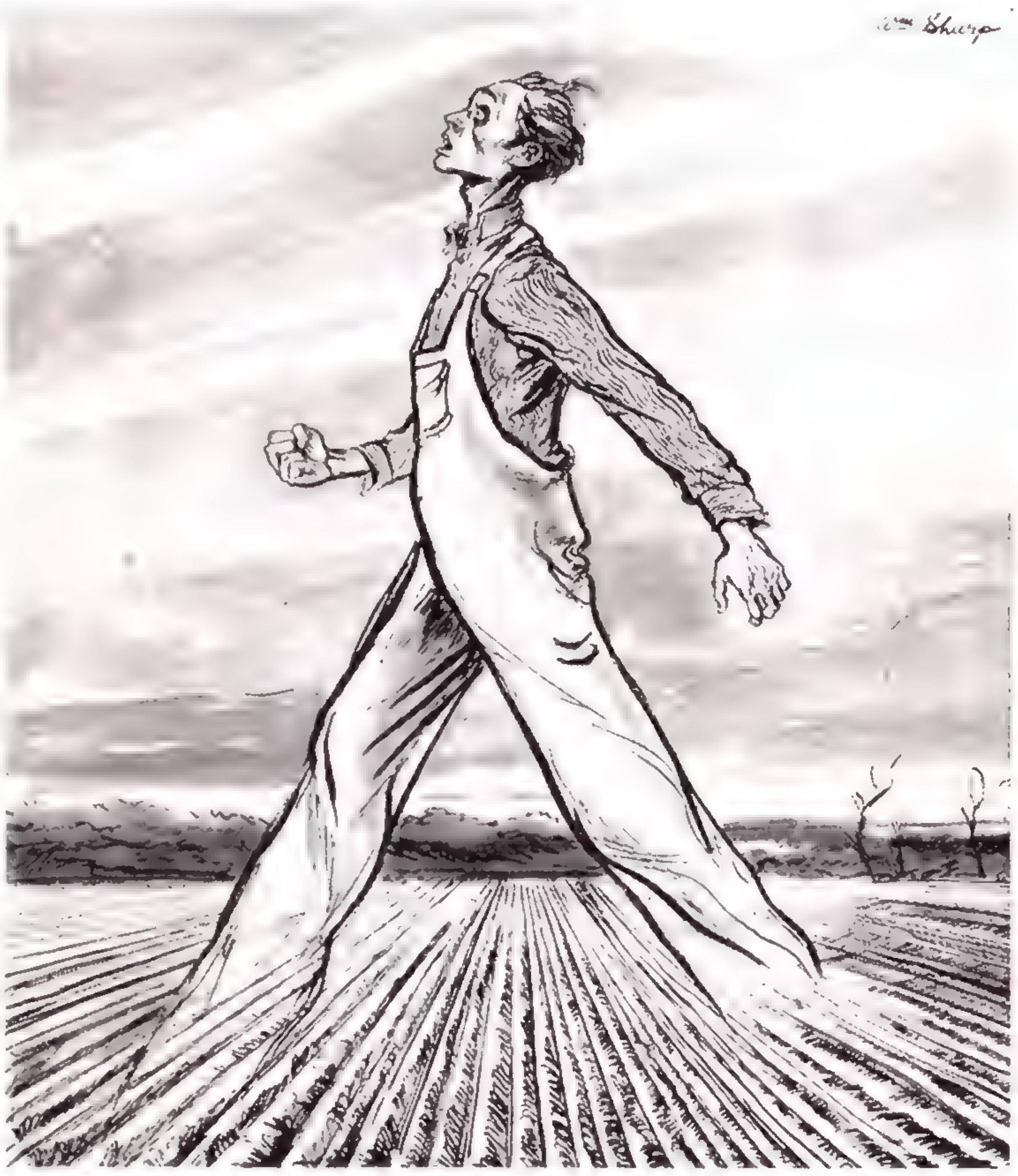
Then, not being sure, he saw the big grey cat leap to the flower bench for sunshine too, overturning the little table, sticking it to spread newspapers. While he was in the cistern he saw the cat do that and he "S-S-S-t!" so quickly that a thousand hisses startled him as that one would have done the cat.

At the fence too he sent his mind back a dozen times. It was not altogether that he could not remember about the cat; it was fear that she might have sneaked back, or even that a mouse had come out of the cellar to brush the legs of the toy set and leave its fur or the marks of its fur. Or that a fly would settle and struggle and die and so mar the shining top.

He tried hard to forget the toy things as he set a new post for the woman who wanted her fence fixed. He wanted to forget them. They were too much like flies buzzing back. Dr. Foster had said that he must not keep things like that in his mind. "You don't want to go back to the hospital, do you?"

No. Of course, no. It was better to be here. So Emil quit the chair and the table and thought of little Margaret. How round her eyes would grow when he went down with the things tonight, her little toy things and the picture frame for her grandmother. How she would squeal and jabber. She would toddle and sit on the chair and pat-pat the table with pink warm hands. Her mother, Evelyn, would stand off watching and smiling, then kneel at the table too to cover pink hands and say, "Thank Emil, Sweetheart. He made them just for you." Tall Joe, propped bias in the kitchen doorway, would drawl, "Pretty swell! Pretty swell! Ought to get you to make a big set, Emil."

It had taken Emil a long time to make that little chair and table, longer than to make the picture frame. He had cut the apple log and dried and planed the pieces. He had cut and mortised and glued. He had worked night after night, having as good a time as ever he had had and after that he had waited many days before he had painted the wood. It was wrong to paint apple. Apple was too nice. Yet red was for Margaret, red, because she wanted red.



"I wonder if I did get the cat out. Wonder if she sneaked in when I fixed the door." The little table, the little chair, still wet, knocked over, sticking to newspapers, getting spoiled for taking tonight. Emil filled his mouth with staples and pulled hard on the fencing wire. Suddenly he began to shake. Only his head and his doubled-under legs were still. He forgot the cat, the chair, the table. He thought of something else.

The cistern!

He ran all the blocks that brought him to it. He saw it as he ran. Open. No cover. Wide open.

"Finish a thing then *forget* it," Dr. Foster had told him. "You've got to do that, Emil." That is what he had told him about the beans.

But not forget a cistern cover! Not a well! Not a well for kids to fall into!

Children played and he saw them. He heard their screaming laughter there where the cistern was. He screamed too and panted in among them, pushing as he ran. They said things that he both heard and did not hear and when he stood, bewildered, staring at the cover perfectly placed and rightly fastened, he forgot them altogether. He whispered on the way home; many things. "I did put it down. I put it down right. I don't leave things."

Sometimes he was hot and sometimes he got cold and always three hammers beat blood in his ears.

"Too much running. Too much imagination," Dr. Foster would say. "Too much being scared of things you've already done." Too much running. Too much imagination. That was what they had said when they had taken him to the hospital. He had run all the way to town because of the beans.

In the summer his mother had canned the beans and in the fall she had died and he had given them to Mrs. Lackus and Mrs. Lackus had sent her kids out with a clothes basket to carry them home. She had said, "Sure, I can use anything like that you've got; onions or turnips or them plums down the hollow if you don't aim to pick them yourself."

That had been a long time ago, before he had gone to the hospital to learn to make things out of wood. From the plums had come a jar of plum butter for him. From the beans had come a good dinner on a day when he had brought Mrs. Lackus three more jars he had found in the cellar. She had invited him to stay because he had come at supper time. He

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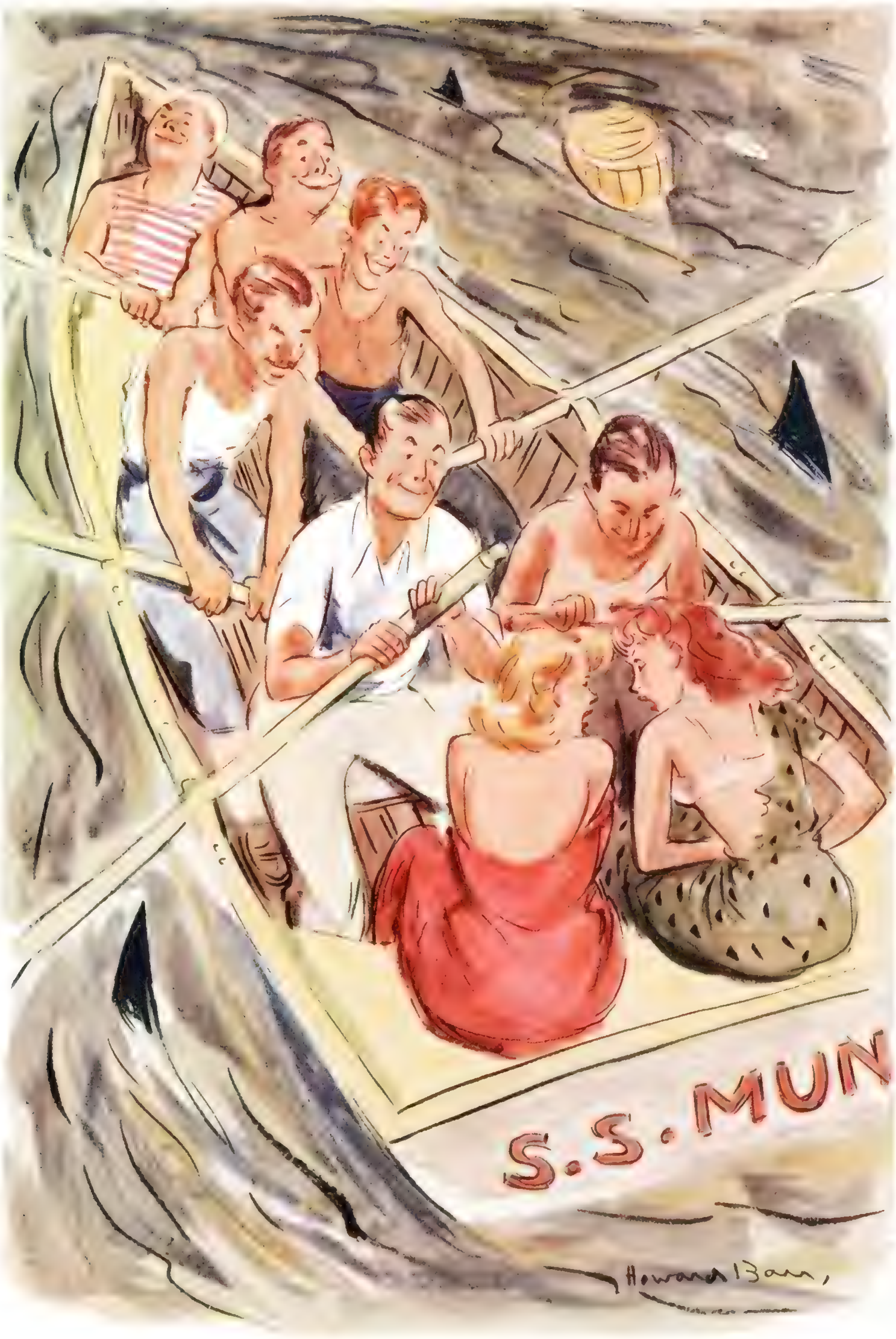
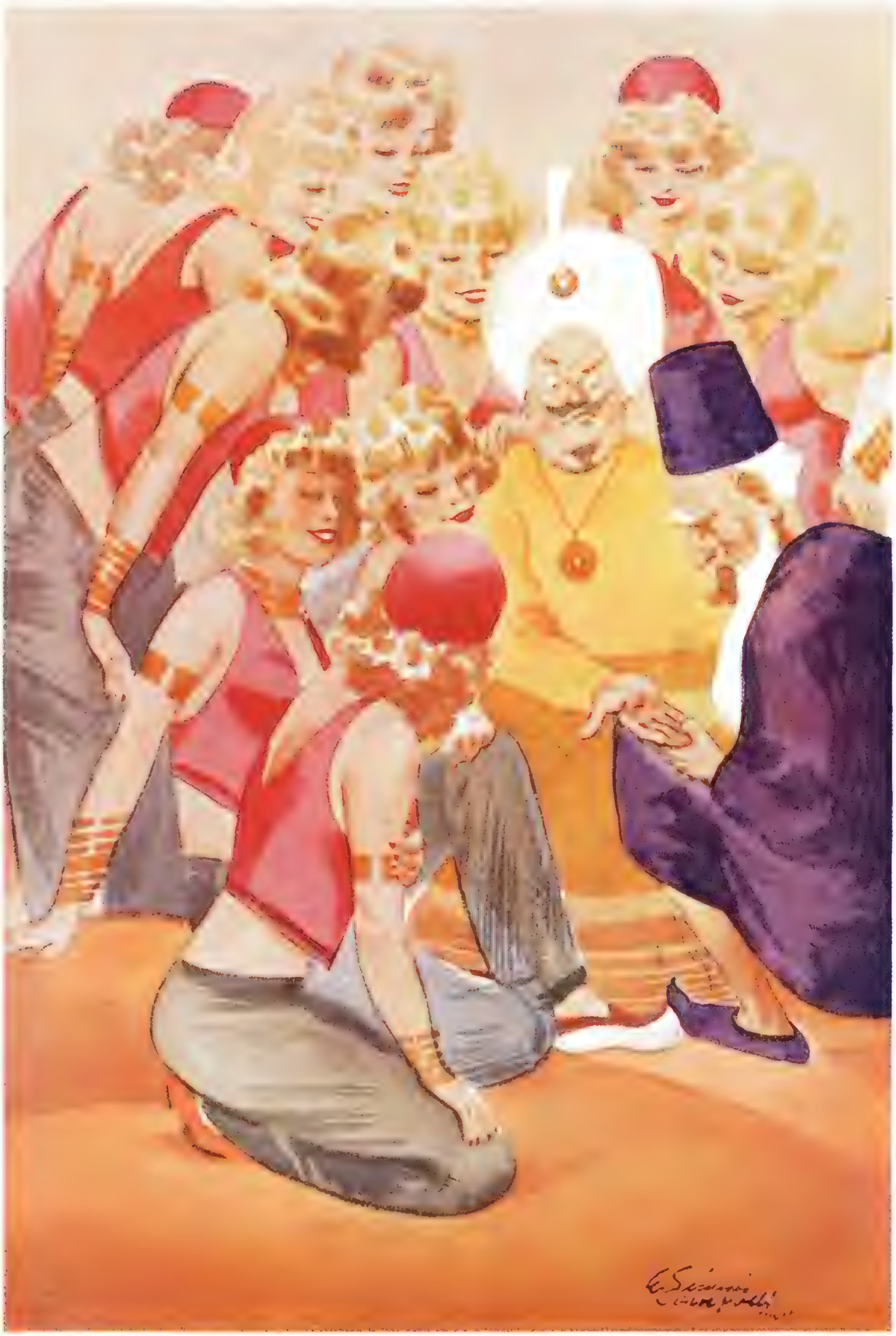

S.S. MUN
Howard Baer

"If you think we're in danger now, wait until we land on a desert island"



"M-m-m-m—you tire easily"

Manhattan Family Court

Though cruelty, adultery, nagging and drunkenness are often mentioned, the one ground for action is non-support

by LEO C. ROSTEN

• ARTICLE •

I SPENT a long and absorbing day in the Family Court of the borough of Manhattan, at 153 East 57th Street. It is a very old red brick building which is strikingly incongruous among the elegant shops in which objects of art are offered for sale by condescending people with furry voices. It was built in 1862.*

The lobby and halls were gorged with women—young, old, fat, skinny—women of a dozen stocks, including the Haitian. They were poor people and they were poorly dressed. They had the indefinably stolid expression of those familiar with and inured to the impersonal machinery of the law. There were a few children, and they ran around making the sweet screeching noises of little ones. Employees kept dashing in and out of a row of partitioned cubicles which seem to serve as offices. They all carried papers, for some reason, and they looked harassed.

The building, to be perfectly frank about it, smells. Steampipes ramble around the walls and ceiling quite nakedly. The paint is cracked and curls around generous patches where paint and plaster have parted company forever. The ceilings are covered with tin sheeting. Everywhere there are stern NO SMOKING signs—in English, Yiddish, and Italian.

Hearings are held behind closed doors in the Family Court. Reporters are frowned upon, and even 100% American citizens are denied their sacred ogling rights. I got into the courtroom through the good offices of a pal in the social service field. The first thing I saw was a row of seats which looked as if it had been lifted from the old Bijou Theater I used to frequent as a boy, when they were running *The Iron Claw* in hair-raising episodes. There were half a dozen spectators—lawyers and social workers, I discovered. Several trusty brass cuspidors leered at me. (I never *have* been able to understand the relationship between Justice and the salivary glands.) On a side wall hung an American flag; years of indigenous soot have made it red, grey and blue. I sat down.

It wasn't quiet in the courtroom, either. The long rolling clatter of the Third Avenue L came through the windows, and the heavy clink and rumble of trucks ruining traffic on 57th Street. Once during the hearings, a regiment of fire engines screamed by to add the final touch of metropolitan delirium to the scene.

The Judge was firing questions at an ancient, wrinkled Negress in the witness box. He was a young Judge, very businesslike, and his voice was loud and edgy. He rattled questions off as if he were a machine gun. "Name? Age? Working? Where? How much do you make? Married? Living with your husband? Children? How old? How much rent do you pay? Any money in the bank? In whose name?" It was practically one long, feverish question, broken into parts.

The Negress took her time answering. She had no teeth, and no emotions. She kept munching on her gums, with exquisite indifference to the Judge. Her voice was very low: she said she was sixty-eight years old, a widow, and was asking the Court to make her son support her. Several times the Judge protested: "Speak *up*, please. Speak *up!* I can't hear you. I sit here all day and *I* speak up." The old woman couldn't speak up. She just munched on her gums and whispered. Her lawyer, a handsome young mulatto woman with a mannish haircut and an excellently tailored suit, led her through the testimony. The old Negress mumbled serenely.

The Judge said "Speak *up*, please!" several times more, bowed to the inevitable, and, rather in despair I thought, put her son on the stand. He was a pudgy Negro with a wonderfully bland face, and he answered the opening barrage of questions in a curiously fluid and baffling accent. He said he had "dree cheeldron," made "eighdy fo' dullahs a mond," and had eighteen dollars in the "bonk." He came from the West Indies (that accounted for the extraordinary accent). His mother, the Petitioner, was *not* a widow, he said indignantly. Her husband ("my fuddah") was alive at this very moment—living in Colon, Panama. She had run away from him some thirty years ago, with an amorous gentleman from Jamaica. The witness hadn't even laid eyes on his mother since he was three years old. Two months ago she had popped up in New York and calmly demanded that he support her, like a good boy. This struck him as unfair.

His lawyer said, "Your Honor, the woman is a British subject!"

The Judge ran a finger across his chin. "Well, she's about to become a public charge."

"But she isn't a citizen," the lawyer exclaimed. "She's an alien! She just went off with her paramour thirty years ago, deserting husband, home and children!"

The Judge thought that over and said, "I'll turn the case over to the investigators for a report. We've *got* to straighten out the facts." He seemed disturbed.

The old Negress munched her gums, blinked, and shuffled out of the room. Her son followed her. Mother and son didn't look at each other; they didn't talk.

I asked a friendly man on my right, who seemed to be completely at home in the Family Court, who the Judge was. He nodded wisely and said, "Juvenal Marchisio. Recently appointed by the Mayor. Twelve grand per annum." He seized the opportunity to tell me there are *ten* judges in the Family Court, and he rattled off their names happily. All I remember are John Warren Hill, the Presiding Justice, Justine Wise Polier (daughter of Stephen Wise), Jacob Panken, and Rosalind Loew Whitney. Each judge handles from seventy-five to a hundred cases a day; it's no wonder they're impatient. My informant told me the attorney with the mannish bob was Jane Bolin, Assistant Corporation Counsel, assigned to the Family Court permanently. Her services are free to any woman whose husband brings a lawyer into Court to present his side of things. She's paid by the City and, to quote my quaint informant to the word, "She certainly knows her legal onions."

Tony Palazzo 38

The next case had been called. A girl of about eighteen had come into the courtroom and was talking to Jane Bolin. She was a sad-looking creature in a cheap felt

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*The Battle of Antietam was fought in 1862, with 4,718 killed, 18,573 wounded, and 2,553 missing.

The Happy Land Without a Sky

Predicting the time when all of Europe will be built underground, safe, at last, from annihilation

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

We have long heard of the new Europe in which people live without sun or sky or clouds, and from the cradle to the day when they close their eyes, never once look out upon the full blue heavens of our world. But Europe has been saved! The old race and the old cultures are now preserved. And what is still more important, fear has been banished, and the people are happy.

It has been my privilege to be one of the first visitors from abroad to be allowed to journey through this new land, and I am anxious to describe to you some of my first impressions.

Can you imagine yourself arriving under water? And could you believe that the long ride to Paris is accomplished all underground in a steel tube? And that villages and whole cities complete with busy life go on under vaulted ceilings of sparkling tiles? All this is true, and more.

A good long time ago, in the year of 1939 or 1940, the plan to save Europe from complete destruction was first put forward. Ten years later a good part of Paris and a section of London were protected in the manner which I shall soon describe. In 1950 the work was extended to other cities and in 1955 underground roads were drilled to connect the towns and cities. The French "Seven Year Plan" was begun in 1953 and now in 1960 a new and happy land is fast nearing its completion. But first I must describe to you how we arrived and were actually landed under water.

After only two full days on the Atlantic, we were ordered to be ready to leave the liner within the hour. Evidently our captain had received a wireless that contact would soon be made with our steamer. At once the fog machines were set going and a fine spray mixed with chemical smoke shot high into the air, enveloping everything. This must always be done. Originally this "pea soup" which completely covers a steamer and renders it invisible was designed for use during war. But now it is used for every landing, for one never knows from day to day the true state of European political weather.

The fog machines sent out great blasts of green smoky mist that seemed to cling to us, and in a few minutes the sun, sky and light of day were completely blotted out. So thick and heavy was the atmosphere that it was not possible from the deck of the steamer to see the water below. Neither were we able to see the approach of that whale-like tender which we found suddenly beside us. We heard the voices of the men but no ropes were thrown out. Soon the steps were lowered and our bags and ourselves were descended below to the deck of the submarine.

I learned later that this submarine was held close to the side of the steamer by powerful electromagnets which it turned on when contact was made. Therefore we needed no ropes or other old-fashioned devices to hold the vessels together.

Breakfast, in the best French tradition, was served us in the hold. The fragrant smell of the coffee and the fresh hard rolls that were just then being warmed filled the air. While we were enjoying these crisp rolls with flaked sweet butter, our turret covers were bolted and the great magnets let go their hold. In another minute, although one hardly realized it, we were several fathoms beneath the surface, driving smoothly toward the edge of land.

The steward assured us that we had but a short run. Some days it is long and some days it is short. The captain of a steamer never knows when these undersea tenders will take off his passengers. That is done for precaution.

Also, I heard from our steward that the tasty little French breakfast rolls were made from wheat grown actually in the old streets of Paris. This you will think quite impossible but you will soon see that the proud city of Paris has been moved to another place and the banks of the historic Seine are now flat fertile wheatfields.

In the intricate control room of our submarine, a sounding radio beam compass directed our course to a certain secret spot along the coast. Soon we heard our motors stop. "We're in the tube now," said the steward with a smile.

As soon as we were in the tube the doors at the entrance closed automatically behind us. These are like the gates of a canal lock. While we waited, the water in the tube was being pumped out and our vessel settled down. It all took less than five minutes. Then the great turret bolts were unscrewed and out we emerged onto a little metal walk beside the submarine. Our baggage was brought out after us. The great tube in which we found ourselves was brilliantly illuminated, but we were still under water. This we realized when we passed on through a small door into the next chamber. Here, while our baggage was being examined, the high atmospheric pressure under which we had been living was slowly being reduced. In fact we had to remain for some minutes after all the baggage was stamped before they could unlock the last door that led directly into the streets and the happy life of the New Europe.

As soon as the door was opened we emerged into a large town with busy traffic. Here were trains, busses, cabs, vendors of food, and terminal stands with newspapers and magazines, but all was built of concrete and tiles. The streets were roofed over and led off in long subway-like lanes, all was metal or stone and all was underground. Could you believe that this was once the coast town of Le Havre with its quaint docks and old cobbled streets? It is hard to believe, but there it was. Most of the buildings were new and designed especially for this well-planned terminal city, but some of the old buildings, the old City Hall being one of them, had been preserved. But how had the old buildings been lowered down into the bowels of the earth? Yet this was but a minor engineering feat compared to some we were later privileged to see.

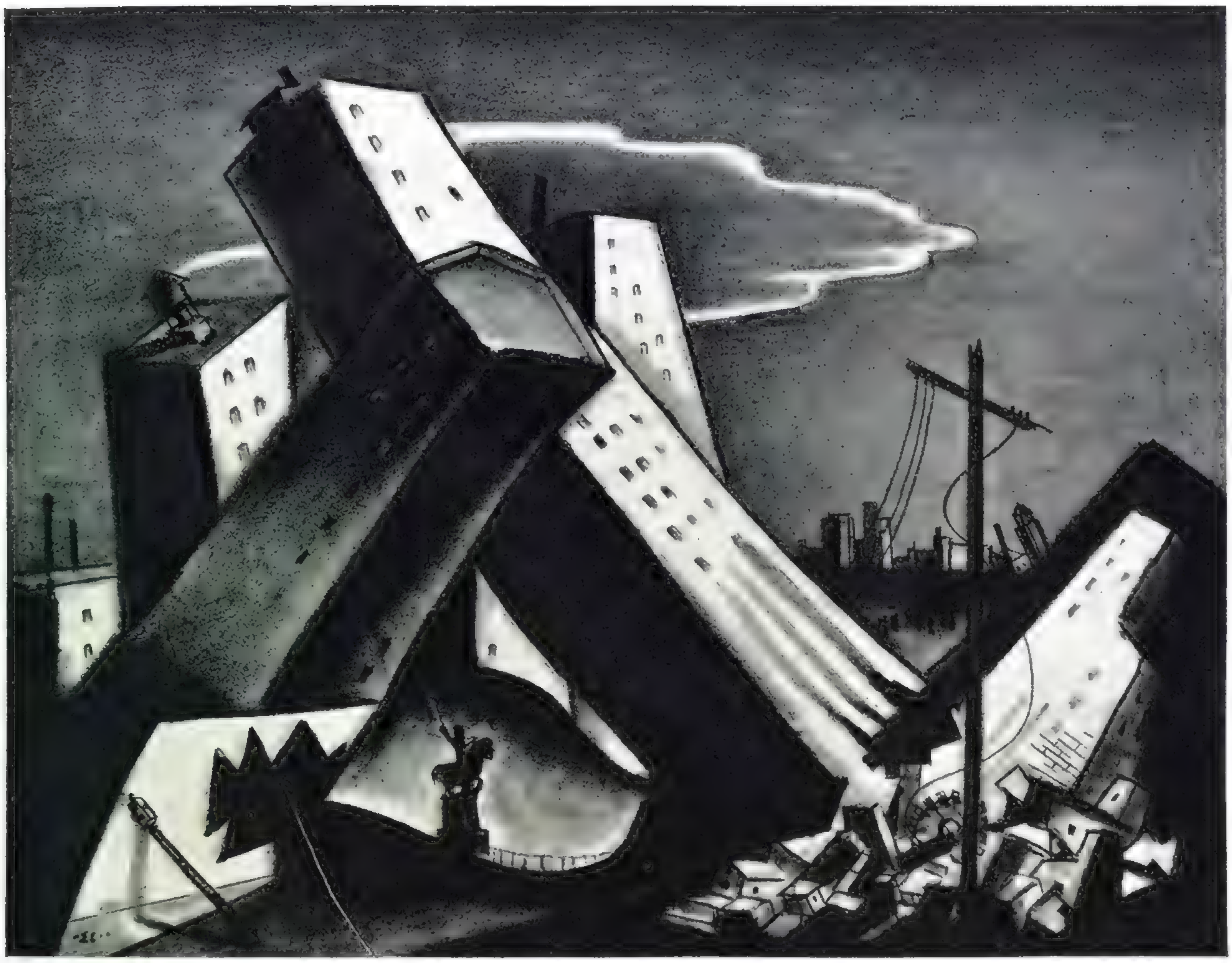
We boarded a most comfortable electric train that was waiting for us and soon we were on our way to Paris at a 150-mile-an-hour clip. Our own trains will do a speed just as great, but you must remember that this journey was accomplished all underground. No longer can one see the green fertile fields of France nor the long lines of clipped poplars along the neat roads. And the little winding rivers that we used to cross on this journey from Havre to Paris were also not to be seen. It was all strange, different and new. Here was a piece of engineering that seemed to rival the miracles in stone accomplished by the ancient Romans and Egyptians. This tube from Havre to Paris is indeed wonderful, but on arriving still greater wonders were soon to unfold before me.

Everything was the same and yet different. The streets are the same, their names remain, but all has been rebuilt, widened out and in many little ways adapted to modern life. When I say all, I refer only to the ordinary places, to ordinary streets and buildings.

The old Paris and the new Paris differ very little: Each landowner has retained his little square of property in this new underground world. The old established shops are found on the same boulevards. Many of the old brass signs and doorways have been brought down into this new counterpart land and much was done to preserve the old atmosphere in a place where the atmosphere is so different.

But the old cab driver that took me from the station seemed no different. He told me he was the grandson of a Russian general who in the old days of the 1920's and 1930's had also been a taxi driver. He told me also that since the "Seven Year Plan" the people were now really happy. Only the farmers were left on the top crust, and they were provided with clean concrete pill boxes that now take the place of the old squalid thatch-roofed abodes.

"Now France is happy," he said. "And the children are happy also. You will not find them on the streets for we protect them by still another layer. Much as the ants build their nurseries in the very secret bottom of



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

the hill, so we also protect our precious future generation with schools and playgrounds all built a safe level below. Besides, the growing kids require an illumination that has more ultra-violet in the rays."

"And is there still another level below the children's world?" I inquired.

"Only a small place where the treasures and archives are kept."

As he spoke these words we passed the fountains of the Place de la Concorde. Colored lights played over the sparkling water. Even these had been lowered into the new land. And far above us was a light blue vaulted ceiling of tiles. The effect was very pretty.

"But don't you ever miss the sun?" I asked.

"Never. What good is the sun? The light we have is much better and it is just as healthy if not more so. Our light is full of all kinds of vitamins and everything essential."

"Is there nothing you miss from the old world?"

"Nothing. Well, now you speak of it, almost nothing."

"What is it you miss?"

"I bet you will laugh at my foolishness. But one thing I do miss is a good old-fashioned thunder shower. It's a damn wet nuisance I know, and it's only a whim of mine, but I remember when I was a boy and my father was alive and we were living in the open, so to speak, unprotected by our new civilization and the achievements of our 'Seven Year Plan,' well then once in a while we had a good thunder shower and I thought it was wonderful. But I guess that it's only a hangover from the good old days."

"Stop!" I cried. "See what's here!"

The sight before us was truly wonderful. The taxi driver pulled over to the side of the large square and before us was the great cathedral of Notre Dame. This was not a copy in miniature nor a modern rendering nor an imitation of any sort. This was the real thing.

Here was the great edifice with all its flying buttresses and stained glass windows, with the towers and monstrous gargoyle water spouts. Completely it had been lowered, inch by inch, deep into ground, and a vault of blue tiles, thirty or more stories high, built over it. And the whole thing from end to end and top to bottom was illuminated as though it were a jewel in the crown of a new civilization.

Coming upon this scene so suddenly really took my breath away.

"Yes," the driver volunteered, "five years' work to lower that into place. They used high pressure hydraulic nozzles to wash the earth out from underneath the great concrete cube that they built for a foundation. It was like a big mud pie and inch by inch the cathedral went down. And during all those five years while it was sinking not a single service was interrupted and the bells rang out at the times they always have rung since the days of the crusaders."

"Do the bells still ring?"

"Yes, every day. At first we had trouble with underground echoes but the engineers soon took care of that."

We drove along the quai of the Left Bank. The embankment wall was here with its little book stalls, but no river was visible. We passed the monument of Voltaire before the Academy building. This building as well as the Chamber of Deputies and other historic landmarks have all been lowered down and preserved. There was a malicious smile on the face of Voltaire which I had never before noticed.

We drove on further and soon came into the Latin Quarter. Here very little seemed changed. The cafés, the artists, the restaurants with their sidewalk tables, the wine and charcoal merchants, all were here. The Luxembourg Gardens were also rebuilt and the museum also lowered, but no trees and grass were evident. However it was all so skillfully done that if you had once lived in this district, in those barbaric days when we were all prey to the engines of war, then you could return to the new underground quarter and find almost everything you needed, except the trees and the flowers.

It is undeniable that a great feeling of happiness and joy is over the people. I have spoken to many of them and they all say that at last they are happy. After fifty years of fear and wars, fifty years of nerves at high tension, half-a-century of daily apprehension and anxiety, now at last they feel safe in a world covered over with concrete and steel. Soon, with several new generations, that nervous disorder known as Frontier Fever is bound to pass.

With the happy life that these people now live all should soon be changed.

One man whom I interviewed expressed it

Continued at top of page 123

"Candy's Dandy but Liquor's Quicker"

Alcoholic declares frank talks from would-be reformers only drive him on to bigger binges

by ROBERT GARLAND

• ARTICLE •

ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

THE venerable egg-hen, hen-egg problem rises from its grave to haunt a heavy drinker. I am a heavy drinker.

You remember the egg-hen, hen-egg argument!

Did the egg, with small ambition but admirable persistence, emerge from nowhere determined to promote itself into a hen? Or did the hen, a feathered individualist without benefit of helpmate, appear quite magically, determined to lay herself an egg and make something out of it?

That's my problem, stated allegorically.

What I mean is, does a heavy drinker drink too much because he is nagged almost unceasingly, or is he nagged almost unceasingly because he drinks too much? It's a moot question, as moot as egg and hen. Let's go into it good-naturedly.

Let's admit that everybody has his favorite alcoholic. Well, then, almost everybody. That's enough to start with.

I'm the pet booze-and-bad-behavior man of half a dozen patrons. Temperate, self-constituted doers-over, they range from a charming penthouse lady hard by Park Avenue to an immaculate old gentleman with seven million dollars and a passion for the return of prohibition.

Listen to the lady:

"You're as nice as they come, Robert, when you're not overdrinking. And a gentleman! But you wouldn't know yourself when you've had two or three too many. You wouldn't want to. A boor, my dear: stupid, morose, bleary-eyed, impossible."

Her hand's on mine, calm, concerned and not too condescending. Of the best are her intentions.

"And you *are* drinking too much, as I don't have to remind you. You're losing your grip. You're losing your looks. You're losing your friends. I'm telling you this for your own good, Robert. Now what you've got to do is "

Here, a couple of women friends drop in for one of those darling daiquiris with a dash of absinthe, her husband gets home from Wall Street or the butler announces dinner.

That is, if I'm lucky.

I know what she was going to say, however. She has said it often enough before, God knows. She and you others who wish me well and make an effort to nag me out of it.

There are times when I cannot hold my liquor.

On second thought, "handle my liquor" is the more truthful phrase. And when I can't handle my liquor, I'm not myself. And when I'm not myself I'm a couple of other fellows. Most unsavory ones at that.

So you tell me.

As if I didn't know. Not only do I know, I agree wholeheartedly. When I'm that couple of other fellows I don't like myself any more than you do. But did you ever pause to think that it might be well to let bad enough alone, to lay off this thirsty soul and wonder if, beneath the booze and the bravado, he may not be doing the best he can?

Did you?

To come right out and ask it, do the things you like about me offset the thing you don't like about me? and that's my excessive drinking. Make up your mind. Do you want me around, or don't you? Say "Yes" or "No." Let's get it over with.

Give John Barleycorn and me a rest.

Maybe I'm drinking too much on purpose. Many have! Maybe I'm doing my damndest to fight off an inborn urge to guzzle. It isn't easy! Maybe I'm a sickly fellow who needs your unmentioned, rather than your Messianic, ministrations.

Again, there's the chance that I'm merely fed up on being scolded.

Maybe, at this very moment, I'm telling some behind-bar Butch to set them up again because I've had my fill of anti-alcoholic conversation. Say I like to drink. Okey, I like to drink! Isn't it possible to drive me to more of it by harping eternally on the perils of the open bottle?

You haven't done me a great deal of good so far, now have you? You know you haven't. All I do is say "Sure, you're right" and, quitting your presence at the drop of a second admonition, pick up a quick one around the corner.

Even the most lush of worms can turn.

This worm is turning. For the love of Noah—our mutual ancestor who also drank too much and made a dud out of me in the realm of bad behavior—have a heart and lay off us lads who dearly love our liquor.

If you just must help us, help us by pretending to ignore our all-too-frequent elbow bending. That is to say, try tact instead of tactics. Or, if that's asking too much of you, tell us to get the hell out of your sight and stay there. Suppose, on our part, it'll be an absence devoutly to be deplored. We'll bear up beneath it as best we can.

A barroom, with a Butch behind the bar, is as good a place as any for such a bearing up, for the temporary strengthening of a shot morale.

Which reminds me that there's a tavern in New York town where Seventh Avenue and one of the Fifties come together, a bearing-up place where the walls are enhanced with what the Butch in charge calls "motters."

These mottoes furnish food for thought, as well as material for conversation. They're provocative. They lead to arguments. They lead to fisticuffs. They lead to the West Forty-seventh Street Police Station. They have even led to reformations.

Although the reformations may well be apocryphal, these adages for the alcoholic have something definite to say.

One points out that the shortest bedtime story is "No." Another warns the expanding customer that middle age is the period in which the waistline begins to take on a good chest measurement. A third insists, somewhat cynically perhaps, that there are two kinds of men—those who marry and those who know women.

Still another advises the poor-man-about-town, the unhappy fellow whose purse is flatter than his Casanova complex, that "if you can't afford etchings, ask the girls to come on up and read the handwriting on the wall." And, away up top, half-hidden in a

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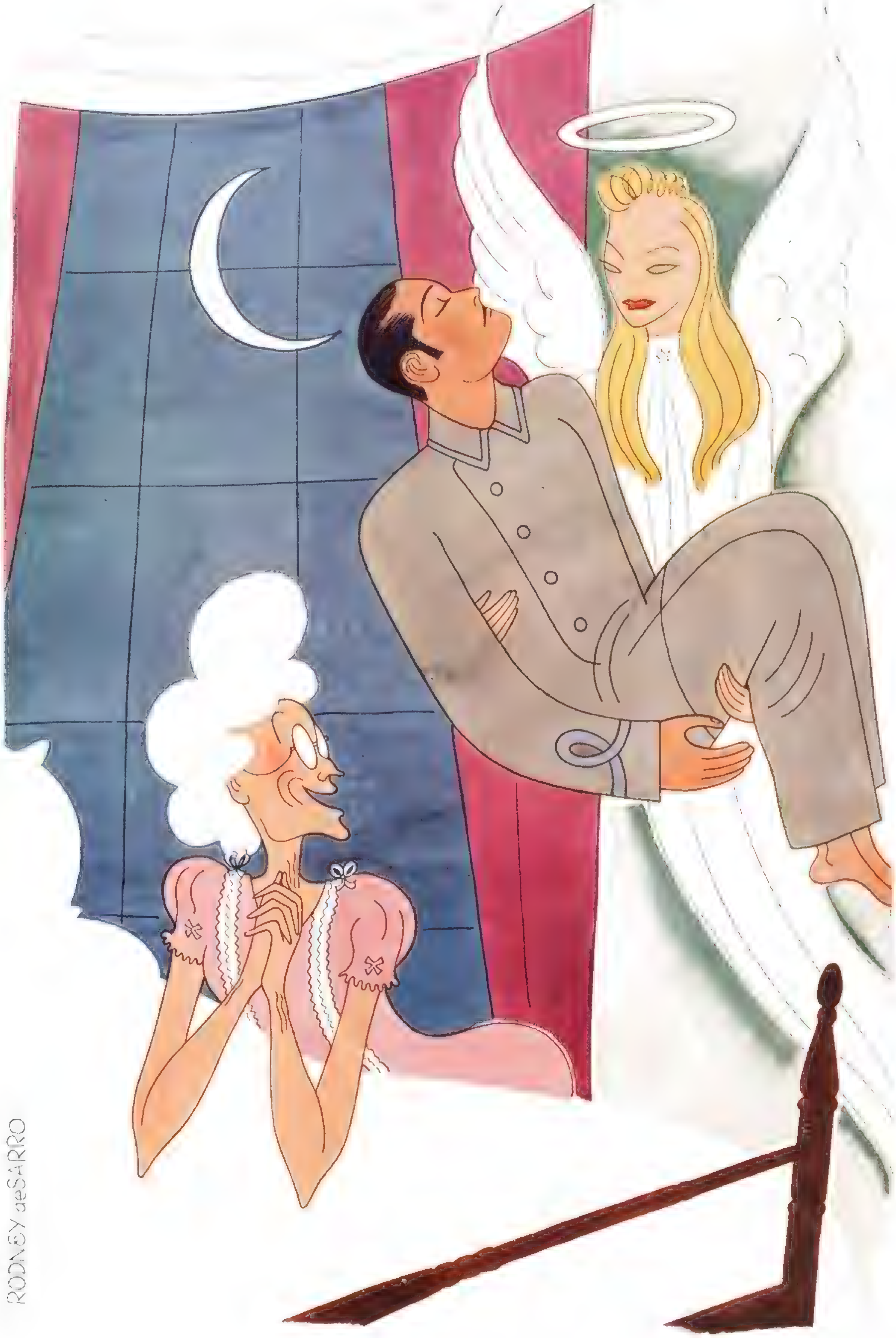
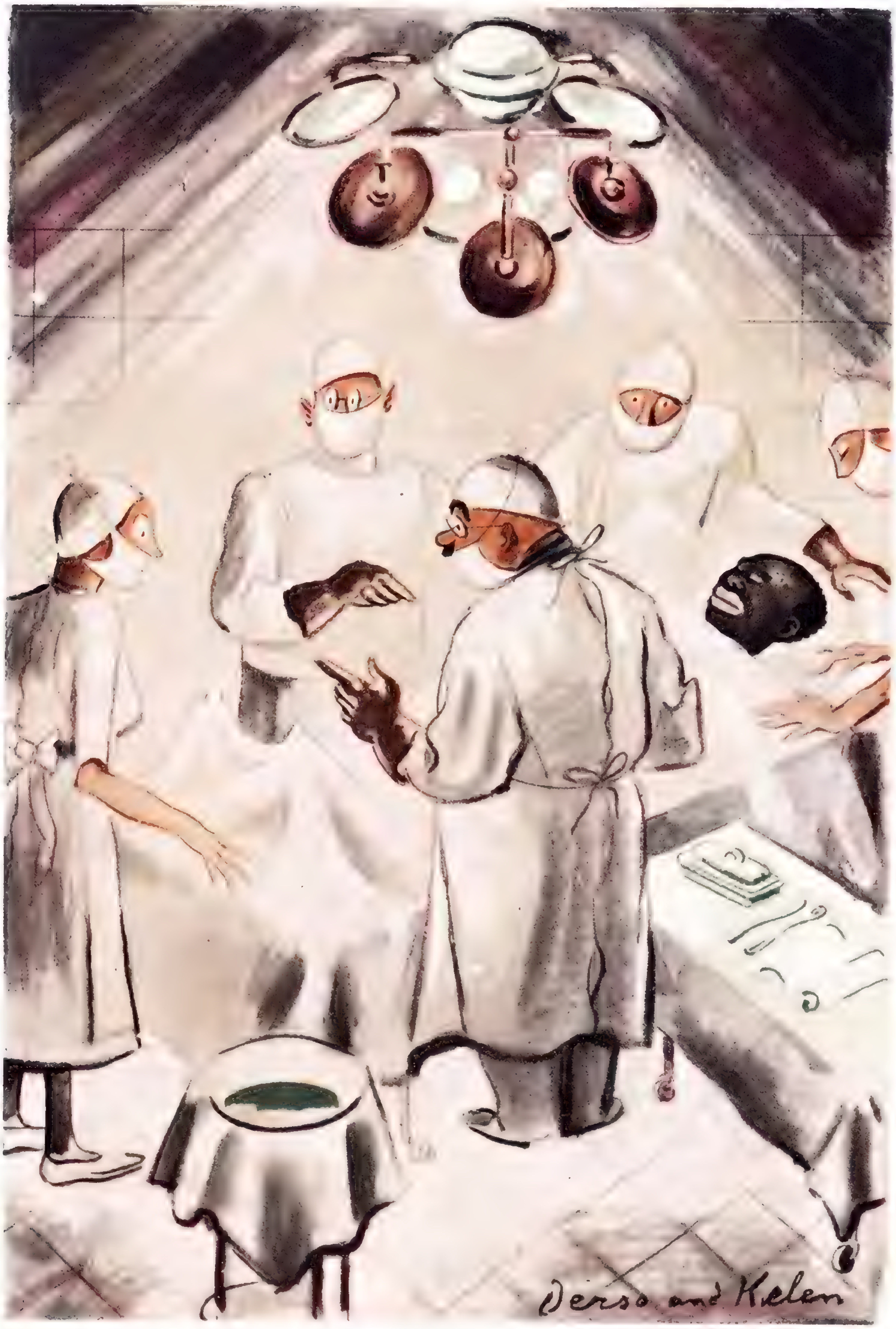

RODNEY deSARRO

"Well . . . I should have tried this twenty years ago!"


Derso and Kelen

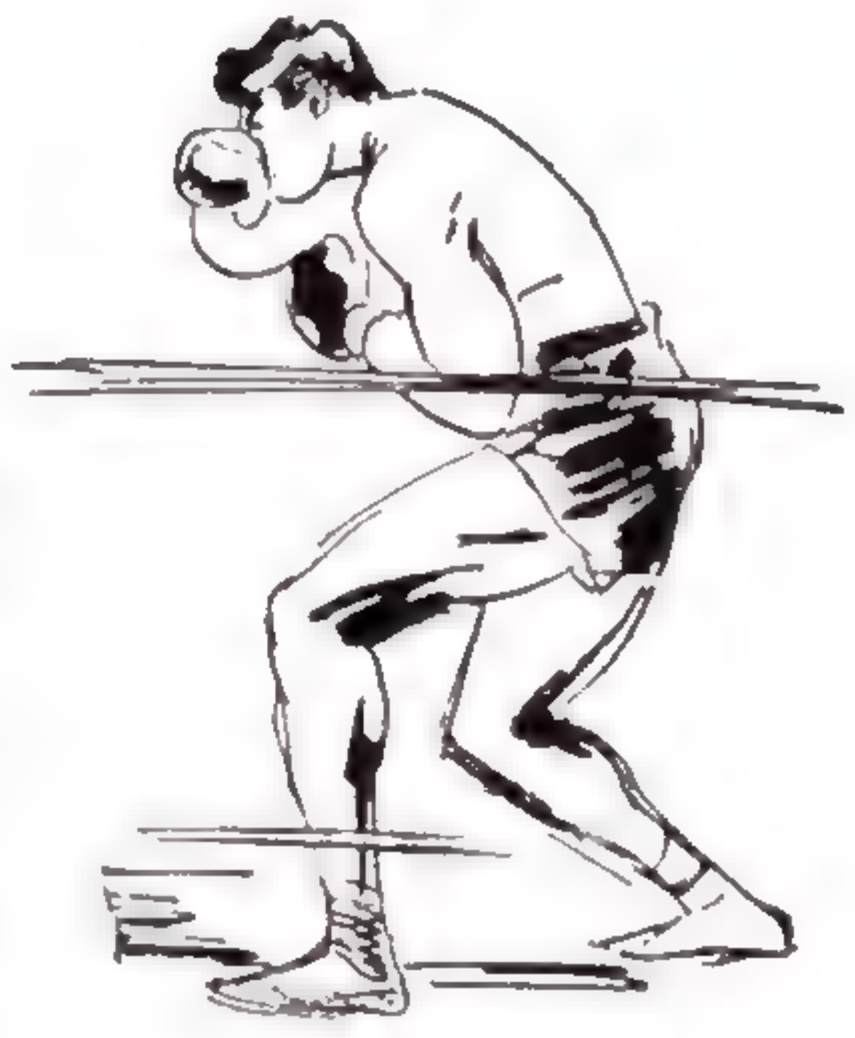
"Run over to the art needle-work store and get me a spool of black thread!"

Joe Louis' Ghost Talks

Backstage view of feuds among promoters and managers that go into the making of a champion

by GENE KESSLER

▪ SPORTS ▪



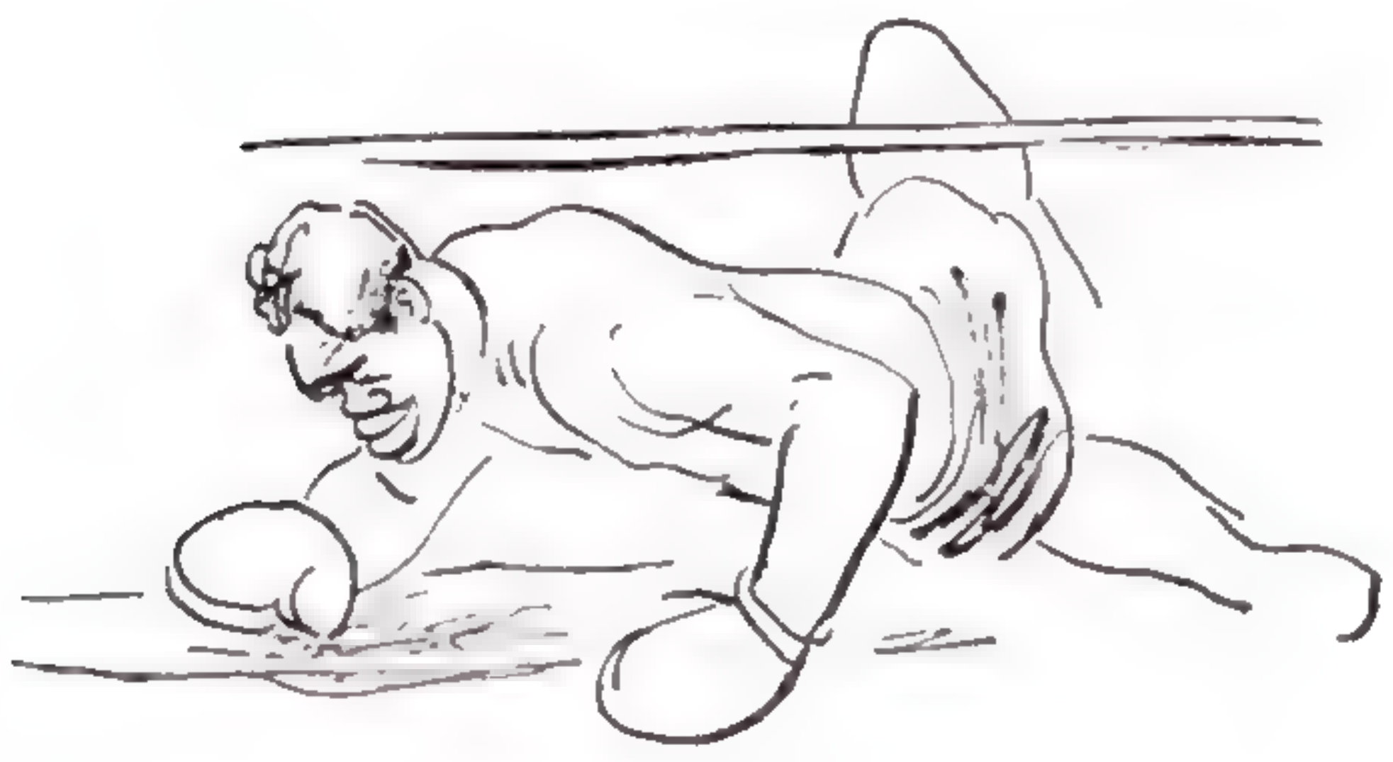
INSIDE the dingy, smoke-filled rooms of big city fight gymnasiums more hates are percolated each day than one crop of European dictators can concoct in a season. Men of maul have difficulty producing one big outdoor battle a year for the paying public, but they do well brewing feuds among themselves. James Joy Johnston, who long ago was dubbed the "Boy Bandit of Broadway" by colleagues in the game, tipped his black derby back on one side of the jet toupee and volleyed a venomous outburst at Champion Joe Louis, Mike Jacobs and boxing commissioners. Leaning against the same table in this particular Chicago swat shop were men of the trade who yes such big shots as James Joy and their heads were bobbing like a regiment of Charlie McCarthys.

"Dem commissions sure protect dese colored fighters," shouted the Boy Bandit. "Look how they let th' bum fight blind men, old men an' jest plain drunkards. I see Louis scored a one-round knockout over a guy in California what I could lick. Why, this Jack Roper is old enough to be Joe's . . . well, I couldn't exactly say grandfather, 'cause I wouldn't want to insult a white guy, even if he is a has-been what's been a rug for good heavyweights nigh onto twenty years."

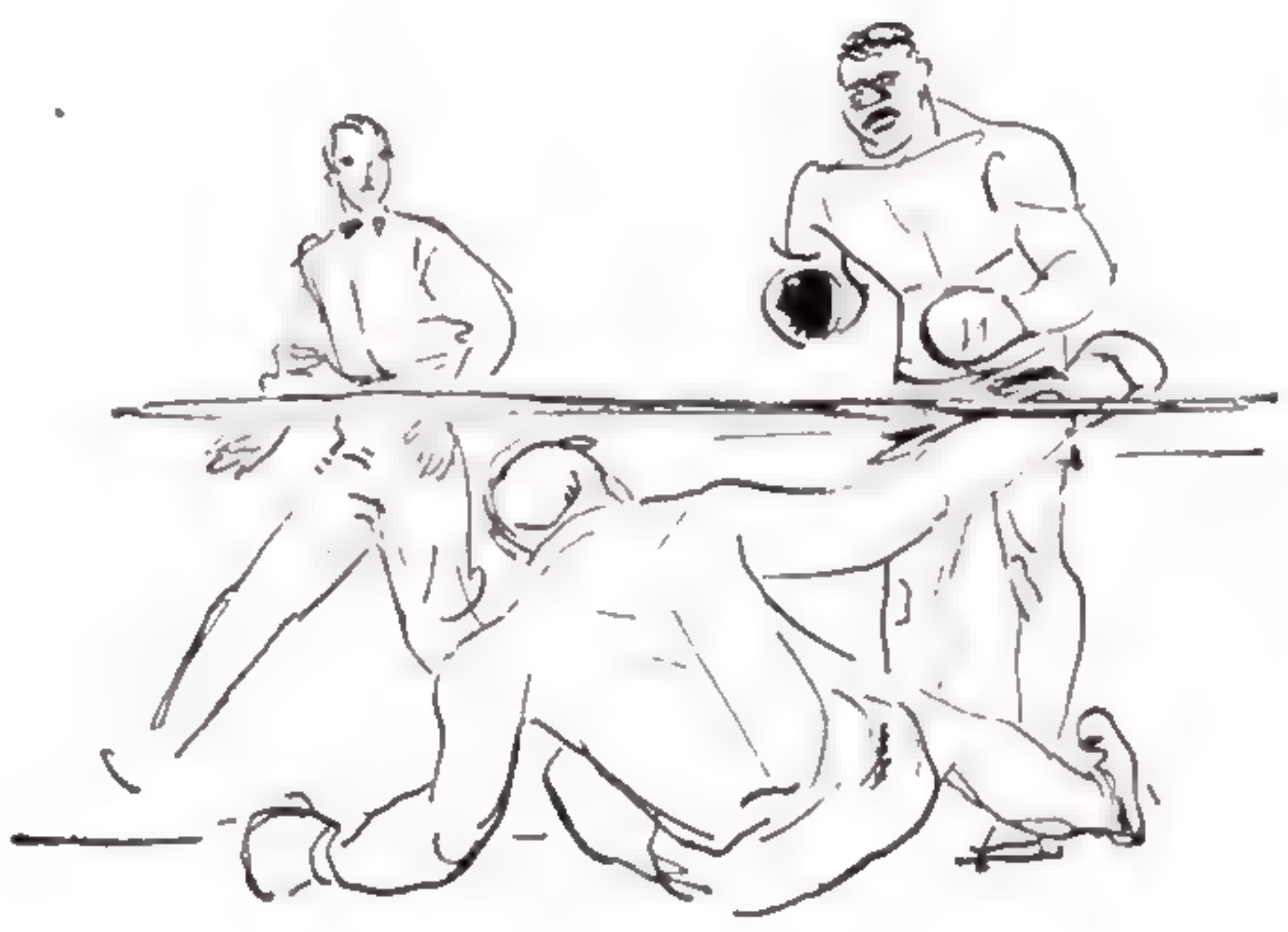
James Joy waited for the laughing applause. Gymnasium stooges always laugh at such "humor" emitted by a man of Johnston's standing. They might use him at some time because, despite his failings, James Joy can throw many a fat purse into the laps of managers with fair fighters.

"I see where Louis didn't have no trouble belting out blind John Henry Lewis," continued the Boy Bandit, shifting the black cigar to the right side of his mouth. "Why dem boids is making a joke outta this game. Do you think they would let a man like Dempsey defend his title against such bums? Why, I remember when they made Dempsey call off a match with Gunboat Smith 'cause the Gunner was washed up, jest like Roper. They wouldn't give a white champion a chance to pick up that easy scratch . . . but Louis . . . he's diff'rent . . . he's colored."

I walked away and James Joy quit shouting because he hadn't been talking for the benefit of the gym stooges. He knew I was a newspaperman and he knew I was Joe Louis' ghost writer. He figured that perhaps I would have my paper libel somebody by quoting him and, even if I didn't, I might tell Louis what he had said. James Joy would derive great pleasure in making Louis froth with anger, although I don't believe he ever will succeed. Louis doesn't froth.



James Joy probably came closest of all rival managers to exciting Louis' wrath, at that. It happened when Johnston's kid glover, Bob Pastor, was weighing in, or rather delaying the ceremony, for his bout with Louis in Madison Square Garden, January 27, 1937. Pastor was late in reporting, either by accident or Johnston's intuition, and Gen. John J. Phelan, chairman of the New York boxing commission, became decidedly impatient.



"We won't wait another minute," declared the General.

"Oh," ohed James Joy jumping at the opening like Tony Galento attacking a fork full of spaghetti. "So you won't wait on a white boy, 'eh? But I see you do a swell job of waitin' on colored boys."

Gen. Phelan fidgeted nervously at his glasses and ordered Dr. William Walker to proceed examining Champion Louis. Owing to the delay, Joe had thrown a coat over his amber shoulders to prevent contracting a cold in the million-dollar bombing weapons. When he held out his arm for the doctor's blood pressure test, the coat slipped down. Gen. Phelan, standing directly behind the champ, quickly bent over and replaced the coat for Louis.

"Now I know why you won't wait on white boys," screamed James Joy, pointing a very fat forefinger at the commissioner of maul. "You've become a valet for colored boys."

The good general sputtered and fumed, but only uttered some double talk that meant little and Louis just puckered his doughnut lips into a mean scowl. We thought he would tear Pastor limb from limb that night, but apparently James Joy knew his ring psychology for, instead, Joe fought an apathetic battle and Pastor evaded his brown bombs the entire ten rounds, though thoroughly outpointed.

Now you may wonder why Johnston is so bitter at Mike Jacobs, Louis and boxing commissioners. James Joy really isn't angry at these men. He is mad at himself. He is chuck full of venom because he, James Joy Johnston, fumbled such a black gold mine as Joe Louis on the one-yard line. And, if he hadn't bobbled the ball, Johnston today would be doing exactly what Mike Jacobs is doing: matching Louis with the present-day hulks called contenders, even if they were blind men, old men and drinking men, because the paying public will cough up as high as forty dollars per copy for tickets to see Louis knockouts, regardless of the opposition.

All feuds stirred in the odoriferous rooms of big city gymnasiums steam with jealousy and reek with fistic malpractice. Several promoters muffed chances to cast their tents over Louis knockouts and today they are frothing with enmity for the Brown Bomber and all connected with him.

When Joe started flailing lethal fists for a living in Chicago neighborhood ring clubs, he was a modest, hungry Negro lad looking for a few dollars. I saw him bowl over one opponent and the next day signed Joe for exclusive use of his by-line.

"What you want with mah name fo' on stories?" Asked Joe reflecting more amazement than I ever saw him flash in a fight.

"Why, because you're going to knock out Max Baer and win the world's championship," I told him.

It was easy to see, even then, that Louis punched too hard and fast for the modern heavyweights who either are powder-puff biffers or too slow on the draw for his mercurial brown fists. But making Louis champion wasn't so easy. It took four long years of campaigning, a lot of knockouts, some doing and a half-million-dollar slice of Mike Jacobs' promotional melon to James J. Braddock, who beat Louis to the burned-out Max Baer and the title.

Joe proved the Pulmotor for a sick sport in Chicago. First small

Tony Palazzo

Continued on page 104

The Navajo Justice

It was conceded Joe Roan Horse must go to jail if he were truly accused by Many Goats' Daughter

by ERIC HOWARD

▪ FICTION ▪

JOHN DAW was proud of his policeman's badge. He had been chosen, long ago, as one who was well-qualified to maintain order and settle disputes among his people. He was a head man, but the policeman's badge gave him additional authority.

Not that, ordinarily, the Navajos needed a policeman. They did not. There was practically no crime on the reservation; the people were peaceable and minor disputes and disagreements were quickly settled by discussion. Of course, Tall Man, last year, had half-killed a white man who had started to search his wagon at a squaw dance; the white man thought Tall Man had whiskey in the wagon, and perhaps he had. But whose wagon was it?

The white man was still in the hospital and Tall Man was in jail. Once in a long time something like that happened, but among themselves the Navajos got along all right. As everybody knows, it is a sin to become angry; crimes are committed in anger; since Navajos did not allow themselves to become angry, they did not commit crimes. It was as simple as that to John Daw, policeman.

Of course, there was polygamy; but that was an old, established custom. John Daw had two wives and he was very fond of both of them. A man's women were his own business, after all; and a man couldn't pay much attention to the missionaries when they talked about such things. Not even the other white men did.

Today, however, John was confronted with a problem concerning a man and his women. It was unusual and it would be interesting. They were to have a trial. He was to be the judge. He had notified all of the parties concerned to show up at the windmill just below the trading post. They'd better be there or he would arrest them and take them to the agency jail, thirty miles away.

They would come, all right. People did what he said. He was the head man in this district, and he was a policeman, a judge, as well.

He grunted into the new plaid shirt he had bought yesterday at the trading post. A judge should be well-dressed. His old friend, Joe Gallagher, the trader, had said that some white people would be there. He would show them how a judge should act; he would be dignified, stern, but just. He buckled a heavy silver belt around his middle. He was getting fat. Well, he was no longer young. His pleasant brown face, with white even teeth and skeptical, alert eyes, was reflected in a piece of mirror that hung near the hogahn door.

He considered the circumstances of the case that would be brought to trial. He smiled again.

He had a keen, rather subtle mind. He liked to look back of words for facts, back of facts for true meaning. This case involved two men and a woman. John knew a good deal about men; he also understood women very well. Women had always liked him; they still did, in fact. His experience with women had been rich and pleasant. His two wives had deepened his knowledge. Men and women. Where there were men and women, he reflected, there would always be conflict; there would also be harmony.

In the case coming to trial today, the situation seemed somewhat involved and obscure. A tall, merry-eyed man, Joe Roan Horse, who had a pretty wife and a young baby, was the defendant. An attractive woman, a little older than his wife, accused Joe of attacking her.

The woman's name was Many Goats' Daughter and she was married to a somewhat sullen Navajo who had been given the school name of William McKinley. Bill demanded that Joe Roan Horse be punished. The superintendent at the agency thirty miles away had asked John Daw to take charge and to weigh the merits of the case. If he couldn't handle it there, in his district, he could bring all those involved to the agency and the superintendent would look into it. John Daw was confident that he could learn the truth and conduct the trial fairly.

George Hartwell, the stockman, would be there to sit beside him and advise him, if he needed advice. Joe Gallagher, too. And some white visitors who were friends of Joe's.

John strode out to the horse one of his sons had roped and saddled for him. He assured his wives that he would not forget the things they had asked him to buy at the post and he rode down across the wide valley. He felt strong and well, as he always did when riding. He began to sing and he selected a ribald squaw dance song, full of humor and rich with reality—the song of a girl's mother advising a suitor. He sang it with comic emphasis, his eyes twinkling.

He broke off singing as other Navajos approached. They had heard about the trial. It would be interesting. It would be fun to attend. They did many things just for fun.

Soon they were all riding, laughing and talking together, with John Daw, the policeman, in the center of the group. He didn't say much, but now and then offered a shrewd, cynical observation.

They began to discuss the trial, but John silenced them.

"There is plenty of time for that," he said, "when the people tell what happened. A judge should not talk or think too much about it before the trial. So he can be just." His eyes twinkled. "A Navajo attacking a woman! Why, that is as bad as white men."

They laughed at him.

"I don't think Joe Roan Horse—" one man began.

"It is a very bad thing!" John Daw cut him off sharply. "Both the superintendent and the stockman have said so They have said it must be stopped. Navajos cannot act like white men."

There was more laughter, perhaps because of the satirical tone John used; perhaps because they all recognized that where there are men and women things will happen.

The fortress-like trading post, on the hill across the valley, came into view. They rode on towards the windmill below the post, on the edge of the dry lake. There were many wagons there, already, and John Daw enjoyed this evidence of his authority. They had come because he had summoned them.

But he did not stop at the windmill. He went on up to the post. He needed cigarettes, and it would be a good idea to have some candy in his pocket in case the trial dragged out too long.

Joe Gallagher, the trader, was behind his counter. George Hartwell, the government stockman, was sitting on the counter. There were four other white people in the store, two men and two women. Joe introduced them and John Daw, smiling, shook their hands. The younger couple were attractive to him; they had pleasant smiles, keen eyes and the man promptly offered him a cigarette. The older man and woman were all right, too, he guessed, since they were Joe's friends. But the old man was pompous and a little gruff; he carried himself as though he must impress people. His wife seemed timid, but proud, too.

What was Joe saying? That the older man was a lawyer and a judge from a big city, that he would be interested in attending the trial. All right, John said. Let him come. Let everybody come. He was going down there now to get it started.

He bought some cigarettes and candy, watched Joe charge them in his book, then walked to the door. George Hartwell slid off the counter and joined him, his bowed legs in tight Levis forming an O as he went down the hill. John mounted his horse. George walked along beside him, talking to him.

John grunted, glanced skeptically at George. The stockman was telling him that an example must be made of Joe Roan Horse. Otherwise, if he went unpunished, they would have a lot more cases like this. The superintendent didn't want any more trouble. The missionaries would ride him if there was a lot of immorality on the reservation. It would get back to Washington. The first thing you knew, there would be a shakeup.

So Joe Roan Horse had better be punished. That would be a lesson and a warning to a lot of young bucks who might want to follow his example.

John spat and glanced at George. The stockman was always having woman trouble. There was that nurse over at the agency, and that school teacher. Then that tourist girl who had been here last summer.

"*Yah-teh*," John said idly. "All right."

But that didn't mean that he had already passed judgment on Joe Roan Horse. He wasn't that kind of judge. He merely wished to stem George's flow of words; George was all right, but sometimes he repeated the same thing over and over, as though John didn't understand it the first time.

The wagons, down by the windmill, were drawn up in a semi-circle. A few women were sitting beside a fire, broiling mutton, making coffee and bread. The odor of burning cedar and mutton was pleasant to John. He greeted the Navajos with a word or a handclasp, turned his horse over to a boy, and sat down, cross-legged, on a blanket between two wagons. He gave some orders, quietly, as he puffed on a cigarette, and the men obeyed him. He was putting his courtroom in order, getting ready for the trial—and also for the white visitors.

He glanced around him. Joe Roan Horse, the accused man, was lying in his wagon, just over there. His wife—she was a very pretty woman—was nursing their baby. Joe reached up and tickled the baby's foot, smiling as the little one kicked.

Over on the other side, the center of another faction, John saw Many Goats' Daughter and her husband, William McKinley. McKinley had spent a good many years in school.

He was short-haired; there was nothing Indian about his clothing; he might be a Mexican. His wife was not a school girl, but a real Navajo woman. John had heard that Bill McKinley had been working on the new dam, down on the Little Colorado while Many Goats' Daughter stayed at home with the sheep.

Both Joe Roan Horse and his wife had been to school, but only for a short time. They had put aside school ways, had let their hair grow, and now wore Navajo clothing, seldom speaking English. They seemed unconcerned about being summoned to the trial. Joe took his baby and sat down beside the wagon, playing with the child.

Many Goats' Daughter, really a handsome woman, but not as young and gentle as Joe's wife, kept her head down. She seemed ashamed. It was Bill McKinley, no doubt, who had accused Joe Roan Horse, had insisted that he be tried and punished. John saw a great deal while he sat there, smoking, getting everything ready. He pretended to see nothing. George Hartwell sat beside him, talking too much, urging him to start the trial.

But John did not begin—what was the great hurry? until the trader and the white people came down and joined the circle. Then, still unhurried, he told the defendant where to sit and placed William McKinley and his wife opposite.

Young Roan Horse picked up his baby, spoke to his wife, and with bored composure sat down where John wanted him. He continued to play with his child, handing it sticks and pebbles which it promptly threw away, smiling and laughing at its antics. He talked to his wife about the baby as though they were absolutely alone in their hogahn.

"Look at him!" the stockman said. "He's too damn' smart. He doesn't take this seriously. He will when we put him in jail!"

John Daw cleared his throat and spoke. Briefly, in Navajo, which the trader translated to the visitors, he outlined the situation.

Joe Roan Horse was accused of attacking Many Goats' Daughter at her hogahn while her husband, William McKinley, was away working on the white man's dam. This was a very bad thing, as everybody knew, a thing to be punished. Washington would not stand for such things; the superintendent was very angry; and he himself, John Daw, head man and policeman, would not tolerate such things in his district. Now they were all here to get the facts straight, to get at the truth. If Joe Roan Horse is guilty, he will be taken to the agency jail and locked up.

Joe Roan Horse lifted his baby high and smiled at it. His wife smiled at him.

John cleared his throat again and glanced towards William McKinley, who was staring at Roan Horse with a sullen expression. Many Goats' Daughter was shy and ashamed.

"Now we will learn the truth," John said. "You, William McKinley, talk now."

"This man," said McKinley, pointing at Joe Roan Horse, who ignored him, "came to my hogahn and attacked my wife. He is bad. This is the way of it. I was away, working hard. I am a good stone mason. I learned the trade at school. I came home Saturday. I wanted to see my wife, Many Goats' Daughter. I had been away three weeks, working hard. Well, then, right away I noticed something was wrong around there. She was not so glad to see me; she was afraid. A man had been there on a horse. His moccasin prints were all around, in and out of the hogahn. His horse had stood there a long time. I asked her who had been there.

"Well, at first she said one of her uncles. But that was not so. Because I had seen that uncle at the trading post on my way home. No, this man was somebody else. I didn't say anything more for a while. I went outside and walked around. I saw where this man had ridden. I walked that way. The trail was very plain. It led right over to this man's hogahn to the house of Joe Roan Horse!"

"How far is his hogahn from yours?" John Daw asked.

"You know how far," McKinley retorted. "Why do you ask me?"

"This is a trial," John said. "We ask questions to get everything straight in everybody's mind. Tell me."

"It is about three miles, across the wash," McKinley said sullenly.

"Go on, then," said John. "You trailed this visitor of yours to the hogahn. Then what? How do you know it was not some other man, just riding around? Maybe he was going to call on Roan Horse's wife, too."

There was a murmur of laughter. John, although he had caused it, looked stern.

"No," McKinley declared. "It was this fellow, Joe Roan Horse. I saw where he unsaddled his horse, turned him loose and dragged the saddle up to the hogahn."

"Well, then, you are quite a detective," John said. "Did you learn that in school, too?"

"No! I went home, then. I said to my wife, Roan Horse was here. No, she said. Yes, I

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On Buying a Horse

Try all his gaits, examine his teeth, his expression, his proportions, and beware of dealers' ingenious tricks

by ILES BRODY

SPORTS

HATS, shoes and automobiles should be bought impulsively, on a moment's notice. Cigars and horses with much deliberation.

Although I can select a Ramon Garcia Allones or a Romeo y Julietta in less than half an hour, it would take at least a week before I could make up my mind buying a horse. During this week I would want to see the horse every day, under all sorts of circumstances; eating, drinking, cantering, walking, lying down. I know many of the tricks that horse dealers employ when trying to sell a horse and I know that they can fix up the old animal for a day, so that he feels and acts definitely kittenish and thus misleads an inexperienced prospective buyer as to his age and his qualities.

There are many wealthy people in this country who are interested in horses although they know nothing about them. This interest, of course, is commendable, but I am not speaking to them; they do not need my advice. Usually a trusted head groom or stable manager buys the horses for wealthy persons and who am I to curtail the extra added income of these salaried cavaliers? When writing about buying a horse, I have in mind the kind of man who perhaps owns one horse in a lifetime, a chap with modest earning capacity and with a great liking for riding.

There are a thousand advantages in owning one's own horse and not renting it from a livery stable. Some expert riders, for instance, would never ride a horse which did not belong to them, and if they are reduced in circumstances, and cannot own one any more, they give up riding with a truly regretful sigh, sit by the fire and reminisce about the splendid nags that crossed their paths. Don Juans get this way—turbulently nostalgic—when they reach a certain age, thinking about the galaxy of women they possessed in the past; they are regretful and troubled by the reappearing phantoms *in puris naturalibus* and almost wish that they had never started such a career. Memories of horses are much more pure, fond and sweet; the shadows of equine creatures from days of yore enchant and delight you.

At night, when I go to bed, and I am not quite at peace with the world, I think of "London." I am on his back again and I touch his velvet skin and make him feel my limb's pressure ever so slightly as he carries me off in an easy gallop. It is a pity that I cannot go on talking at length about London. However, he does not belong in this article, because he was not bought at all, but stolen one night by my soldiers during the World War and presented to me. He was a large bay, the heavy hunter type, marvelous at all gaits, an excellent jumper; and I was inconsolable when I had to say good-bye to him. I have not seen him for the past twenty years and yet I see him almost every night. London is often my escape from material worries; he is my sleeping potion . . .

It is good to own a horse not only because there is pride in proprietorship, but because one learns to ride from a horse; one learns about him, learns to respect him. Even expert horsemen become impatient and careless with a loaned horse and do not mind if they are not acting properly; they just want an hour's ride and after dismounting they go off totally unconcerned whether the animal is taken care of, and fed and watered. Owning a horse calls for responsibilities. You do not mind awfully dropping ashes in the pages of a book from the lending library; but you would not think of dog-earing the corners of your own.

In trying to aid the layman in selecting a horse, I am chiefly concerned with the all-around type, the unclassified horse, which would serve equally well for almost every purpose; even following the hounds when occasion arises.

The average fairly big man, that is to say around five feet ten, and one hundred and seventy pounds, should first of all take care that the horse he intends to buy is nearly sixteen hands high; certainly no less than fifteen and a half. A hand is four inches, and the horse's height is measured from his withers, which is the highest part of his back between the shoulder-blades. It looks like a miniature hump of a camel. Every rider should make sure before buying that the horse possesses a kind temperament; it is really important not to own a troublesome, biting or kicking horse, or an obstinate or unmanageable one. A too high-spirited horse wears you out since you must be constantly on the lookout not to be unseated; it is no fun to have a horse which walks on two legs most of the time.

It is so easy to ascertain whether a horse has a gentle disposition or not, that I do not wish to waste too much time on giving pointers; everyone is familiar with the sight of a nasty horse's ears which are set back at the slightest irritation. In addition to the flattened ears, he has an unmistakable expression of hatred about his muzzle that makes you feel uncomfortable. There are many horses whose nature is not malicious at all but who are simply ticklish, especially around the chest, the ribs and the quarters. Such horses must not be touched at these parts with a hesitant or too gentle hand, but rather firmly and calmly.

Of course, if you do not know horses very well, you must get from the dealer or the present owner details about the animal's disposition; there are horses who are perfect lambs a great deal of the time, but are absolutely unmanageable if their oats ration is raised. Other horses show you wonderful tenderness once they are saddled but are very difficult to saddle; some conceited horses would not allow the stable boy with brush in hand near them to clean their stalls which they consider consecrated ground. A great racehorse, *Kincsem*, about whom I have already written in a previous article, would tolerate no one but her groom to dress, feed and water her. Horses get terribly used to certain human beings.

After these two important features, height and disposition, you must look at the whole creature and if the horse's proportions are pleasing, you must examine the various parts of the body. If he is highly bred, the head will be rather small, although a little head is not imperative; neither are small ears, contrary to general belief. On the other hand, do not buy a small pig-eyed horse. The forehead must be wide for good temper and courage.

The eyes should be well examined because blindness is very frequent in horses and sometimes does not show outwardly at all. In fact, there is a certain kind of blindness which appears only at intervals; in the interim the horse is able to see. The nostrils should be large.

One must feel the parotid glands between the jaw and the beginning of the neck; do not

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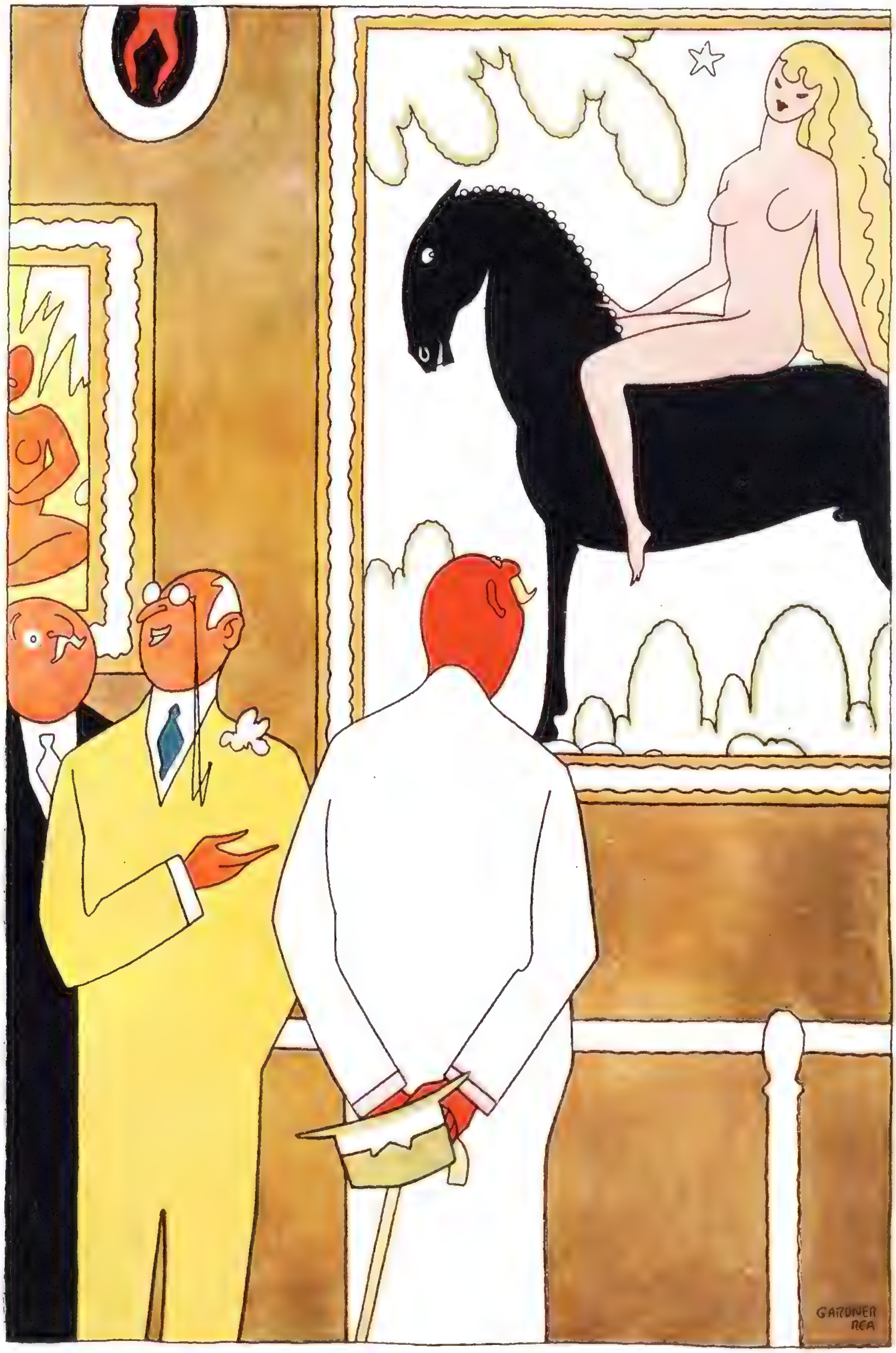
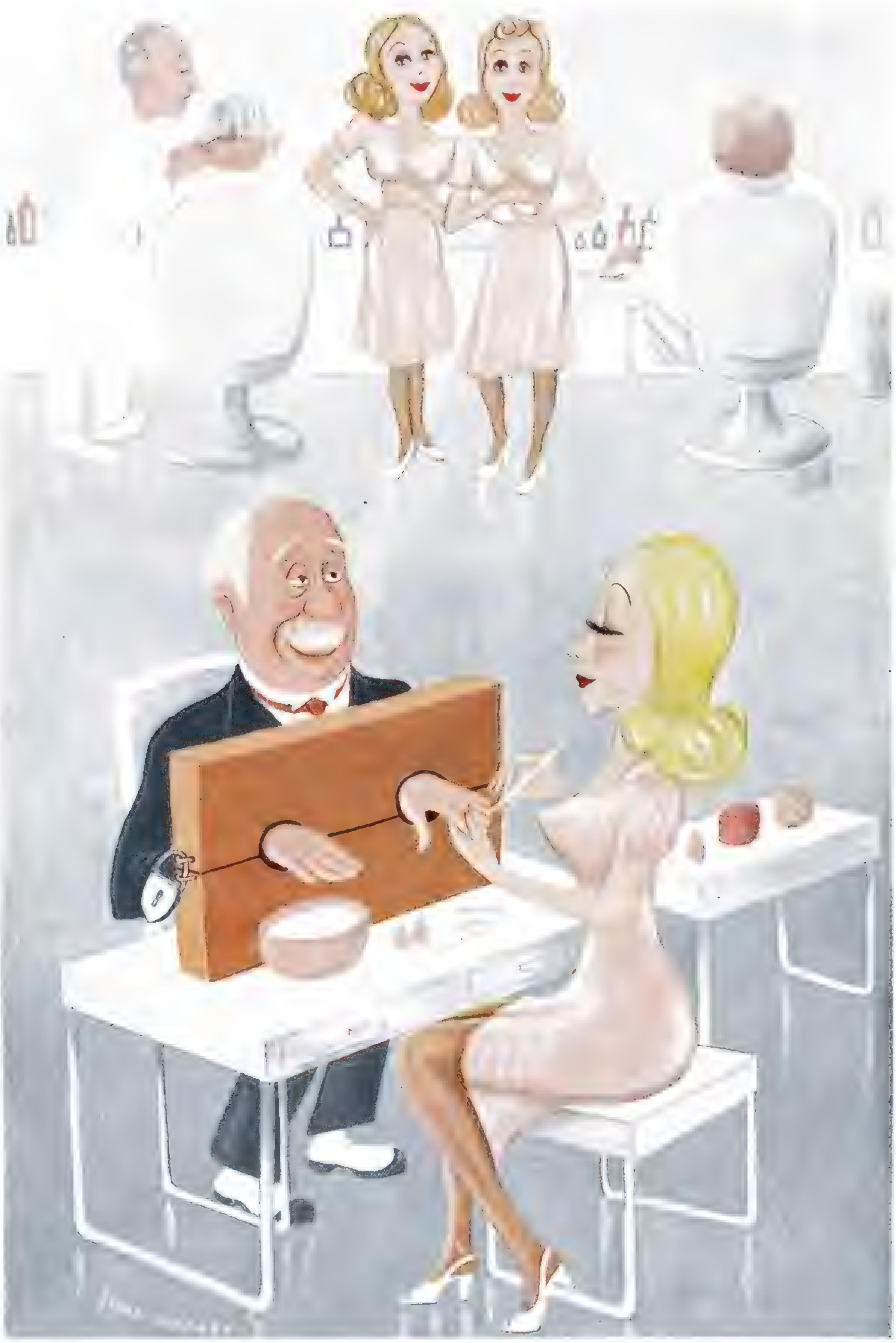

GARDNER
REA

"The Colonel is a great judge of horse flesh"



"Gloria never has a bit of trouble any more!"

Fun for One and All

Pop-eyed tour through an old-fashioned London music hall, a Paris smart spot, and the biggest surprise: Jack White's

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Every nation gets the kind of night life it deserves, and night life is as personal (or national) as government or murder; it develops in strange ways and no outlander can begin to understand it, except by miracle. There are a few common elements, like the touch of nature which meant, I suppose, the touch of lubricity to Shakespeare—and these we all understand and like.

But the fine points, no foreigner should criticize. He'll only make a fool of himself and start another war.

So all I'm saying now is that one evening I went to an old-line London music hall; the next evening I went to an extremely smart spot in Paris, and about nine days later I was staring, with incredulous eyes, at the first recapture in New York of the spirit of Clayton, Jackson and Durante. I'll say it descriptively and without prejudice so far as I'm able.

I had a good time at each of the three places and I was most astonished at each by what was offered.

The Holborn Empire was one of my favorite music halls in 1917 and I think it hasn't changed very much.

The post-Munich-post-Prague atmosphere of London was singularly electric and it was quite in order for a comedian to break off his routine and go into a straight patriotic recitation. The song routines and the gymnasts were about the same, too; the crowd was happy and raucous and trooped out to the bar at the intermission and seemed as attractive as ever, but with a slightly heavier sprinkling of intellectuals than I had known twenty years ago. (Maybe I hadn't known the intellectuals, then.) Yet all this was a little deceptive, because I am sure that the flow of dirt was in a different rhythm in those days.

Nice clean dirt, mind you. I use the word because no other exactly carries all the necessary information. Mild dirt; not the kind you wish had been more wittily put. The wit wasn't overmuch; but the stories and the cracks were so old, or so pleasantly delivered, or so simple, that you didn't mind. Sample: "You're all dirty. Why don't you take a hot bath and a cold shower and feel rosy all over?" "How old is Rosy?" (Violent whoops of laughter.) Max Miller, "the Cheeky Chappie" went on like that for, I think, twenty-five minutes; a solo act and I don't think he made two remarks in all that time which were 100 per cent clean. That's quite a stunt, as you'll discover if you try to talk mild smut for more than a few minutes at a time. The Cheeky Chappie is famous for this act and apparently his delivery and change of speed, hardly effective to me, are just what the audience needs. He was scheduled for a third week at the same place.

On the bill also, Stanley Holloway; a famous dialect comedian, doing, I believe, Yorkshire. Famous recitations which a large part of the audience knows by heart; the one about the Christmas pudding which the sergeant wouldn't let the private have; the one about the Scot who wouldn't pay full rate for ferrying his children across a river; long, slow-going, "rich" recitations, without a trace of the novel or unfamiliar; the old hearty style; a good solid job. And after him, back to the same kind of thing you had with Max Miller, only this time it's a drunkard coming home, quarreling with his companion and then with his wife, and finally dragging his wife to bed. Roaring broad jumps of humor and suggestiveness; very funny; not Victorian. Some of our police censors might find bits of it blue, too.

As you cross Leicester Square, which used to be one variety house after another, you see nothing but movie houses now; the old music hall has taken an awful rap in the past few years. But it exists still, and two "revues" now current are only vaudeville shows, playing twice nightly as the Holborn does. You can get into the Holborn for a quarter in the balcony, three bits in the pit. The spirit persists and you get a feeling that it will go on for a long time to come. And it is one of the most likable spirits in the world. I don't suppose that any act I saw had the slightest artistic merit; but it was a nice show altogether. (You'd want to have had wine or bitter beer with your dinner, and you'd want to go to the second house. Cold sober at the six o'clock show might be a little dull.)

Channel crossing is down to fifty minutes or so and Americans are flocking into the Bal Tabarin which, fifteen years ago, was a staid old cabaret, frequented by elderly and middle-class Frenchmen looking, they thought, their last upon the lovely *can-can*. It's been rejuvenated, made fantastically popular; you have to book seats in advance. Anyhow we didn't go there. We went across the river to the smallest, loudest cabaret with Negro band you ever saw in your life and we left it in ten minutes; it seemed incredible that human beings gave themselves such a high degree of discomfort in order to listen to a second-rate band when they could get the masters of swing for a few cents on a phonograph record. Note that this place was almost exclusively populated by Americans, many of them residents in Paris. We went on to a purely French place.

Suzy Solydor (maybe Solidor, I got it by ear) is a tall blonde girl, not pretty, who sings and recites. I can hardly tell the difference between the two phases of her art; she is a *diseuse* and a good half of what she says is way beyond the speed of my French until I've been in Paris several weeks, and even then the secret and private jokes which Paris makes with its entertainers would be pretty remote. I had to be interested for a while in style—in the way a whole show ran and seemed to be popular, because the little place was crowded and there weren't more than two tables of Americans and the price was high.

In the first place there really wasn't any show. People sat around, at small tables, with not enough room for knees and elbows, and drank wine and presently Suzy was shaking her blonde head and talking in the most conversational way and that was her act, because it went gradually into recitation and a

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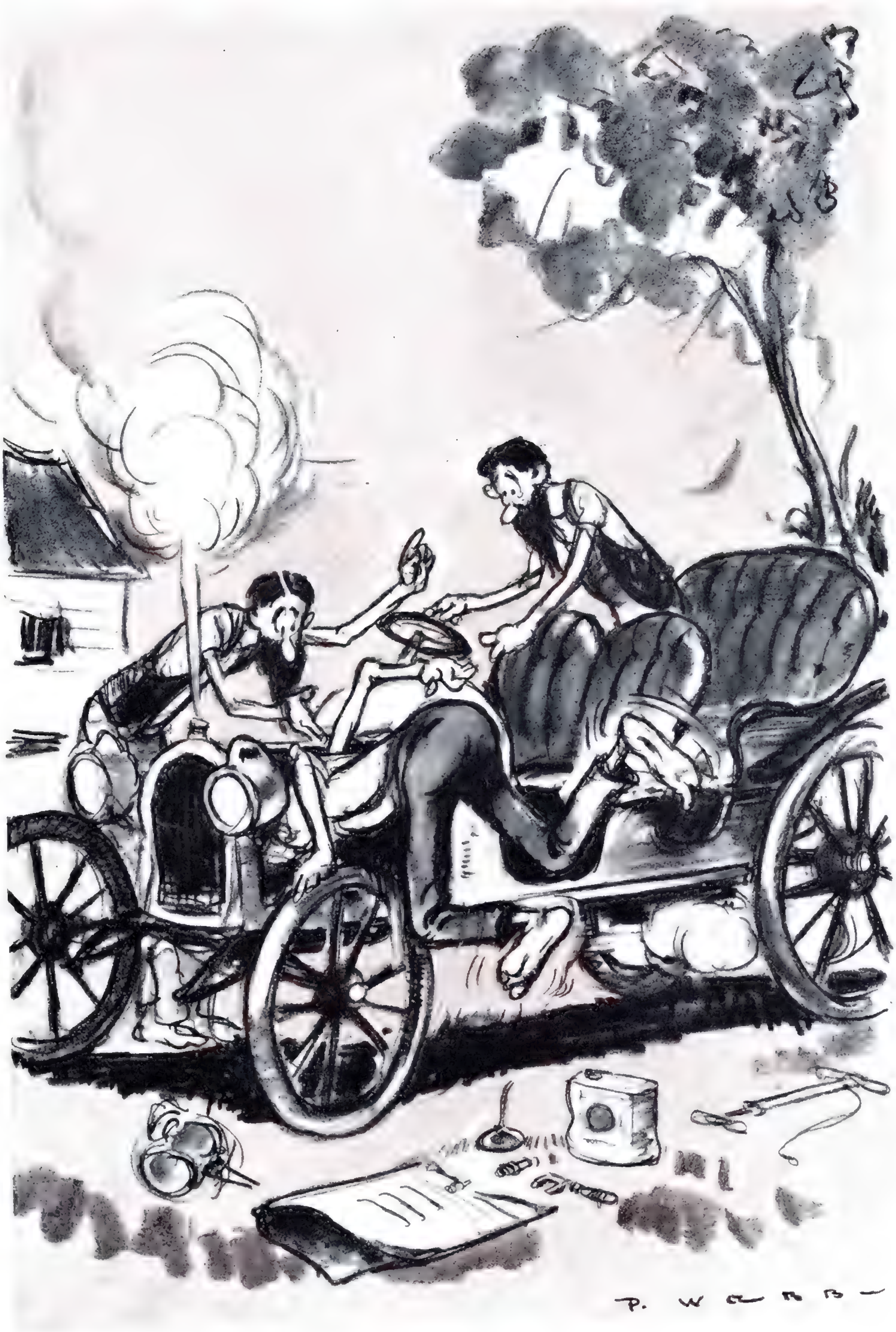


"Gawdamighty! Shut 'er off, Luke—the dang fool's got his whiskers ketched in the fan belt ag'in"

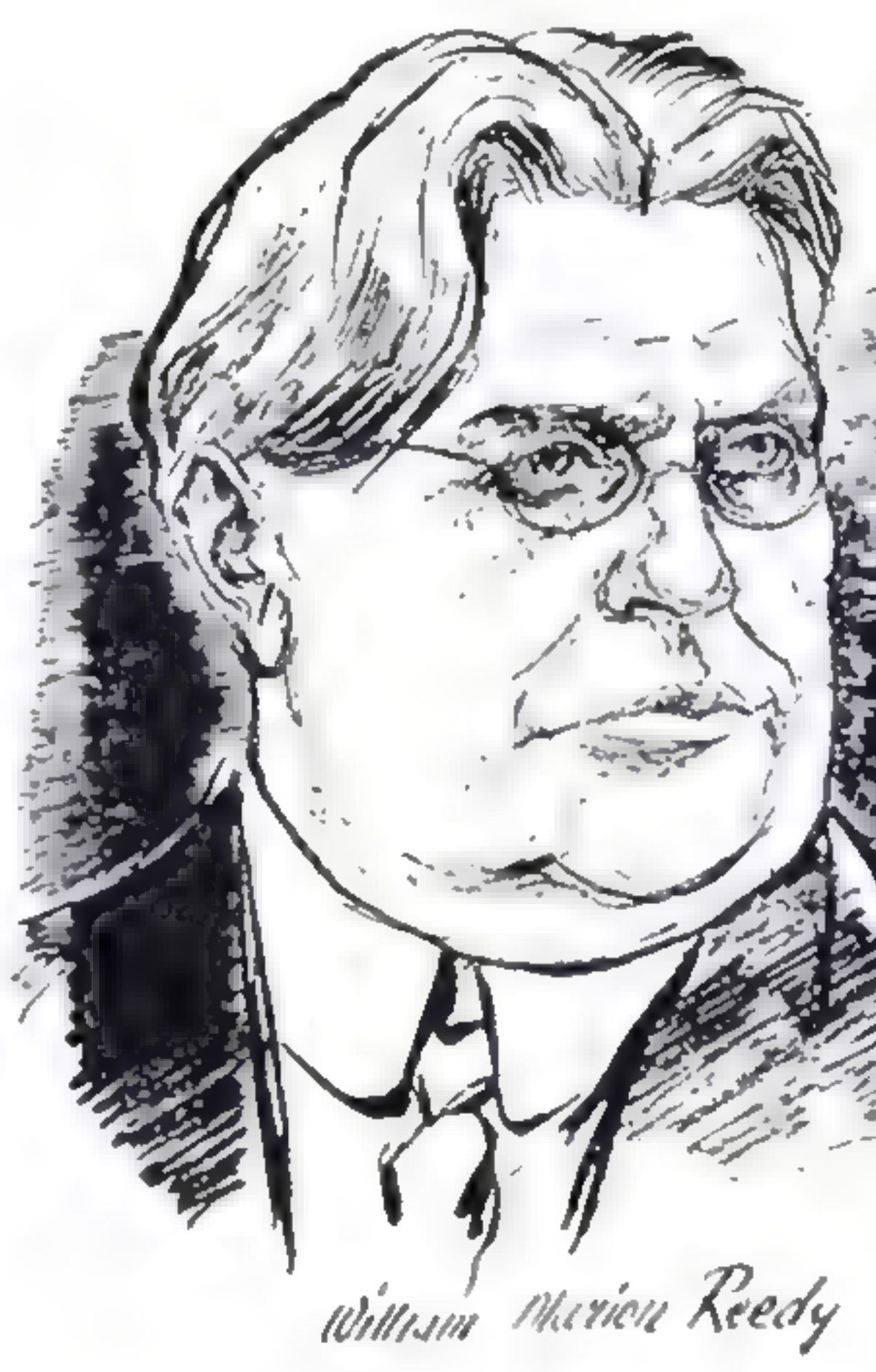
William Marion Reedy: Feaster

He lived life fully, showing the same zest for Plato and Homer as for beer and pickled pigs' feet

by EDGAR LEE MASTERS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

They come and go, these American characters, and unless they leave books which they have written Memory turns away from them. Reedy wrote no book, and could be persuaded to write none, but his memory stays, and on account of his picturesque life and his notable friends, his memory is likely to grow, to become something brighter in the American story. He was the chief citizen of St. Louis for many years, he was well known in Chicago, in New York, in Washington among politicians, literary people. He was a guest on occasion at the White House when Theodore Roosevelt was president who admired Reedy heartily and corresponded with him for years. All this though Reedy had a leaning toward Bryan—with many qualifications. And despite the fact that Reedy had a very worldly reputation in St. Louis. There he ran the *Mirror* for more than twenty years, lifting it up from a scandal sheet to an organ of opinion, all written by himself in paragraphs and articles that covered the politics, the books, the art, the economics, the stirring personalities of the times.



In St. Louis visiting celebrities like Drinkwater, Dunsany, Masefield, Powys, Dreiser sought him out. He didn't seek them, he was shy and likely to get bored. And he had some impatience with writers. He thought they gave too much attention to themselves. He wrote me one time that he preferred blacksmiths, cab drivers, policemen to poets. This was in comment on a recent call from a woman writer of Chicago, who had been drawn to him on account of the fame of the *Mirror*, and his own fame as a raconteur, an incorruptible judge of books—even poetry.

When he came to Chicago the town stirred with expectation. Everyone wanted to see him. He had to dodge dinner invitations. He hated dinners. He loved old-fashioned restaurants, places of good beer and hearty food. Generally when in Chicago he was there to make a speech at a dinner. He was one of the most fluent, witty, interesting after-dinner talkers.

In New York he fellowed with James Huneker, Michael Monyhan, Mitchell Kennerly, Elbert Hubbard. He walked down Broadway with Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine, the fine book publisher of his day; and at Lüchow's he sat with Huneker consuming Pilsener and pickled pigs' feet. His gustatory capacity was enormous, and his bibulous also. That was one side of the man. The other was a side as fine as Shelley, a comment that Zoe Akins made when Reedy died. He could be out half the night with John L. Sullivan, whom he liked greatly; then return to his room and read Plato or John Donne until he could get to sleep. Night after night he was about St. Louis until near morning. Then on the way home he might pick up a new book at a stall and go home to read it. On one of these occasions he found Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*. That made a single taxer of him, also it rescued the *Mirror* from the ranks of papers that levy tribute to the heights of those that stand for an ideal. Advertising grew hard to get after he changed, but he battled on courageously.

He was the son of a precinct police captain, and by good fortune had a Jesuit training where he learned Latin and Greek. He brought to his literary criticism a world of erudition, classical allusions and styles. He got out of Catholicism, but he retained the friendship of many learned priests, among them Father Wilbur, who to this day speaks tenderly of Reedy.

In his reminiscent moods he told me two stories about himself. One was about the time that he ran into John L. Sullivan at a bar in the early morning. Reedy had been out on one of his Rabelaisian bouts and dropping into a bar was saluted by a cistern voice at the far end with the words, "Good morning Billy." It was John L. Sullivan who wanted to go to a roadhouse and get a steak and "lick up some beer." So they picked up another crony, got a hack and set forth.

The proprietor was all smiles, all fulsome obeisance. The steak came and with it a huge plate of fried potatoes, and a pot of coffee. Sullivan took the carving knife and with vigorous strokes began to carve it. Then suddenly he paused, stared before him. Then he put his huge hands under the table. Then he tossed the table, steak, dishes and all to the ceiling, exclaiming "Fellows, this is Good Friday." That ended the meal. For years after this Sullivan told Reedy that the proprietor had chased him around the country with the bill, for Sullivan had left the restaurant incontinently after he had wrecked the dishes and scattered the tablecloth.

Another story was the time that Reedy with some others had gone to the cemetery to bury a woman who had died during a carnival that they were celebrating. All were in drink. Reedy while gazing into the grave fell in. The burial could not proceed until they had procured a derrick and drawn Reedy's more than two hundred pounds out of it.

This is the man who could write me concerning the era of *The Genius* that "it is sex o' clock," who could say that "everything is for the good, even in the worst of all possible worlds," who could lament that the "pathos of distance is the pathos of glamor," who could adjudge that "man born of woman—or married to her—is of few days and full of trouble—full, heaped up, pressed down and running over," and who could characterize a bore of the times as a barrel without hoops or staves. He could see no art future for the movie, was his comment in referring to the ecstatic reflections of Vachel Lindsay, whom he admired greatly without subscribing to Lindsay's peculiar theories.

He was in England the first year of the War, and wrote me many letters. His Irish blood did not prevent him from siding with England. In his judicial way of balancing this and that he thought it was best all in all for England to win the War. But those days began to make him weary, yet he had to work. "I wish I were kept," was one of his remarks in a letter. "It's hell, this writing life, and you can't make anything else out of it." After years of reading at all hours of the day and night his eyes became bad. He had read more than anyone I have ever known, and by that fact he could judge a new book for what it was in itself and tell to what it related and where it was to be placed. I think that he was the soundest judge of literature in the whole country during his lifetime.

With the War many troubles piled up on him. By that time he had ceased more or less to make the rounds at night with visitors to St. Louis; but prohibition offended him bitterly. Sleeplessness began to trouble him. I received a wonderful letter from him written at three-thirty in the morning. In this he said that the furnace was out, that there was not a drink in the house, and he couldn't sleep. Sometimes when a man begins to die sleeplessness makes ready for the long sleep. He didn't like President Wilson, just as thousands could not warm to that man, and as many saw what he was before he showed what he was. He called him the "cold politician" of the White House, adopting the characterization of Theodore Roosevelt who was writing Reedy pretty regularly in those days. Reedy loved America, the America that suddenly vanished with the War. He lamented "the jam we're in, and the way Americanism has gone to hell." He also

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Our Fleet Meets the Enemy

By a series of precise maneuvers each battleship, plane, carrier, destroyer and submarine makes ready for combat

by COMMANDER R. R. SMITH

•ARTICLE•

The United States is at war.

The fleet is steaming in cruising formation, speed ten. It covers an area of one hundred and fifty square miles. The submarines are in the advanced line separated from each other by two miles and spread over a wide front. They lie low in the water, invisible to the enemy. At sunrise and sunset they submerge to an awash condition to lessen their visible silhouette against the horizon. Five miles astern of them are the cruisers widely extended on the arc of a circle. The destroyers form the inner circle. In exact and close formation, the battleships and aircraft carriers are in the well-protected center.

It has been seventeen days since the United States Fleet left home ports. The minesweepers swept the channel during midnight and the fleet stood silently out to sea at the first break of dawn.

Three days later war was declared.

With the notification of hostilities, the Commander in Chief received his brief instructions: "Seek out and destroy the enemy fleet."

The latest contact reports are from two of the scouting planes and from a submarine on distant patrol. They check closely. Scattered reports have been coming in for the past two days from detached cruisers running a search from ahead. The contacts have been made at widely separated points which indicates little except that no enemy groups have been sighted.

The fleet is steaming without a trace of smoke. Except for the main body, the ships are so widely separated that they see only the ships adjacent to them on the scouting line. There are no signals. But occasionally a small change of course is flashed from ship to ship by low-powered searchlights until it has reached the ships on the outer circle. There is a deep radio silence. A tense inactivity pervades the fleet.

At four in the afternoon several spotting planes are catapulted from the battleships to search the area a hundred miles ahead, the night area through which the fleet will pass. At six they are back. The fleet stops until they are hoisted aboard and then the ten knot speed is resumed. Throughout the night not a light shows. A patterned zigzag course is steered in case enemy submarines may have escaped the listening gear of the ships in the scouting lines and penetrated to the main body. Dawn breaks, lookouts are doubled, five-inch batteries are manned. This is a bad moment, the moment a trailing submarine strikes. Just enough light to catch the silhouette of its victim and just enough darkness in which to submerge and escape.

Now the contact reports come more frequently. Some are duplications confirming previous reports. They are plotted and studied but tell nothing except that the enemy is somewhere within five hundred miles. Nothing from the Navy Department over the Arlington and Balboa broadcasts except that the enemy has left home ports and is at sea.

An enemy cruiser is reported steaming to the eastward. The report of a second and third cruiser comes in from the same scouting plane. The wide separation of the cruisers indicates the wing of a scouting line. Nothing more comes in from the plane.

An hour has passed since the cruiser contact. Then a westernmost submarine on patrol station reports sighting the enemy main body. His cryptic contact report when decoded reads, "Sighted enemy main body BBs CHs CAs estimated course 140 speed 11 dist 8 bearing 330." Battleships, heavy cruisers, aircraft carriers. There is no doubt that the main body has been contacted.

There is still need for radio silence, but it must be broken to get out the C-in-C's order for the approach disposition. The flagship sends out the message on low power. The ships that miss it will have it by signal searchlight from the nearest ship. That is routine. "Take approach formation z axis E-W course 190 speed 15. Execute."

Subordinate flag commanders send out orders for the concentration of their separated forces. From ahead, the cruisers and destroyers come about sharply and charge back towards the main body at increased speeds. Seemingly crazy destroyers cut across the bows of the oncoming cruisers as they scurry to form up on their division flagboats. Allowing for the course and speed of the main body, each ship makes for its new position by the most direct course. The heavy ships pay no attention to the destroyers which dart amongst them at twice their speeds. The destroyers are flexible and fast and can take care of themselves. What is apparently the wildest disorder is, in fact, a series of the most precise maneuvers on the part of the individual ships. Some of the cruisers push on ahead at twenty-five knots to search the area ahead and keep the Commander-in-Chief advised.

The submarines make for the flanks, but the oncoming ships of the main body press them too hard. Caught by the advancing battleships, the submarines turn directly towards them, surface their hulls to expose their identity and pass between them on opposite courses.

The battleships have stepped the speed up to nineteen knots, with two knots in reserve for position keeping. They need the reserve speed to keep the formation from getting ragged. The separated divisions are moving into a battle approach formation in which they will advance ready to deploy into a long fighting column with only a swing of the rudder. The bow waves are building up with the increased speed, and the stern wakes are piling up higher for the following ships to plough through.

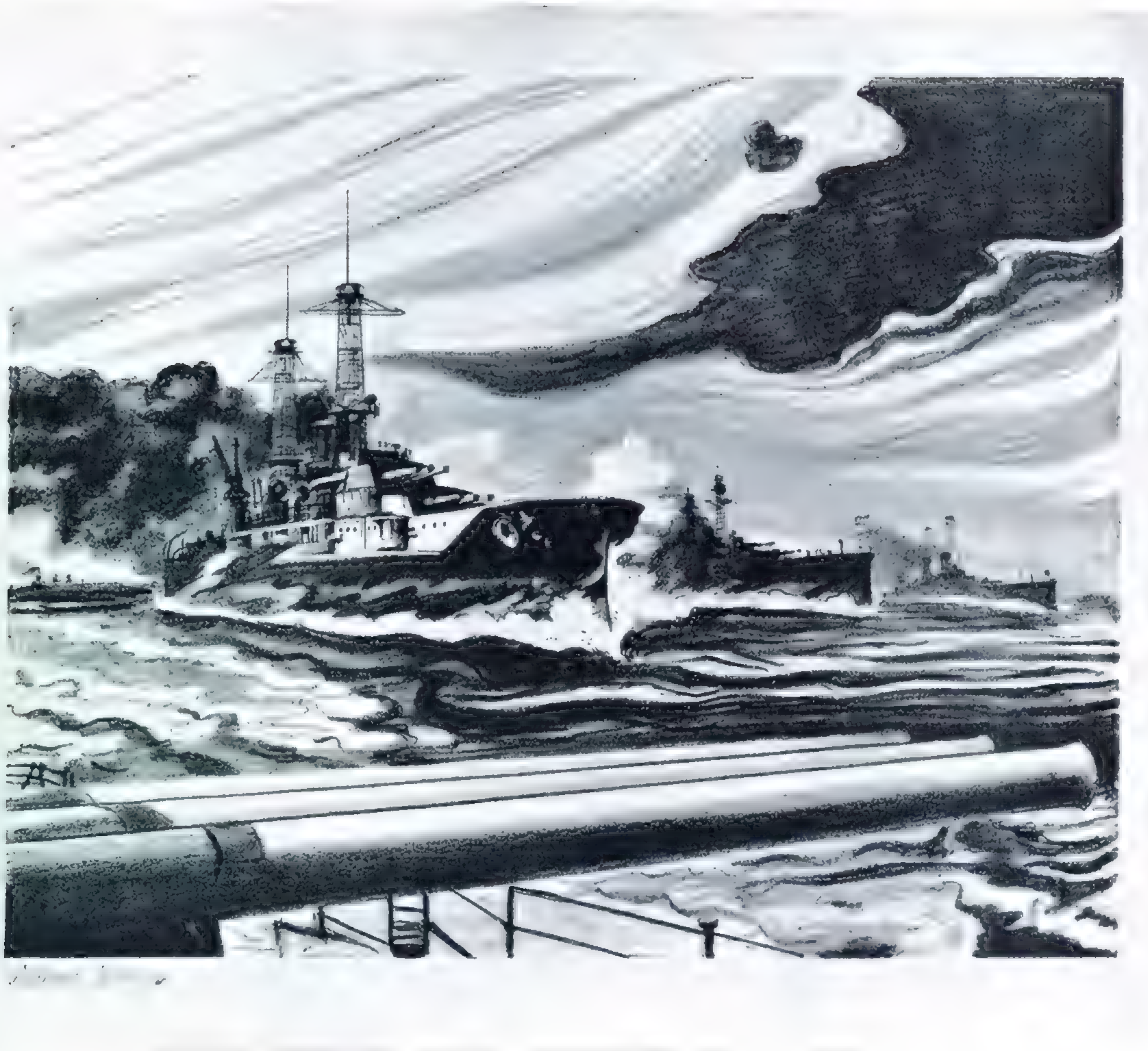
On the approach, everything ahead of the battleships is clear. An occasional destroyer tears across the battle line and cuts back between the advancing ships. The formation on the approach spreads across twenty miles of ocean from flank to flank. Light cruiser divisions protect each end of the battle line and close on their heels are the destroyer flotillas, ominous and deadly, ready to attack and sting like a swarm of angry wasps.

Miles behind the battleships, the carriers moon crazily about with no apparent sense of direction or formation. Closely guarded by cruisers and destroyers they hunt up wind to find the most favorable angle from which to launch the planes which cover their landing decks. The carriers change course without warning or signal. The others maneuver quickly to keep out of their way. Under their sterns destroyers stand ready to pick up the crews of any planes which might crash at the take-off. With a short run on deck the first plane is off. Momentarily it drops below the deck level close to the sea, then it is off and up in a burst of speed. The others follow in succession with but a few seconds elapsing between take-offs. High in the sky they circle about. Soon they form up on the squadron commander's plane. The small groups continue to circle until the decks are cleared of planes and the flying formations completed. With a dip of the leader's wings they straighten out on their course, point towards the battle line and disappear from sight.

Amplifying contact reports are coming in. The enemy main body plots forty miles away well to the westward of south. They have made a small course change to 130 and have stepped up their speed to fifteen knots. We have their ship count now. Fifteen battleships, one less than we have, but they have seven carriers to our five. Their cruisers and destroyers are too scattered to give any idea of their number, but we know we have them bettered in cruiser strength. Submarines are a guess and a terrible worry.

The Commander-in-Chief has asked for the heavy bombers from the shore stations, and they will be in the air in fifteen minutes. They can do five hundred miles in less than three hours, but what value they will be in the engagement remains to be seen. If they get in the action, it will be the first time in naval history. They may not be worth a damn. They might turn the whole action in our favor. Who knows?

One of our light cruisers, CL 52, has en-



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

gaged an enemy cruiser and driven her back. Both were snooping. Information is the important thing right now. There will be many more cruiser actions, short snappy affairs with both sides running away as soon as they have got what information they can. They avoid action but will engage the enemy if he attempts to pass the scouts. The big ships will do the heavy fighting later. Faint sounds of distant gunfire come in. On the horizon an occasional gunflash is seen.

The day is clear and bright, with a light haze lying close to the water. The wind is from NNW, force 2 and occasionally shifting. The time is 1000, and the sun bears about 120 degrees. The enemy main body is still between 25 and 30 miles distant.

The cruiser planes are in the air and disappearing ahead. They are scouting singly. If they encounter single enemy planes on the same mission they will try to shoot them down if the enemy doesn't get them first. Many a thrilling cat and dog fight in the air will never be told. Right now it is important that the C-in-C know the enemy course and speed every few minutes. He cannot be caught in a situation that will lick him before he opens the engagement, such a situation as finding the enemy column steaming across his course like the top of a letter T firing broadsides on ships whose guns cannot bear on the enemy. The axis of a battle line cannot be swung in less than a half-hour and then it will be too late. The enemy will hang onto the head or tail of the line to nullify the maneuver if it is attempted.

The fleet axis is being swung twenty degrees to the left. The left flank slows down; the right flank speeds up. The formation is too widespread for anyone to see in its entirety. It is a chart maneuver. In the next war the Commander-in-Chief will be in a two-hundred-ton flag plane with all the communication facilities that he now has on his battleship. But now he must rely on his maneuvering charts.

Eight miles from the firing course now. The signal is up to launch the spotting planes from the battleships. They have been held back until now because of their limited fuel supply. But they must be got clear of the ship before the turret guns open up. One blast from a sixteen-inch gun would shatter them to wreckage. The catapults are swung over the port side, and the propellers spun up to maximum speed. The planes are fired from the catapults and are clear of the ship. With only a few seconds in which to clear the water and gather together his shocked mental faculties, a pilot has her pointed aloft. Attaining altitude, the speed is cut. Safely in the air, each ship's spotting planes hover over the ship, make radio contact with the plotting room and wait.

Now with the planes clear, the crew is ordered to battle stations. The alarm gongs ring shrilly throughout the ship, and the bugles sound to general quarters. Lines of fire hose are led out on deck and left to run in the scuppers. Men disappear from the decks. In the tops the officer spotters fit their telephone head sets and contact the plotting room. They adjust their powerful binoculars to the horizon. Gyroscopic bearing indicators are tested. Rangefinders on turret tops are manned. The operators wipe the lenses clear and plug in their telephones. In the lower top is the director or master firing station, a vastly complicated electrical transmitting mechanism. It checks in with all the turrets. The gun pointers in the turrets will never see the enemy. They will fire by matching arrows on constantly moving dials, and even then the guns will discharge only if the director operator closes his key. The officer at the director telescope alone will fire at the enemy heavy ships.

The bridges are being cleared of personnel. The Captain, the Navigator, and the Gunnery Officer get into the conning tower behind ten inches of nickel steel armor. With them go the steersman, the engine telegraph operators, and the communication aides. Inside the conning tower every instrument and device on the bridge is duplicated, and in addition the gunfire tell-tale instruments for the gunnery officer's use. Alone, the Captain is without a telephone on his head. If the telephones go out, there are always the voice tubes.

The gun crews crawl through the trap holes of the overhanging turrets and after a quick check of the crew close the heavily armored doors behind them. Revolving slowly, the turrets point the muzzles of the big guns over the side. The guns are raised and lowered to test the elevating mechanisms. Shell and powder hoists are tried out. Last-minute tests of bells, buzzers and telephones are made. Firing order indicators from the turret officer's cubicle to the guns are checked. Gun

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This Will Go Down in History

All hands think the Old Man's a little blotto as we know there is no land west of the Canaries

by LOUIS PAUL

▪ SATIRE ▪

June 12, 1492. I got an idea there's something screwy going on here. I ships out on this crate going from Naples to Palos, and we gets into port early in the morning. It's been a kind of a tough trip. So I don't remember just exactly what happens, but this judge claimed I busted a Chianti bottle over the bean of the bartender. It was all news to me. Why should I want to sock a bartender with a bottle of Chianti? Be that as it may, they shoved me in the cooler. The judge, he says, "Maldini, you're a disgrace to your country. You wops come over here to Spain and think you can get away with anything you like. Well, it'll be a long time before you conk another respectable citizen. Take him away to the dungeon and keep him there from now on." Later I finds out this bartender is this judge's nephew. Talk about a bum break!

Then one day the keeper of this dungeon comes down and he opens up my cell and he says, "Hey, Wop—you got experience sailing ships?" So I says, "Man oh man! Have I got experience sailing ships! Listen. One time I'm sailing this " "That's all I want to know," he says. "Put your pants on. You're going places and see things." So I put my pants on. I figures somebody must have got wise to themselves. Somebody must of checked up and found out I had been framed, and they are letting me go and join my ship. This keeper of the dungeon hurries me up. "Come on, Wop. Make it snappy. We ain't got all day."

S.S. STATEN ISLAND

So he takes me down to the docks in Palos and pretty soon we stops in front of three ships laying there. And then I seen he was going to go aboard one of them, a tub by the name of the *Santa Maria*. We climbs up the gangway and we goes aft. The captain of this ship is sitting at his desk smoking one of these crooked wop cigars and studying a map. The dungeon keeper shakes hands with the captain. "Hello, Chris," he says. "How they going?" "Lousy," the captain says. "I'm telling you, I never seen business conditions so rotten. We had a depression back in 1475, but nothing to compare to this. The Queen had to hock all her ice to get dough to outfit these three sea-buggies. And now I'm having a devil of a time getting crews for them. The trouble is with these conservatives who oppose any progressive measure the administration puts forward, like opening up this new trade route to India. Well, as soon as we get what passes for a crew we'll be off for the races."

"That reminds me what I come up here for," says the dungeon keeper. "This is Joe Maldini, a countryman of yours. He got in some trouble with a nephew of Judge Borracho, and the old boy handed him the book. Maldini, this is Captain Colon." So I gives him the sailors' salute, and he sees right away I'm a seaman. This captain sort of sighs. "Another jailbird. Well, maybe he knows the ropes. Thanks anyway, Andrés. You can go forrard, Maldini, and find yourself a bunk, and we'll get you fixed up with some duffle later."

So I goes up forrard, figuring boy am I getting a lucky break beating the rap out of that *juzgado*. When they see me this crew nods their heads in my direction and starts making a lot of funny cracks, like, "Here comes Charlie," and "What ho! another victim," and, "Don't worry, kid—we're all in the same boat." I don't know what they're driving at, and I'm tired anyway, I haven't slept in a good bunk for a long time. So I don't pay any attention to these wackies. I curls up and takes a few winks of shuteye for myself. Later I comes to and I'm all alone. The watch must of went above. So I thinks I'll start and keep a diary, I got an idea there's something screwy going on here.

July 5, 1492. Something plenty screwy is going on, and I don't mean perhaps. Day after day we've been stowing groceries and supplies on this tub, and likewise on those two smaller ships, the *Pinta* and the *Niña*. I been around boats ever since I used to go out fishing as a kid with my Uncle Buffone in the Bay of Naples, but I never see no hulls take on supplies like the Old Man is been shoving aboard these caravels. Wherever our destination is supposed to be, I'd like to lay a little bet that there just ain't no such place. There's a lot of small talk going on amongst the crew, but they're mostly Spanish and I don't get half the stuff they are saying because their lingo sounds as if they had marbles in their mouths. I kind of wish I was back there in that nice safe dungeon.

July 30, 1492. Well, the cat's out of the bag. A little while ago Captain Colon, the admiral of this expedition, calls all the crews of the three ships together and gives us a little pep talk. I'll try to repeat his words as close as I can remember them. "Good men and true," he says. "The time is arrived when it becomes my duty to apprise you of the nature of the adventure upon which we're soon to set forth. Myself, I think this voyage will go down in history. Some of you are undoubtedly familiar with my theories concerning navigation, and my efforts for many years in behalf of locating a new trade route to India. Well, in a day or so we're putting out to sea. According to my calculations we should make landfall in three weeks, or at the outside a month. So everybody get together and co-operate, and the first guy that lets up a squawk I will personally bust open his skull with a marlinspike. That's all." Somebody hollers, "Three cheers for Admiral Colon!" We all lets out three cheers, but they wasn't so very enthusiastic. They sounded more like somebody with a mild case of asthma.

August 3, 1492. Weighed anchors this morning just before sunrise, reached the Bar of Saltes at eight o'clock. I took my watch at the helm, steering directions S., afterwards S.W., then S. by W., which, if I know my stuff (and I know my stuff, don't worry) is the direction of the Canary Islands. Me, I don't hobnob much with this crew we got on the captain's flagship, the *Santa Maria*. For one thing, they're foreigners. For another thing, they're Spaniards, and, as everybody knows, all Spaniards are a bunch of treacherous sneaks. These Spics, when they're off watch, gather around in little groups and talk and talk like a Wednesday afternoon bridge club. Well, one consolation. The Old Man's a good honest Italian, and that's something. Everybody thinks he's a little blotto in the upper story, as we all know there's no land west of the Canaries. For myself, it's my hunch that this Colon is not exactly the dope he pretends to be. He'll probably cruise around for a month or so and then go back

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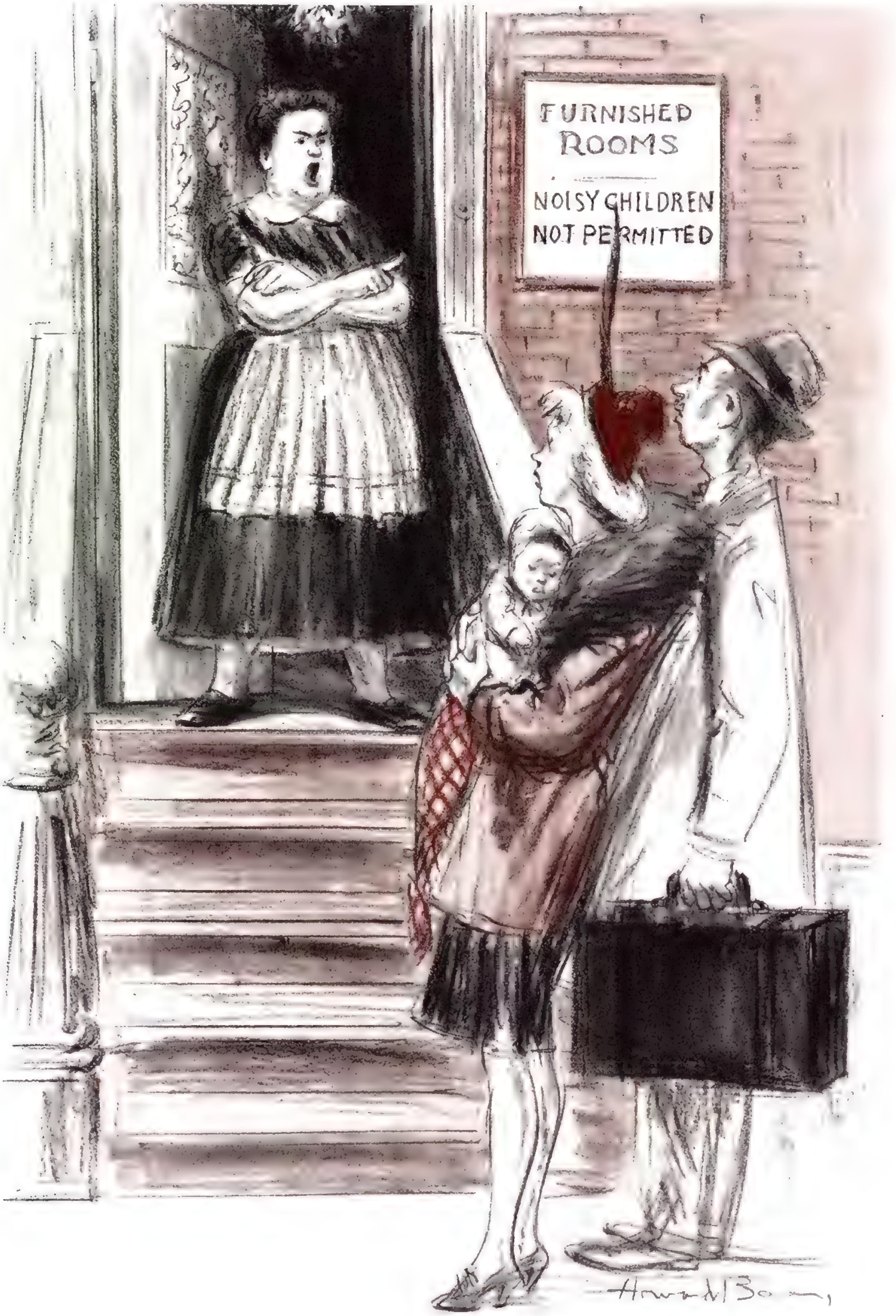

FURNISHED
ROOMS
NOISY CHILDREN
NOT PERMITTED
Howard Baer

"If that's a baby I'll have to give it an audition first!"

Judgment of Orestes

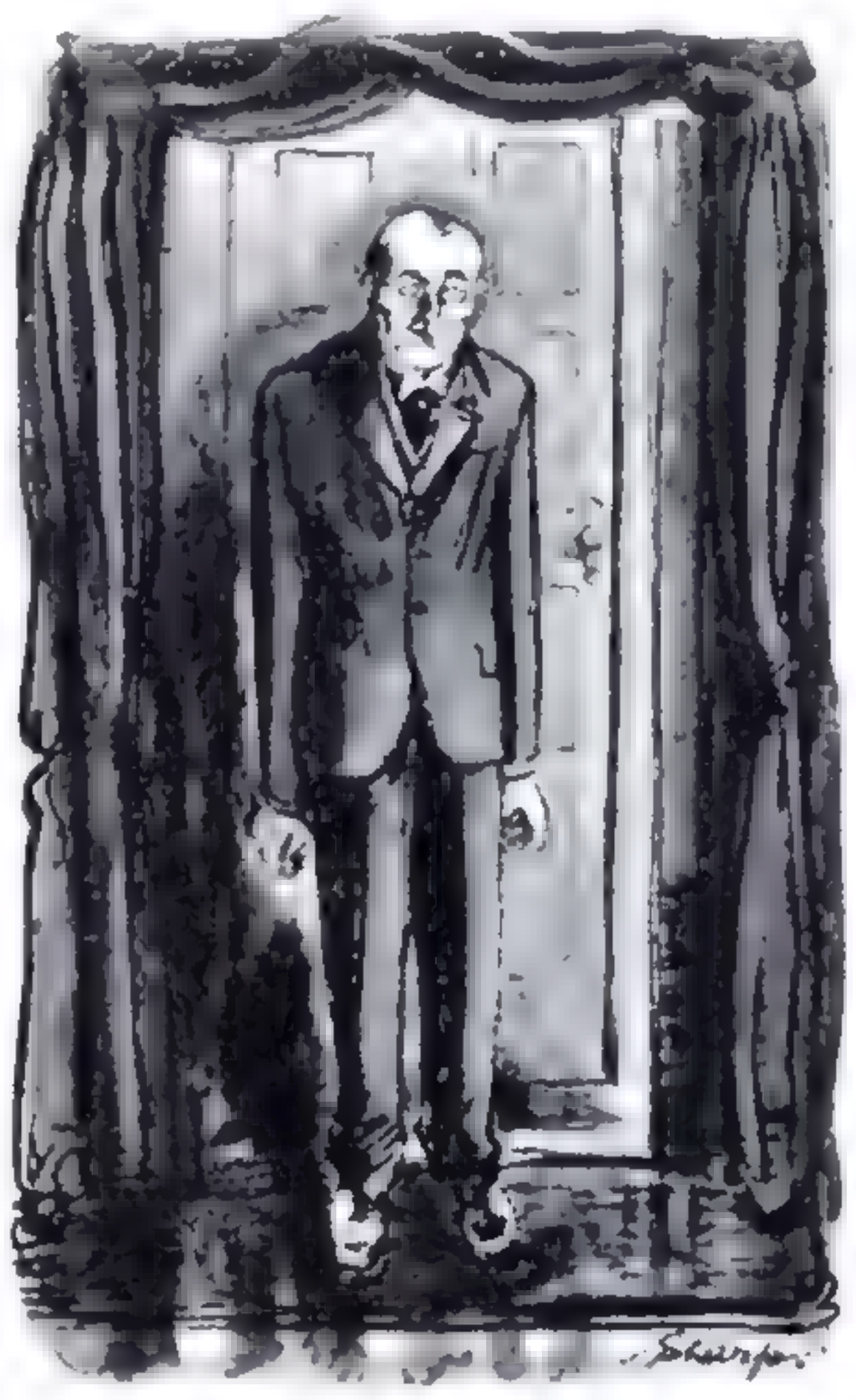
The old gentleman threatened she'd be judged like Clytemnestra but he did not know the temper of her son

by FELIX SALTEN

• FICTION •

On that day many important and decisive events took place.

At first everything was as usual. Frau Albertine had breakfasted with her son, and now, as always, sat with him in the dining room at the white-covered table, and life was full of calm and contentment. True, a tiny tremor of excitement quivered in the calm, but that was only as if the shining, polished glasses or the delicate porcelain cups that stood on the table had touched each other and gave forth a pretty little sound that frightened no one.



Frau Albertine stroked her son's hand. "Dear Francis," she said, "you are still so young, you can wait."

Francis inclined his head politely. "It is not very encouraging for me, Mother, to have you say exactly what everybody says." He spoke in an extraordinarily elegant voice in which was no suggestion of anything unrevealed, no weakness, no human nakedness. That voice was, as it were, faultlessly dressed, just as elegantly and carefully and impeccably as Francis himself. Every word was groomed and combed, and wore a stylish little coat and patent leather shoes.

Francis remained silent for a few moments, then added politely: ". . . Besides, it is banal for you simply to repeat what others say. And of course it isn't true."

Frau Albertine was aware only of the ambition that stirred in her son. She loved his ambitiousness, and she smiled. Her smile was girlish and delicate, and in her whole appearance there still lay an air of youth, of love, of luxurious, pampered charm. The splendor of many passionate hours still shone out of her great brown eyes, and her soft form still seemed to retain the impress of many embraces.

Francis offered his mother a cigarette and then took one himself. They smoked silently for a while. Then Francis said: "It's just because I am still young that I put such emphasis on the matter. To be named an attaché now—that would be a real success . . . a feather in my cap . . . a triumph over obstacles! Later on it would happen anyway, without any effort on my part. Naturally that has no attraction for me. But now—just now . . ."

Frau Albertine didn't bother to answer. She merely shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

Francis waited and since she did not speak he continued: "If I had some passion—a girl or something of that sort, then you would hardly tell me that I am too young and can afford to wait. Then you would understand, everybody would understand. But because I want to get ahead, because I concern myself with serious matters, everybody says, 'You're still young.' . . . Nonsense!" He spoke the word with utter politeness.

Frau Albertine felt that an answer was required, but nothing to say occurred to her. "Well, Francis . . . it's a difficult matter," she observed, and sighed lightly.

"If one were of the nobility," Francis continued, "a count or a prince . . . or if one had connections, influential friends . . ."

Frau Albertine perceived that Francis was leading up to something definite, and she listened nervously. Francis looked at her. "Tell me, Mother—you know—didn't we at one time associate with Count Lehnbach? . . . Wasn't he a good friend of ours? . . . But of course, I remember distinctly. . . . Well, Lehnbach is at the top now. One word from him would be sufficient— a single word."

"Dear child," said Frau Albertine, and a faint blush suffused her and her heart began to beat violently, "dear child—it's impossible." She was so accustomed to control her emotions, so completely mistress of an air of ease, that she could speak with perfect calmness even now. "We no longer have contact with Count Lehnbach—it's years since then. It's quite impossible to approach him now with such a request."

Francis glanced at the clock and rose. He kissed his mother's hand and bade her goodbye. "In any case, it is inexcusable of you to have neglected keeping up the association with him." Then he kissed his mother's forehead. At the door he turned once more and bowed politely.

Frau Albertine remained seated at the table. She smoked another cigarette and thought of her son. She admired his ambitiousness, his resolution, his candid way of speaking. She was utterly content.

There was a knock at the door, and a little old gentleman entered, slowly, almost solemnly. At sight of him Albertine gave a scream of terror.

"George!"

The little old gentleman approached her slowly. His bearing was threatening and a little theatrical, but his beardless face was white as a ghost's. He was in such a state of violent excitement that his breath was audible. For a long time he stood silently before Albertine—many seconds. And she sat there like one paralyzed. Then with an attempt to pull herself together she timidly, tremblingly stretched out her hand and said with false welcome in her quaking voice: "Why George . . . since when . . . Where do you come from . . . No . . . this . . ."

The old gentleman paid no attention to her. He waited a while longer, and Albertine made no further attempt to address him. Now that he spoke there was a ring of iron in his words.

"You know why I am here. At that time I swore to you that I would do this. I am keeping my oath, the oath I gave not to you but to my poor brother, your husband, whom you murdered."

"I!" shrieked Albertine, and she buried the word in a sob. "I!"

The old gentleman stood motionless before her, his arms held close to his slender body, like a soldier, and only his eyes bored into her face, like a thrust against which there is no defense. "You didn't murder him with your hand," he said, "but your betrayal, your deceit killed him. Do you find that there is a difference?" He asked the question without mockery, calmly and in a matter-of-fact tone. "My dear Albertine, remember what I swore on that occasion. Do you remember?"

Albertine wept into her handkerchief and said not a word.

The old gentleman continued in his iron voice: "I told you that your son would punish you, would demand retribution . . . Like Clytemnestra you will be judged by your son. I told you that then . . . Don't you remember?"

Albertine withdrew her handkerchief from

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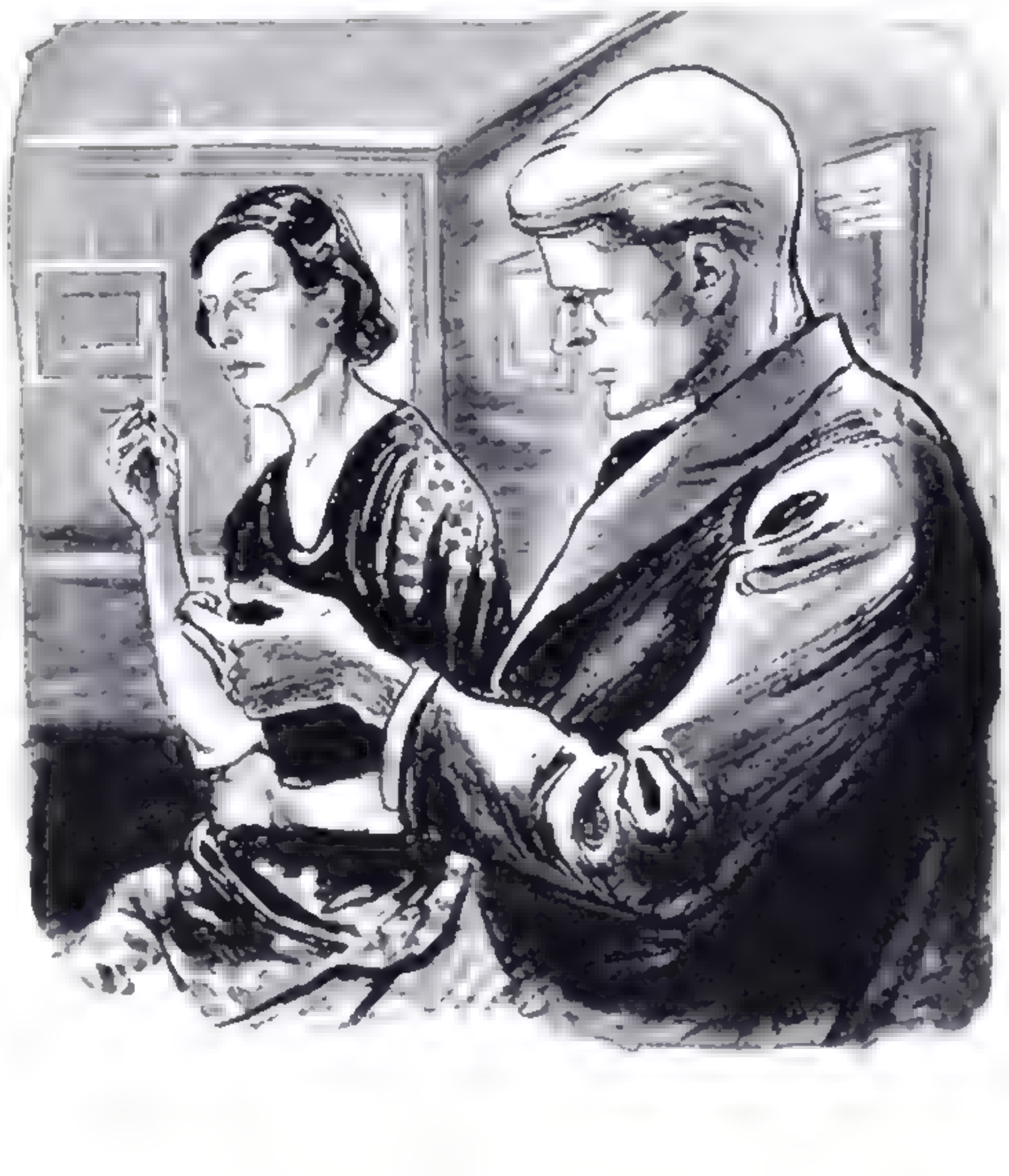
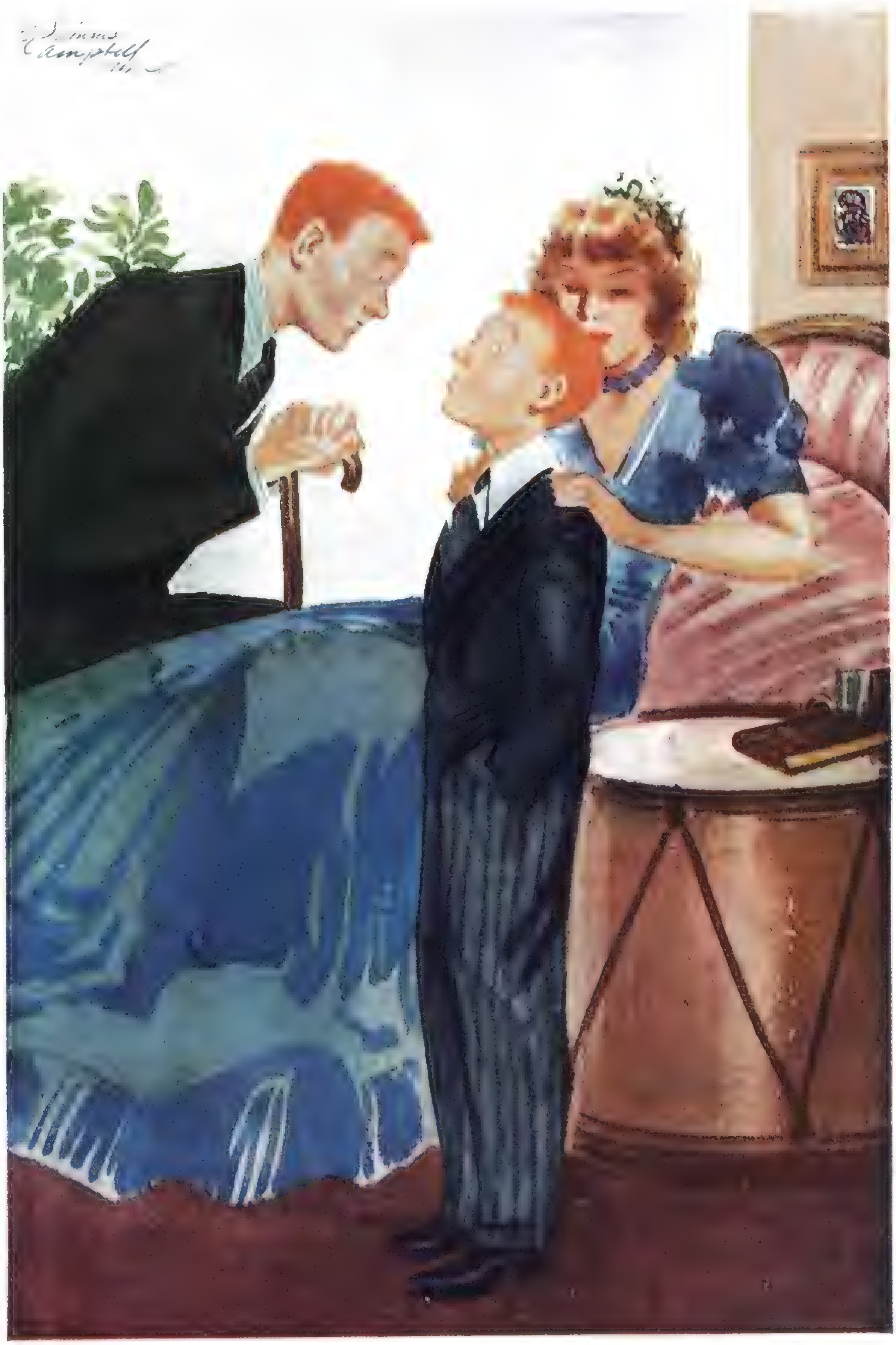



Simms Campbell

"I want you to know Baron de Groat, son—he's an old, old friend of mother's"

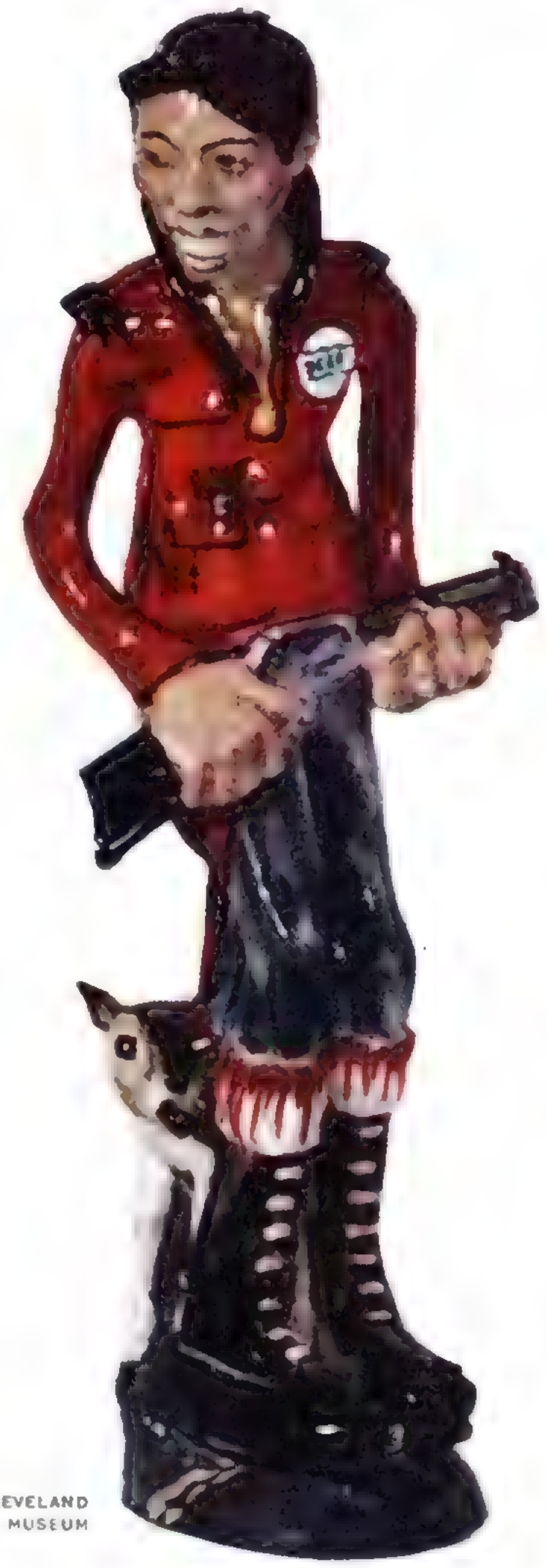
Aitken: Playboy Ceramist

While his social graces don't hurt him among people who buy ceramic ware, his art first paved the way

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Russell Barnett Aitken was expected to die at the age of nine. The lugubrious way in which the doctors shook their heads almost dismissed the possibility of an alternative. Almost, but not entirely. It was spinal meningitis. All that could be done was done. Fortunately his people had means and did not have to go into pawn or accept second-rate devices to save him. To begin with, they moved out of the city of Cleveland proper, in which he had been born, and into the suburbs, into a house built upon the shore of Lake Erie. (It's bad for the ducks now because every time a flock comes into view through the studio window opening on the lake, Russ Aitken puts down his highball glass, picks up a rifle and casually wings one. But this is anticipating.) Medicine continued to do its best. When the danger point had been passed, a tutor was engaged to take Russ over the ground he had missed at school. Later he showed a dangerous tendency to achieve height without compensating weight but this crisis was met with a diet of vegetables, which filled him out all right, but now he hates the sight of vegetables, raw or cooked. But all's well that ends well. What was once a case of spinal meningitis is now satisfactorily tall, dark and handsome, which means that he is more than six feet in height, close to two hundred pounds, broad of shoulder—an effect emphasized by an excellent tailor—powerful in physique, resilient in nerves and strong in feature, with a stamina that supports hard and sustained work quite as easily as it does hard and sustained play.



CLEVELAND MUSEUM

SELF PORTRAIT

In his skills and prowesses, he is a composite of the outdoor American, the sports lover, the type for whom the stables and the gun room are more nearly the centers of existence than either the art gallery or the library. He learned to shoot at six or seven, he learned to ride at eight or nine. He is equally skillful with revolver or rifle. As a kid he trapped and skinned animals and as a youth fished and hunted through the lakes and rivers of Ontario, one of whose tribes, the Ojibways, made him an honorary member and gave him the name of Lackwinni Mangoon, or Lone Wolf. He rode with the Hungarian cowboys and plays polo at White Sulphur Springs. He golfs, as a matter of course. He is an expert saber duelist and went through a mansur with only a slightly cut lip. He has hunted with the bow and arrow. He shoots skeet, a highfalutin form of trap-shooting. No bird nor beast is safe when he's around. He used to drive a plane across Europe and the United States and drives a car (but no longer like a fiend) that was built after his own copyrighted design. Long before the world knew who he was, Hannes Schneider taught Russ Aitken how to ski and the student skied across every peak in Austria. He is almost as much at home in water as on land and mountain height. He swims, canoes and kayaks and when he was only slightly younger shot Canadian rapids. He plays tournament tennis. He is an inveterate and skillful photographer and has written (and published) reams on the outdoor life and the little creatures of the woods and streams—after he had trapped and skinned them.

There is a world in which such accomplishments as Aitken's are not the too extraordinary accompaniments of a life of more or less gilded idling, part of which consists in the practice of such social graces as week-ending in Connecticut or Long Island, bridge playing, drinking, dancing, wearing good clothes well, seeing and being seen by the right people, being occasionally caught by a candid camera in uncommon company, receiving and being received, dabbling a little in art or music appreciation, attending a carriage trade Broadway opening, and so forth and so on. On superficial acquaintance Russell Barnett Aitken seems to act out the role of the pampered son of an indulgent father, the gilded heir of a more than sufficient patrimony whose way of life has the virtue at least of indicating to the less fortunate how money may be spent to lubricate and enhance the processes of daily and Sunday living. Superficially, at least, Russ Aitken seems to be the projection of the composite beau ideal of *Spur*, *The New Yorker*, *Esquire* and *Field and Stream*, with a dash of a certain newspaper columnist's conception of café society. But if this were all that Russ Aitken represented this sketch would not be written.

We stumbled over the unlikely Russ Aitken not because of his prowess with rod and gun, not because he has a figure which is the answer to the tailor's prayer, not because of his position in Cleveland, or café society, but because he is one of America's most notable, successful and individual ceramic sculptors. The story of his career breaks the mold. There is nothing in this tale about a poverty-stricken beginning or a dubious middle looking toward a neglected end. He is that singular anomaly in America today, the artist for whose work the demand exceeds the supply. Perhaps the supply is controlled, but ceramic sculpture is one field in which the urge to express yourself is under the rigid control of exacting processes which convert the picnic of self-expression into the hard, vigilant and protracted labor at the kiln. At any event, of the eight baked and glazed sculptures reproduced in connection with this article, seven had to be borrowed from museums and private collectors.

There has been no time when Russ Aitken's work has not been wanted, no period during which people had to be taught to "see" his wares. Almost from the first, even when he was showing his student work and had not yet perfected his processes, people wanted his ceramic sculptures. The list of his patrons is impressive. His public may be small, but it is constant, loyal and powerful, recruited principally from those who set fashions that others follow. The irony in the situation lies in the fact that being in less urgent need of funds than other artists and therefore less anxious to sell, or able to appear less anxious to sell, he was able to put higher prices on his tags and, receiving them, was emboldened to raise the ante, his patrons meeting him at every turn. His social graces, his aplomb, his skill at games and sports, his ability to get around—these qualities have hardly diminished his appeal among the people who commission and purchase ceramic ware, but it was his art which led to his social connections, not the other way around. Aside from the

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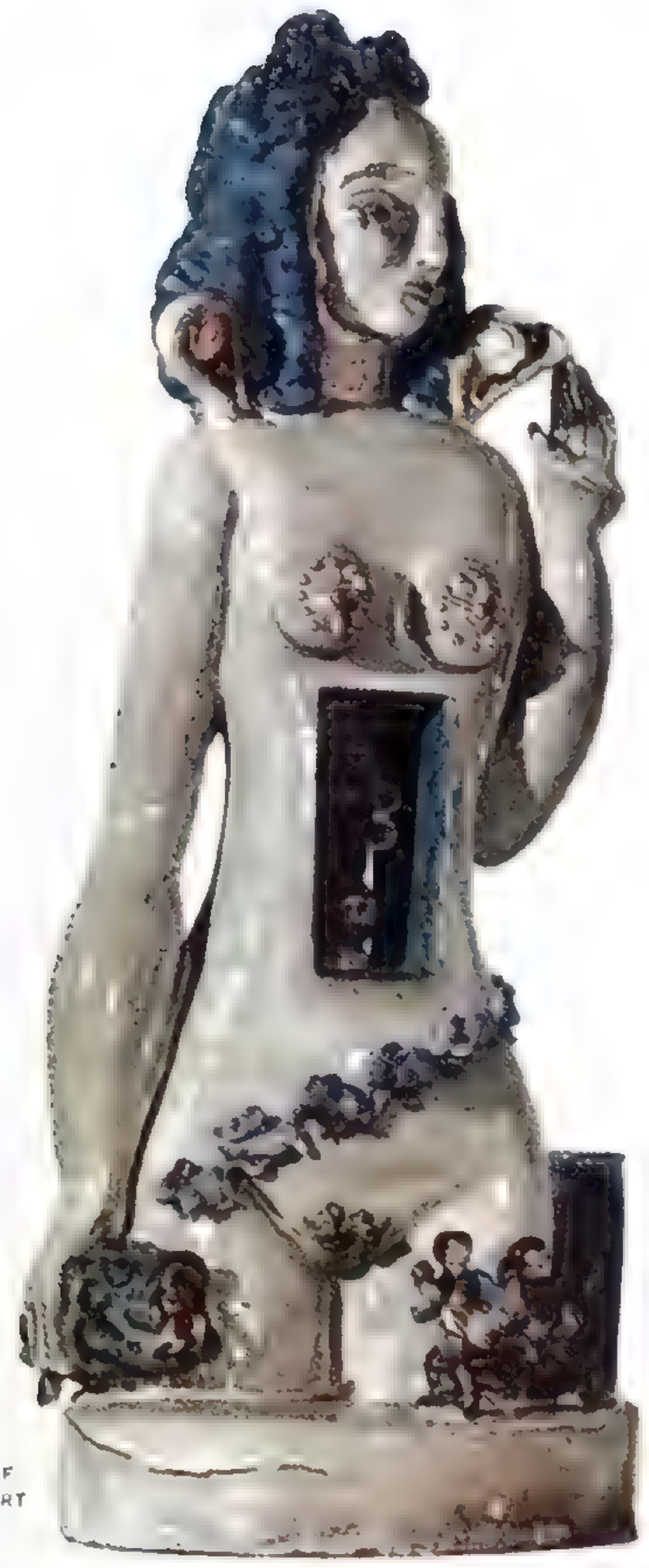
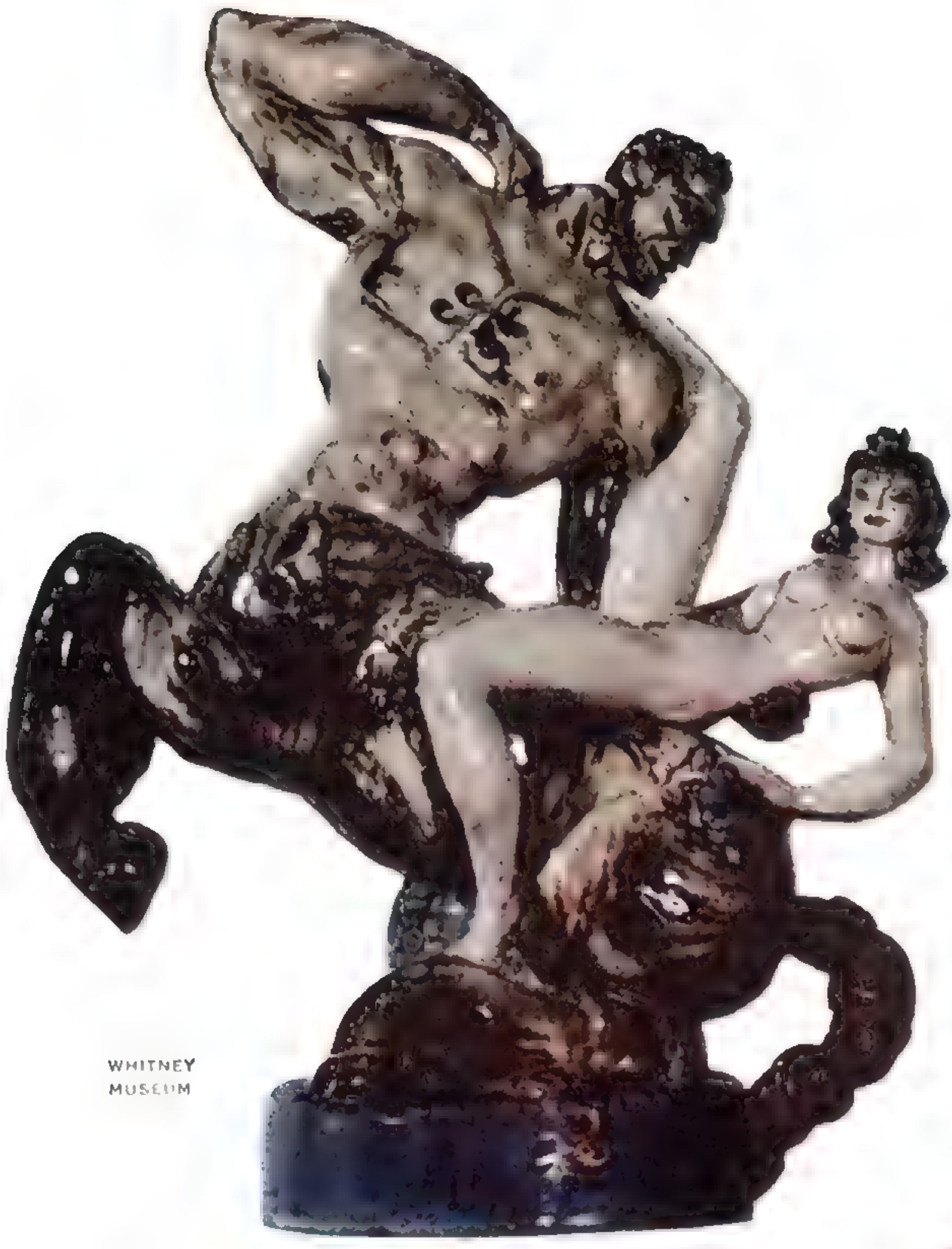


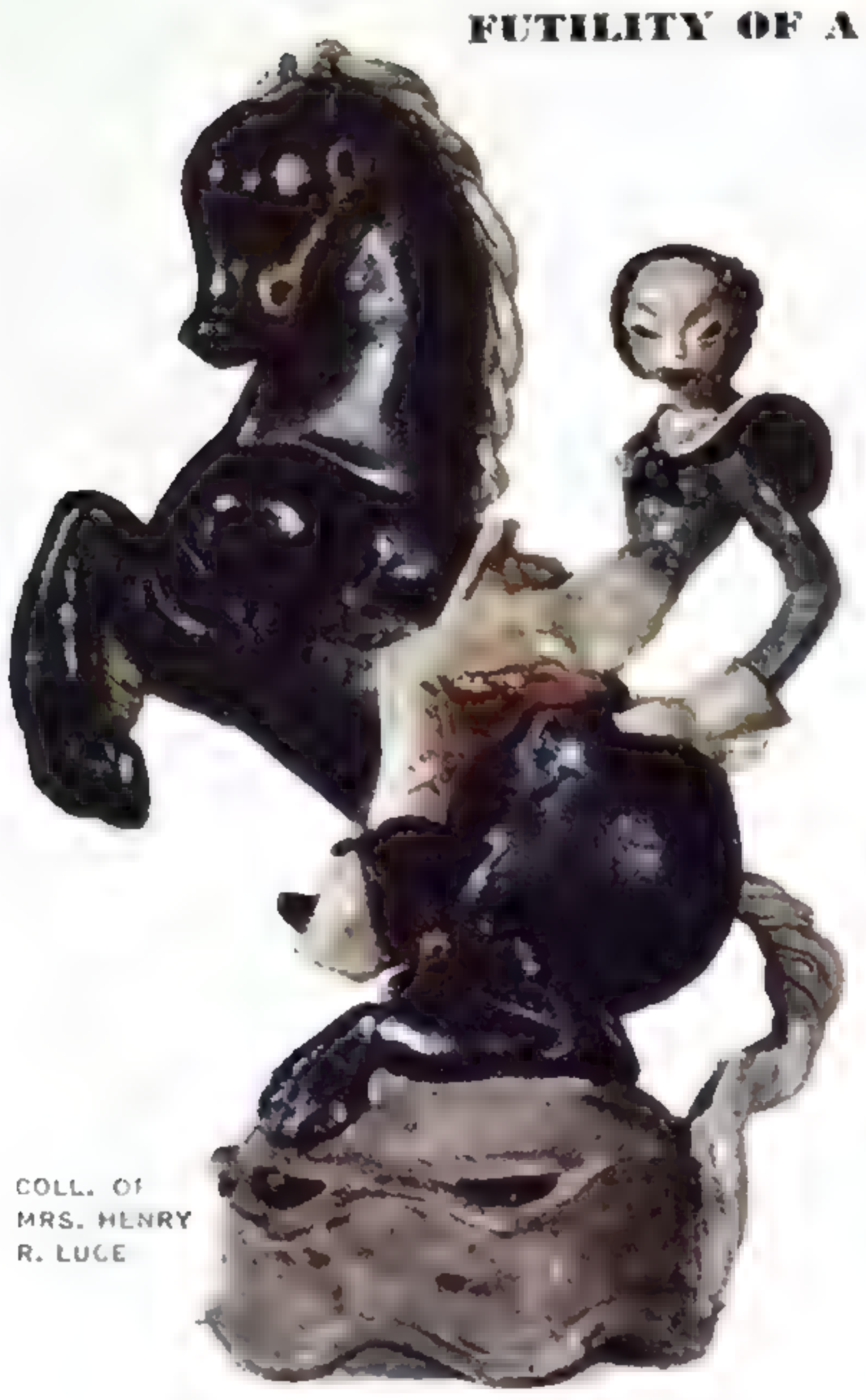
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

FUTILITY OF A WELL-ORDERED LIFE



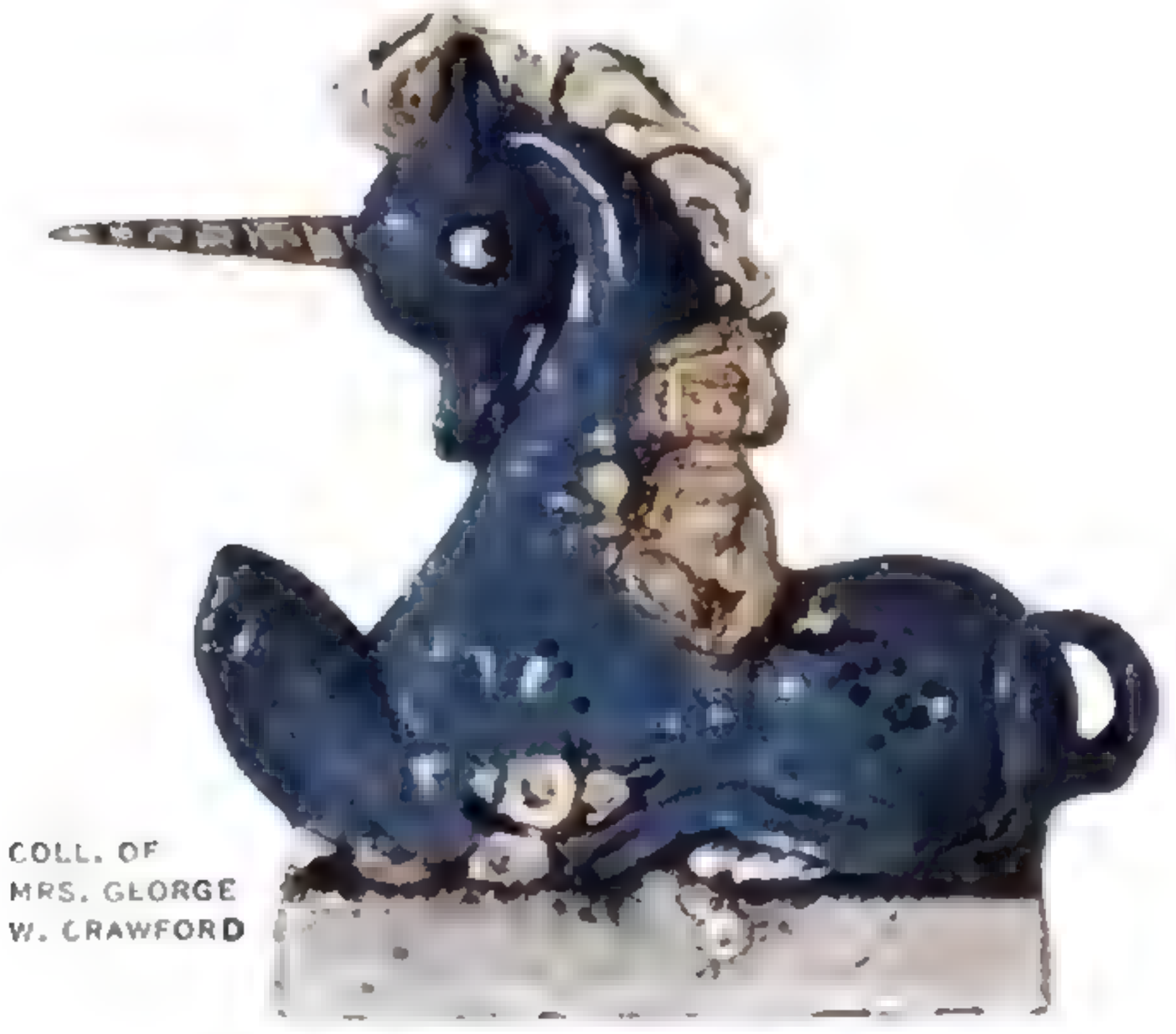
WHITNEY MUSEUM

THE HITCH-HIKER



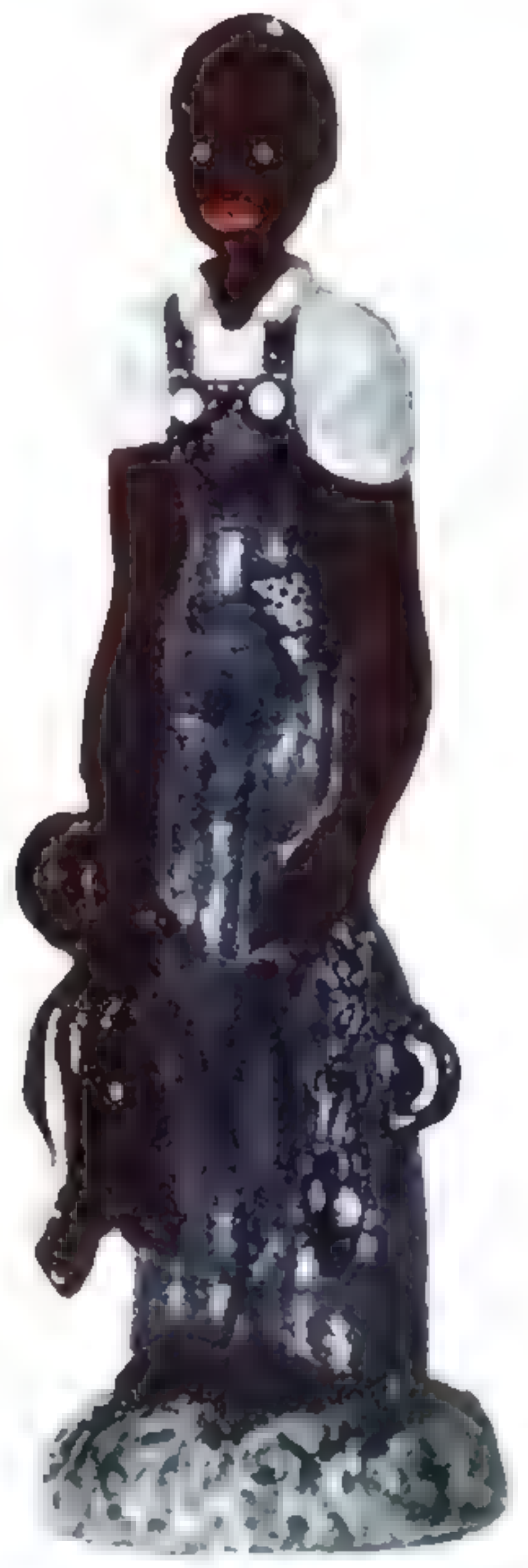
COLL. OF MRS. HENRY R. LUCE

RODEO RITA



COLL. OF MRS. GEORGE W. CRAWFORD

THE VIRGIN AND THE UNICORN

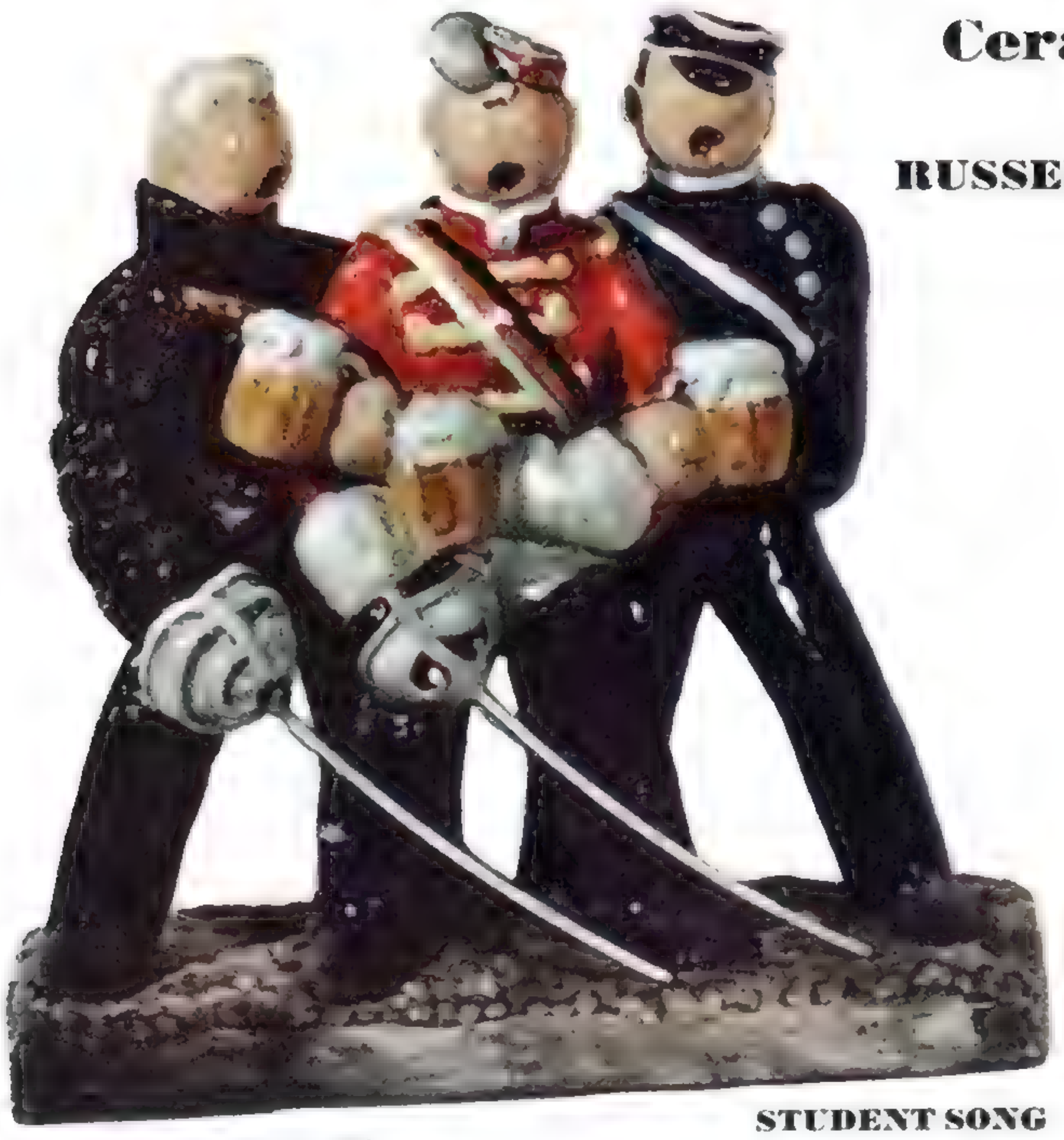


QUELQUES FLEURS

A Selection of Ceramic Sculptures

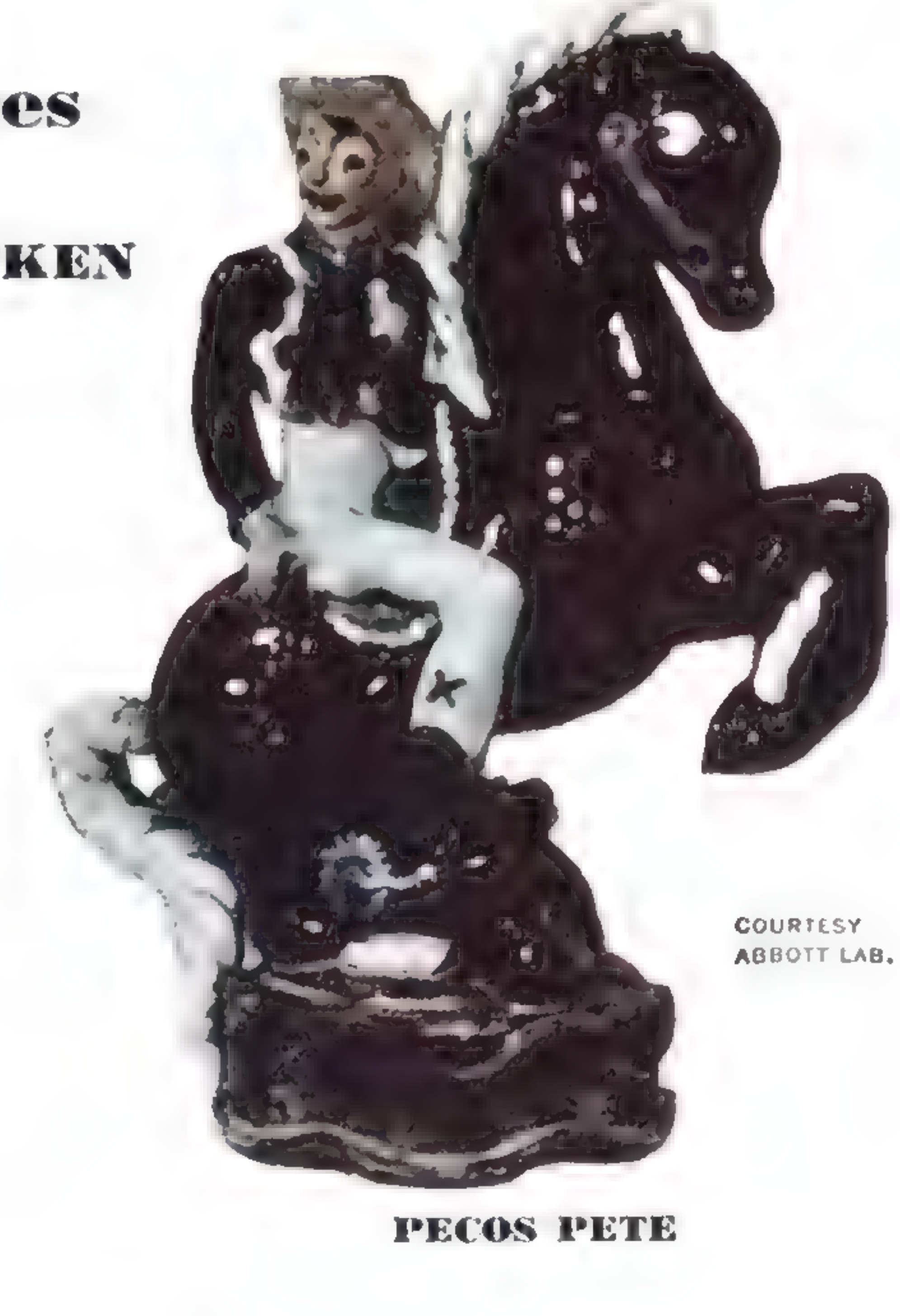
by

RUSSELL BARNETT AITKEN



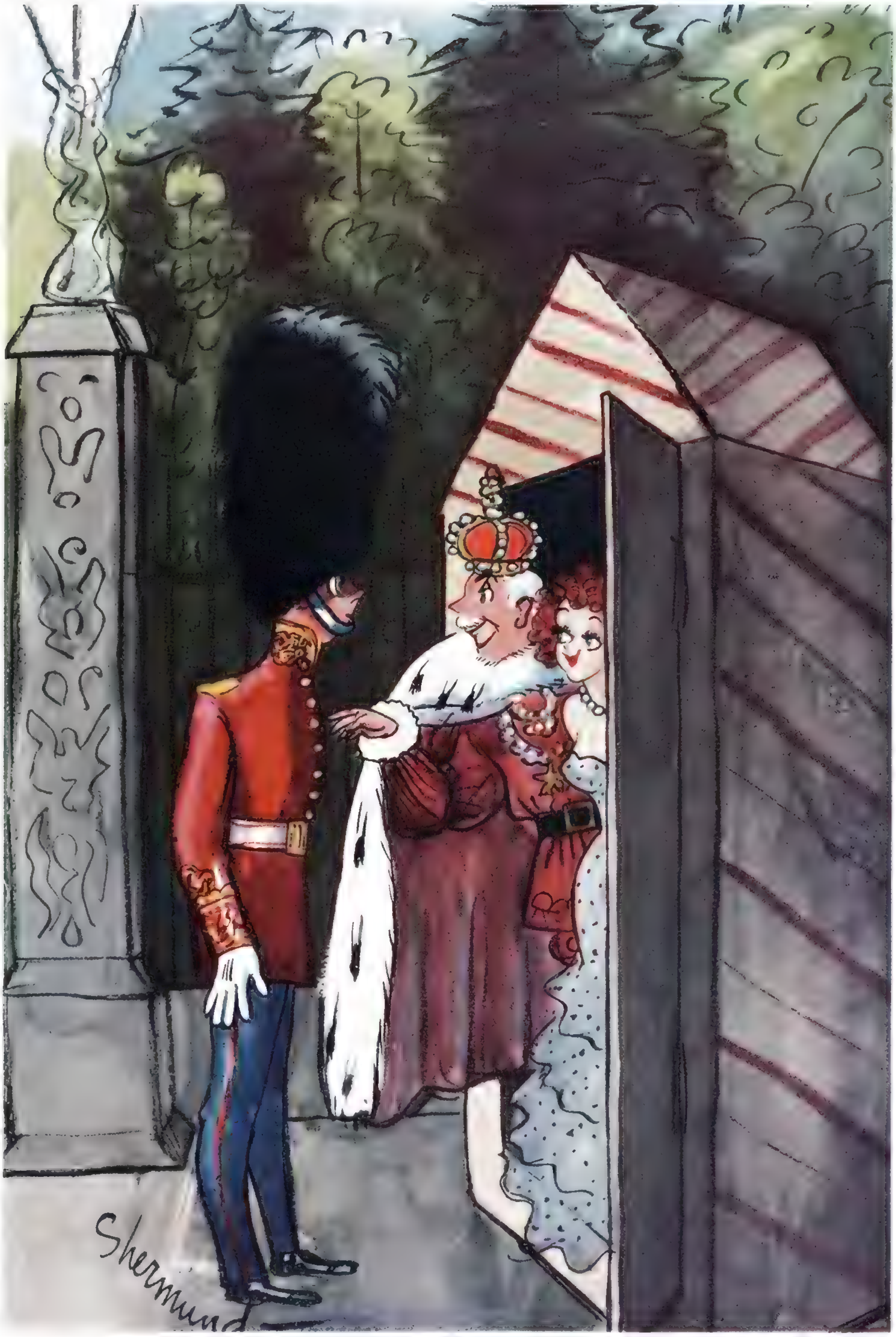
SYRACUSE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

STUDENT SONG



COURTESY ABBOTT LAB.

PECOS PETE



"Remember, Dorkins—'the King of Mansylvania can do no wrong!'"

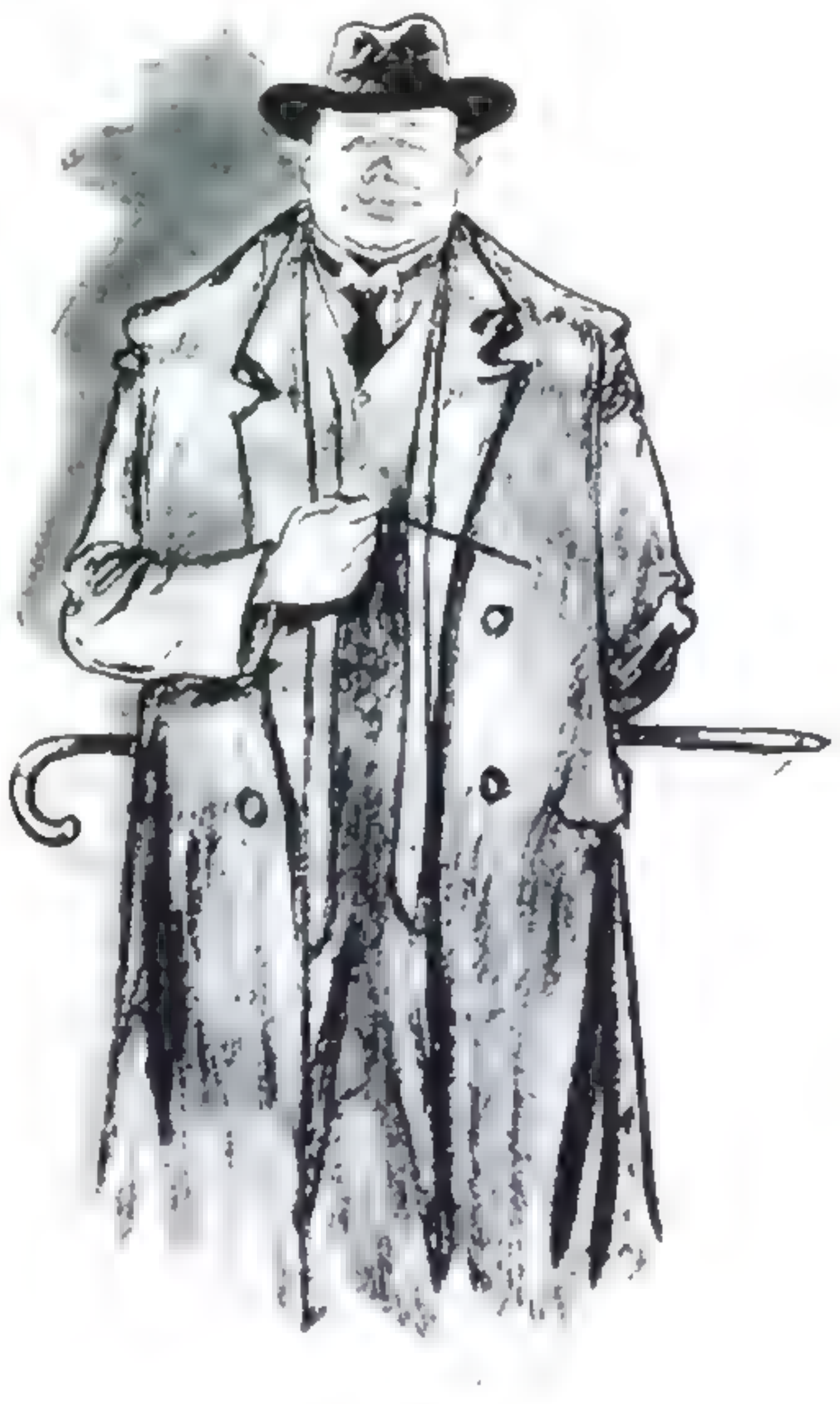
Raid on the "Golden Eagle"

The detective worshiped his wife naïvely and trustingly, with the whole force of his soul and senses

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

THE locale of this story is Bucharest. Not as if it could not have happened anywhere else, but this milieu gives the narrative a peculiar nuance of restiveness and Oriental swarming. Even from the sheer name of the city, without any detailed topography, the reader may be able to sense the more sensual skin-coloring and the more impatient life-rhythm of the characters.



In the case of true stories it is important that we should retain intact the reality of details wherever it is possible, even though from some practical point of view another procedure might seem more advisable. And this story really did happen. I heard it when I was a newspaperman in Kolozsvár, the Transylvanian capital, from some police magistrate who had just returned from the *regat*, or Roumania proper.

* * *

The Christian name of the story's hero was Coriolan, Titus, Sabin, or Traian. In other words, a very typical Latin name. The man, however, who bore it—he was a high-ranking detective of the Bucharest police—was more of a Slavic-, than Latin-, type Roumanian. He was extremely large, and weighed at least two hundred pounds. A very strong, bony, muscular, slightly bald, fortyish man. In his healthy, round, blond face, small jolly Russian eyes smiled. Good and happy eyes in the immense face of a good and happy man.

The detective's lot is usually such that if he mercilessly performs his duties his superiors are satisfied with him; whereas the criminals with whom he has to deal hate him.

Then, if he is soft, pliant, and tolerant, he may acquire a certain kind of popularity in the society of the outcasts, but may never advance in his career.

This moujik-faced Roumanian, however, was acceptable to both sides. His gold-collared divinities loved him for his strength, honesty, and indefatigable activeness. As for the underworld, such benevolence radiated from his person that not even the culprit whose wrists he had just laced together, could hate him. There are men who resemble sympathetic, meek, large Herbivora. They have mountains of pink smooth flesh and over-awingly functioning lungs. Their benevolence and health seem indestructible. Then suddenly something horrible happens to them. It is in such cases that people say to each other: "Have you heard? That big man has cancer! They've operated on him, but it's incurable. Maybe he's dead by now." But let us not anticipate the happenings of this story in their due course.

The detective had no children, but he did have a wife, whom he worshiped naïvely and unsuspectingly, with the whole force of his soul and senses.

Her name was Myra. She was a young woman with Indian-black hair. Her skin the warmest shade of the ripe peach. Above her upper lip a little velvety down. Her mouth swollen and strikingly red; her teeth amazingly white. Her warm breath always had a little sweet, vanilla-flavored scent in it. She was not fashionably thin. Her body was above the dictates of style: it was enticing, firm, plump, and curved. Some intoxicating laziness was her special charm. As soon as she had a chance she would roll the garters below her round knees, because her sensual laxity could not tolerate even the gentle pressure of the elastic on her body.

The detective idolized each one of his wife's physical and mental characteristics. He guffawed wall-shakingly at the woman's jokes, like a good-natured giant. He was crazy about her cooking. He trembled when she touched him. He believed her to be clever, good, and beautiful. He kept no secrets from her. The woman was the light of his life. In her nearness he absorbed such pure happiness as if he were inhaling the pine scent of the high Carpathians.

The couple had a boarder. They needed this small additional income, because the detective was not one of the corruptible, grafting, or even blackmailing Levantine public servants. He was an immaculate, straight, pure character. His eyes shone with innocent delight, and he didn't really understand when his wife occasionally teased him by telling him that she would prefer him to be a little more crooked instead of being so eternally and tediously honest. Their boarder was some kind of student: a dramatics or music pupil, a distant relative of the woman. A handsome, pure Latin. In his olive-colored narrow face, deep-dark eyes gleamed under long, sweeping lashes. He was a typical sensual young blade; so slender that he could have been tied in a knot at the waist.

The detective loved the boy, too. He seemed to belong to his happiness. He did not notice his sensuality and the subdued yellowish glow of his eyes. He could see only that he was young, pleasant, and full of life. What splendid wisecracks he would bring home from school! How wonderfully one could discourse with him, laughing with a full mouth beside the dinner table.

After supper the woman would often sit on her husband's lap. She weighed him down with her heavy, warm body; put her arms around his neck; kissed the man's ears, purring like a kitten finding warmth at a stove.

The detective put his left arm around his wife's waist. His right arm, however, was free, so that he could play chess or cards with the boy, who sat with them as an intimate third, as a favored page, with his long, fairylike eyelashes.

Bottles of beer, dishes of caviar, and blue tomatoes stood on the bread-crummy, white tablecloth. They were eating, drinking, kissing. In these moments such ethereal happiness seemed to radiate from the detective that their old, lame maid-servant, who was circling around the table like an evil witch, began muttering something to herself about the old superstition: "The greater the joy, the greater the sorrow that follows . . ."

The man mocked the old maid with a gust of laughter which sounded like the trumpeting of an elephant. He put the cards on the table, so that he might embrace his wife with both his arms. He hugged her to himself. He inhaled her vanilla-scented breath and hid his

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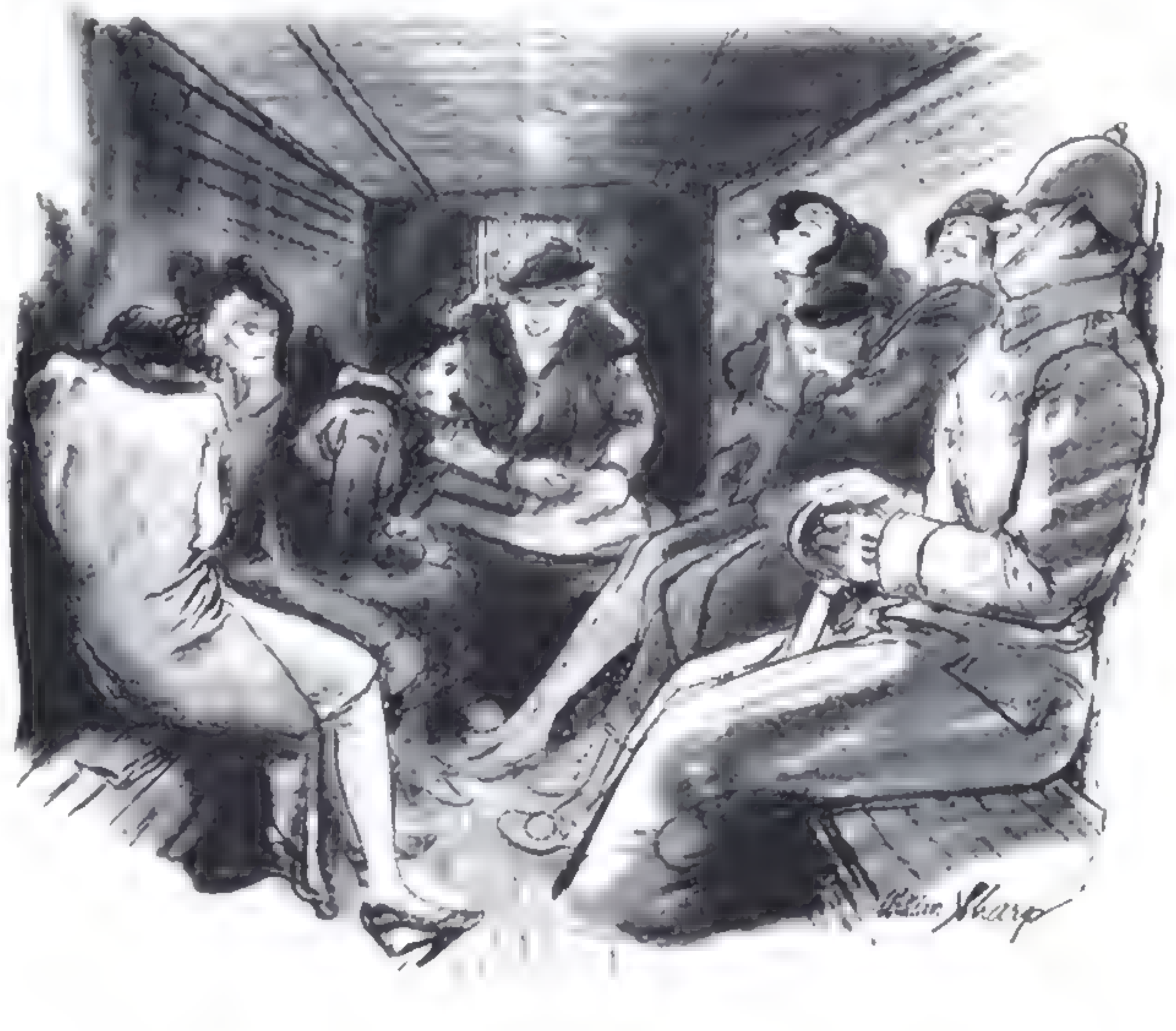
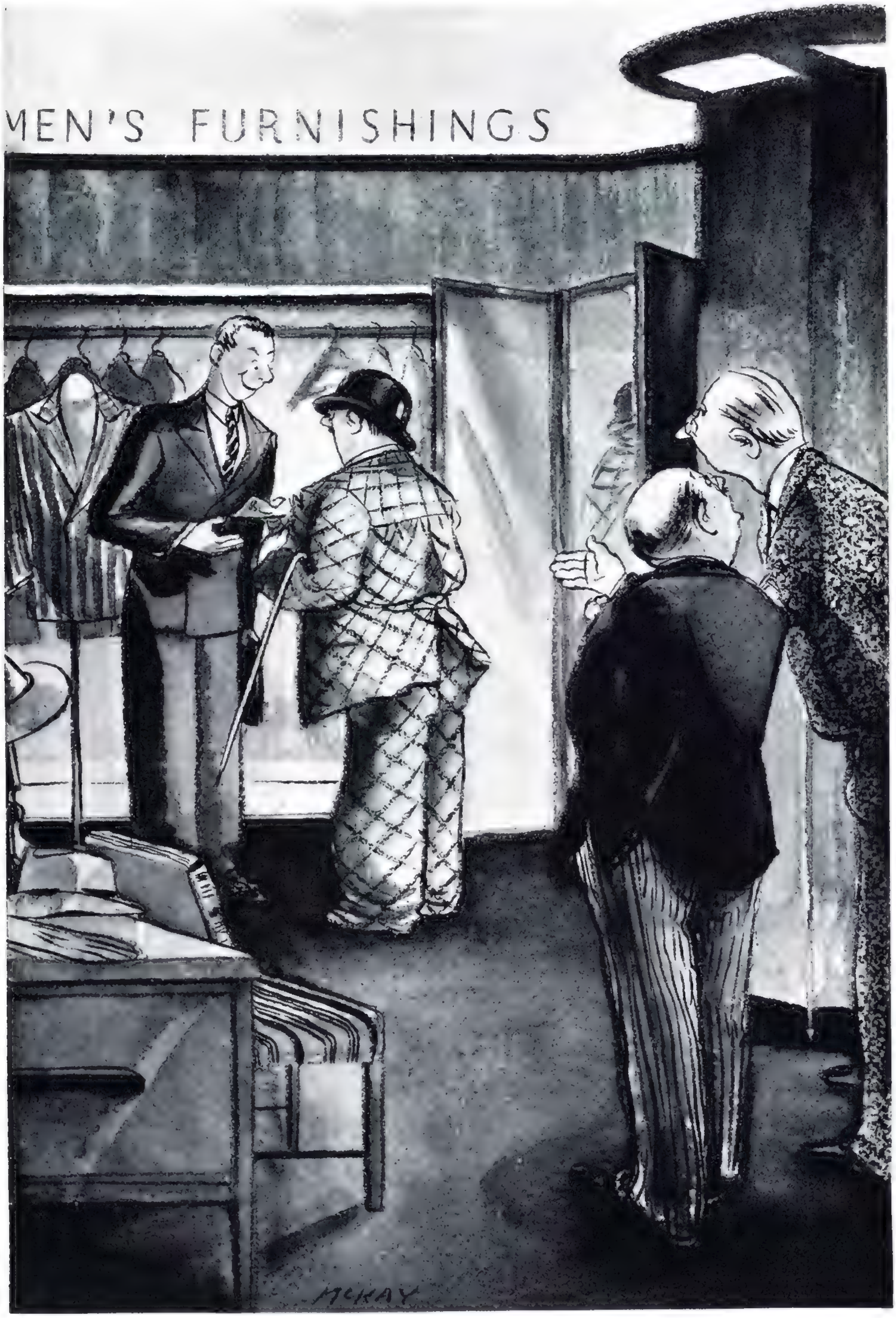



MEN'S FURNISHINGS
MCKAY

"You know I think we've been overlooking Winston's capabilities as a salesman"

Wild Authors I Have Plagiarized

Brazen confession of a guy who swiped every story he's written and doesn't care who knows it

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SATIRE ▪

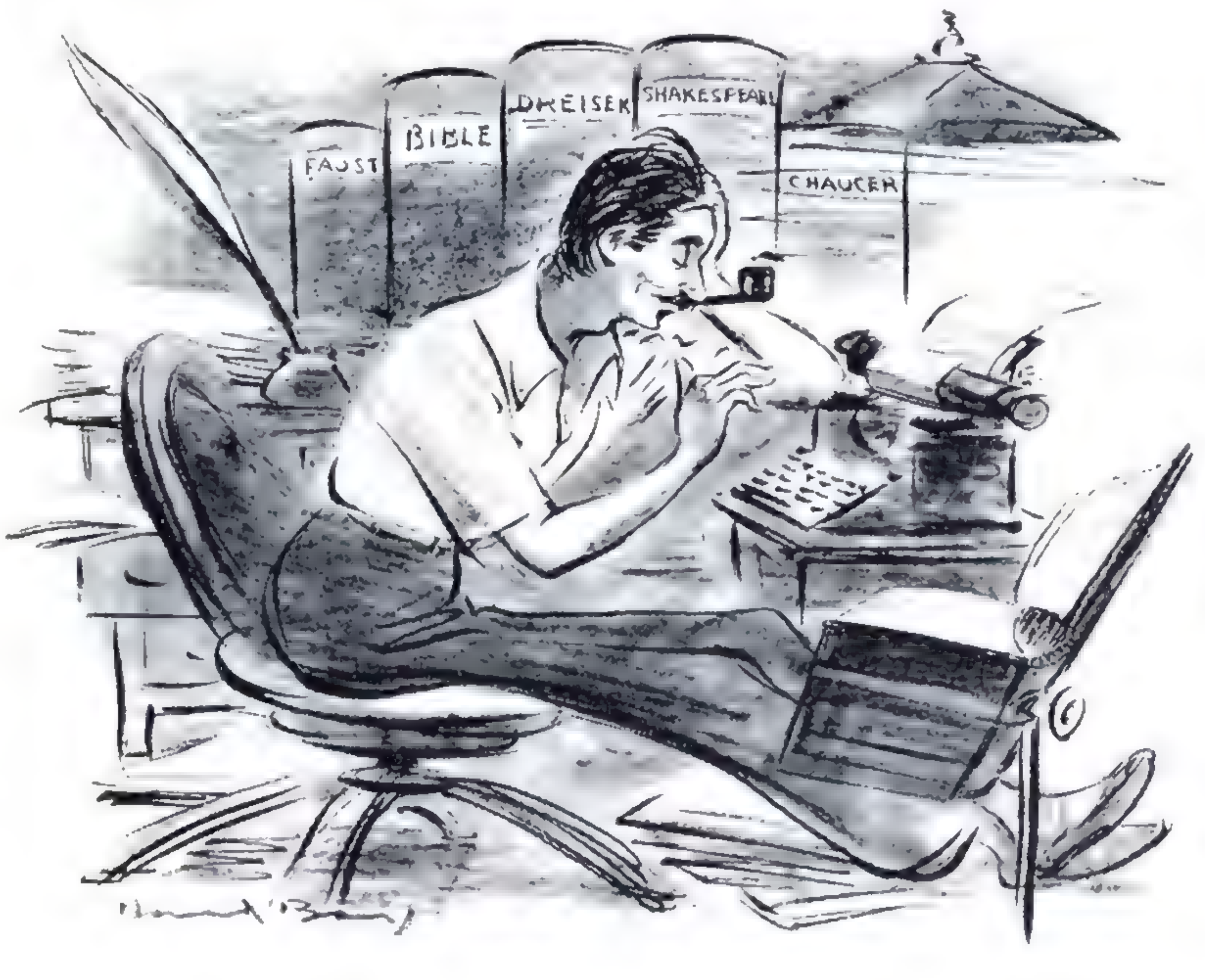
ALL this talk about occasional plagiarism cases in Esquire leaves me more than a little amused. How long must a fellow go around cribbing other people's stuff before he gets jumped on anyhow? I am a guy who would consider it a deadly insult if anybody suggested that I plagiarized occasionally. What I do nothing else but is plagiarize constantly. My motto is: "Never put off till tomorrow what you can steal today."

I got started early. The very first word I uttered was plagiarized. It was "da-da," and I cribbed it pack and parcel from my older brother Rolph who had said it two years before. If I had been smarter, I would perhaps have twisted it to "do-do" to make it look on the level, but that would probably have been unnecessary. I have found that the more barefaced a plagiarist plagiarizes, the better chance he has of getting away with it. My first letter to a friend, written when I was seven, was also a first-class example of literary highway robbery. It said: "I am fine; I hope you are fine too." Everybody knows that small boys have said that in letters ever since the English language was invented. Why I didn't get thrown in the clink for it is something I have never understood.

My first love-letter, scribbled in my teens, contained another bald theft. At the end of the letter I put this: x x x x. I don't know precisely when x became the symbol for a kiss, but I knew darn well when I wrote those x's that I had cribbed the inspiration of some brighter and earlier lover. I got away with that too. I didn't get any kisses, but I got an answer to my letter. In college I wrote occasional editorials for the college paper, and I never stooped to being original. As a sample, on the eve of the big football game with Yale I wrote an editorial entitled: BEAT IT. The burden of the piece was that Yale was bound to take a terrible trimming if she showed up on Saturday afternoon, and that the safest thing for her to do was beat it before the game took place. Well, sirs, I stole that one bodily from the 1893 edition of the college daily, an editorial entitled SKIDDOO. If I were in college today, my heading would of course be: SCRAM, but the gist of the thing would be the same.

So far my plagiarism had all been strictly amateur, but with the first piece I sold to Esquire I became a professional. It was an article on tennis entitled: *Reminiscences of A Rabbit* and had to do with the feelings and sentiments of second-rate players who find themselves in big tournaments against Tildens and Perrys and Budges. The minute I got the check for that piece, I laughed clear up one sleeve and out the other (my coats fit loose), and realized that in the editorial staff of Esquire I had discovered the greatest bunch of fall guys since the world went overboard for the South Sea Bubble.

What I had done—as anybody ought to know—was to crib the piece bodily from Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad.* Oh yes, I altered the setting and the wording a little bit, but essentially the pieces were exactly alike—inexperienced and gullible people embarrassed and frustrated by unfamiliar people, surroundings and customs. The provincial coming up against the cosmopolite. The sheep among wolves. How anybody could have been deceived by this is beyond me, but then, we all know Esquire.



Shortly after this I went even further back this time to the Bible—and turned out a bit called: YOU'VE HAD A FEW—IF. Here I detailed various behavior symptoms in the average man after he has partaken of the cup that cheers. I shall not enumerate them here (although some day I'm going to try to sell Esquire a piece of mine that they've already published), but the substance of this article was that people don't behave under the influence of liquor exactly as they do when they are sober. Already, reader, you smell a rat and are willing to bet that I am not the first guy who got that idea. Right! This was taken from the story of the drunkenness of Noah in the aforementioned Bible. How they ever let me get away with it—!

Now, firmly convinced of the efficacy of plagiarism, I turned not only to the plagiarism of famous writers' thoughts and words but also their daily habits. I stole Dickens' custom of working in the daytime, and Thoreau's habit of taking walks in the woods. I learned that Addison and Steele had been great frequenters of coffeehouses and, although I couldn't find anything around here which strictly comprised a coffeehouse, I took to drinking that beverage. I adopted the soft shirt frequently favored by Lewis and Dreiser, and even adopted the practice of sleeping on a pillow like Voltaire. You see how far I had gone.

Another one of my cribs that appeared in this sucker sheet was *Do Women Hate Work?* In the article in question I didn't claim that women were lazy, but simply that work, even the simplest kind of work, almost invariably made them cantankerous, that it led them to decry fate and to scold any men in the vicinity. Subject, then: cantankerous scolding women. Source: obvious. *The Taming of The Shrew* by William Shakespeare. I am very proud of this piece of plagiarism, believing that the least a plagiarist can do is to crib from first-rate authors. I was somewhat disturbed by the fact that Shakespeare wrote in longhand whereas I used a typewriter, but there are so many prominent authors today whom I can plagiarize by using a hunt-and-pick machine that I don't feel too apologetic.

Another Esquire piece of mine, *As Far As We Got*, was a collection of articles, squibs, plays, stories, etc., of mine that I never got around to finishing (probably because I had mislaid the works of the fellows I was cribbing from, although I didn't admit that). I am very proud of this bit of stealing because I feel that I accomplished something that few other writing plagiarists have done—plagiarized not from another writer but from a musician. It should hardly be necessary to state—except to Esky's editorial staff—that my inspiration for this was Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony.*

Simply by altering the characters and the setting and the plot ever so slightly I lifted *A Job for Walter* from one of the most famous O. Henry stories. My piece was about a man

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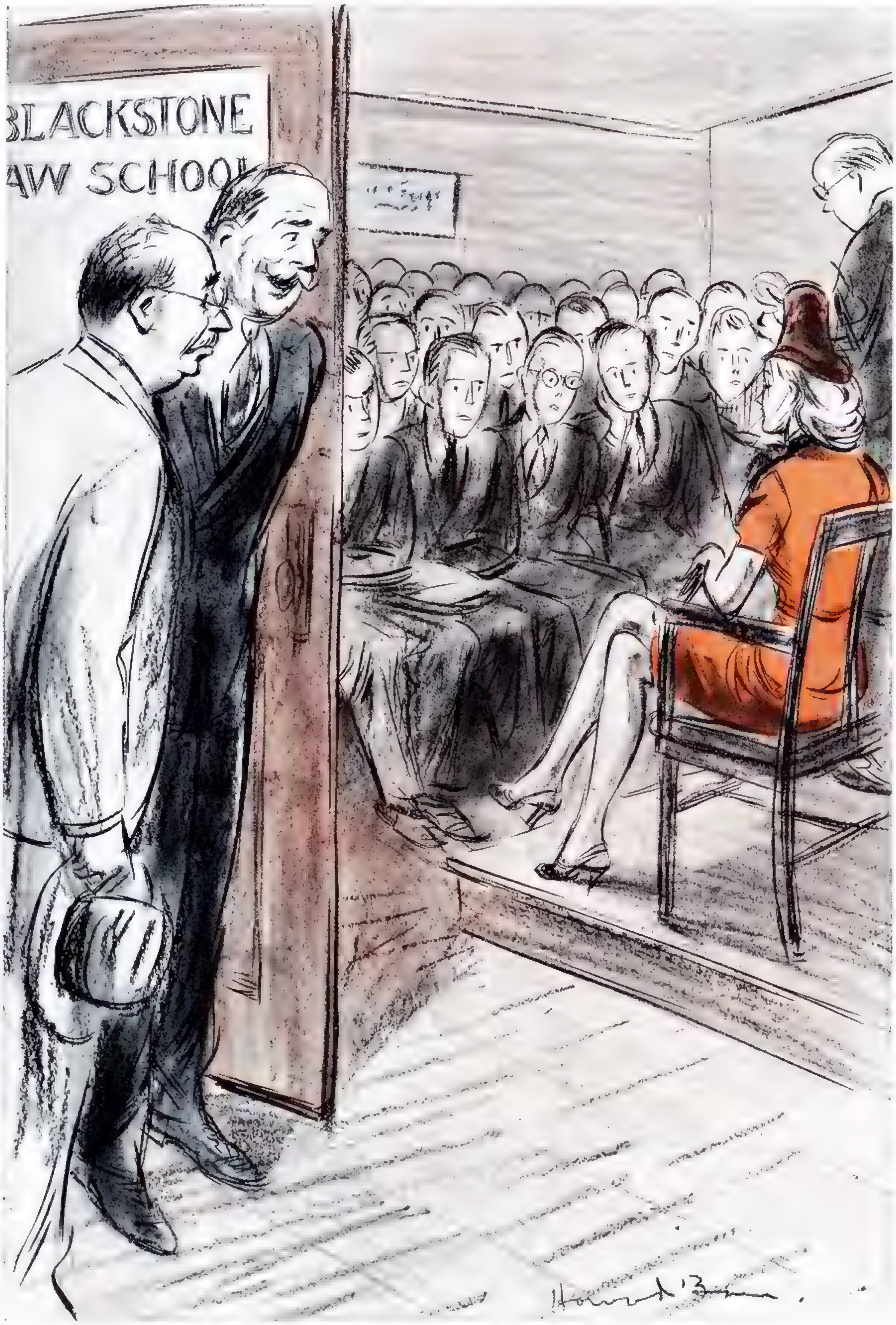
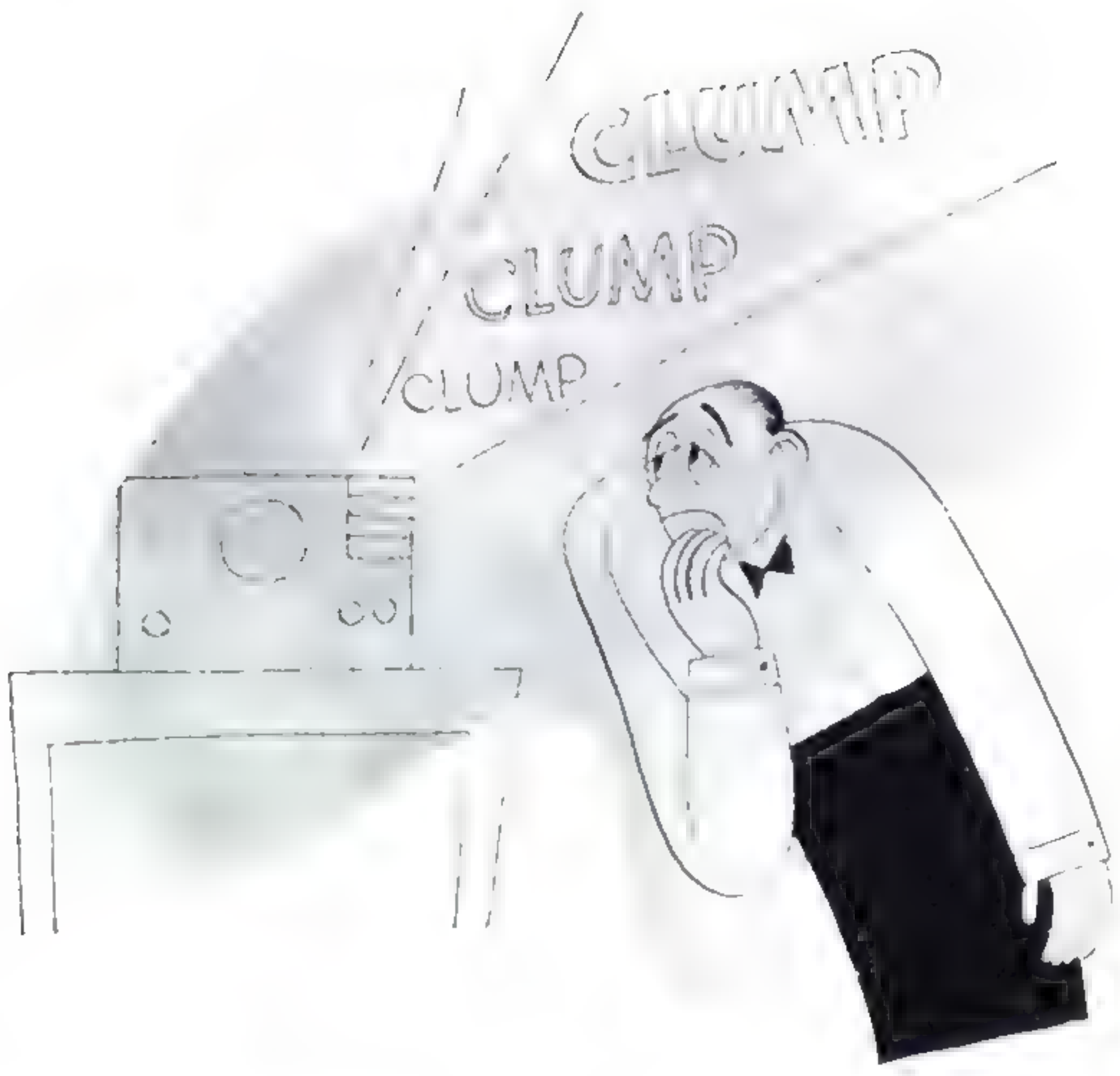

BLACKSTONE
AW SCHOO

"It's a little idea we inaugurated this fall to get the students used to thinking under courtroom conditions"



Clump, Clump, Clump

Television can come to stay if it will spare this weary listener the dinning of dramatic sound effects

by RICHARD ADAMSON

• SATIRE •

I KNOW not how others may feel, but I personally am in a hurry for television. In fact, television can't come too soon for me. Strong words perhaps; but the subject is one on which I feel strongly. And I'll tell you why.

Radio drama is why I'm in a hurry for television. Because whenever I listen to radio drama, radio drama is full of characters walking up and down halls. Like this:

Clump, clump, clump, clump, clump.

"Joe, I keep forgetting where we're supposed to find Gertie the Lug."

"Apartment eight-four-six, Bill. That's what headquarters says."

Clump, clump, CLUMP.

"Here it is!"

"Right, Bill. Got the bracelets ready?"

Clank, clank.

"I got the bracelets out."

"How about the rod?"

Squeak, click-click.

"The rod's out, Joe."

"Is she loaded?"

"Reckon so."

"What kind of an answer is that?"

"Whattayu mean, Joe?"

"Listen, Bill, we got to let this radio audience know for sure that gun's loaded."

BANG ! ! !

"Yep, Joe, she's loaded all right."

"Glad to hear it, Bill. Now we knock."

"You knock, Joe. My hands is full."

Rap, rap, rap-rap-rap.

"Listen!"

Clump, clump, clump.

"Somebody's coming, Joe."

"And not down the hall this time. That's somebody coming on the other side of this here door in answer to our knocking!"

Rattle, rattle, click.

"Yep, they're opening the door. Ready Bill."

Squeeeeeeeeeakee!

"Whatever you're selling I don't want any!"

Slambang!

"Heck, Joe, she slammed the door right in our faces."

"Darn Gertie anyway! She's never had no manners."

"Headquarters is going to be sort of disappointed, ain't they?"

"We'll get her yet, Bill. But I guess you might as well put up the hardware for this time."

Clank, clank.

"I put away the bracelets, Joe. Should I show the gun's loaded again?"

"No, Bill. Just squeak it into your shoulder holster."

Squeak.

"What do we do now, Joe?"

"You know very well, Bill; we go clumping back down this lousy hall."

"Oh, heck! Darn it all, Joe, I dread that! I dread hearing us clump through this lousy hall again."

"But if we didn't go clumping back, Bill, this vast radio audience might think we just stood here."

"Okay, let's get it over with."

Clump, clump, clump, clump, clump.

"Ain't that enough?"

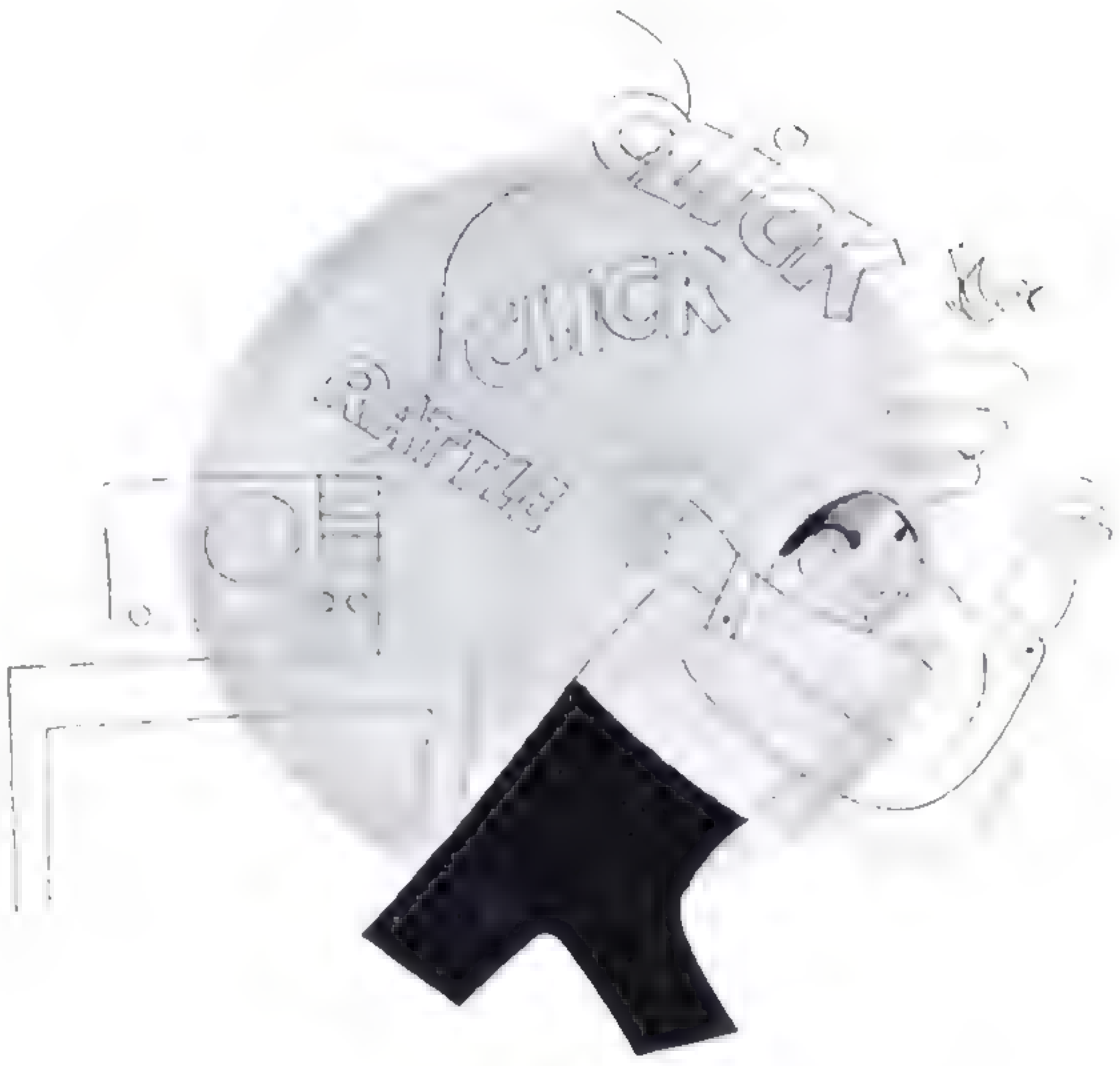
"Little further, Bill."

Clump, clump, clump . . .

Most of this is just guesswork, of course. Maybe it doesn't turn out like this at all. But I wouldn't know; I'm not there any more.

I haven't been there, listening, for some time. Quite a while ago I turned off the radio (pop!), slipped into my coat (slither--yes, I know, but it's not my problem and I'm not going to fuss around with it), put on my snap-brim felt (snap!), went out the door (rattle-rattle, squeeeeeeakee, slambang!), and then clump, clump, clumped off into the night to wait for television. #

CLICK
CLICK
SQUEAK



The Art of Shooting Flying

There's something incredible about wing shooting that fascinates men who've been gunners all their lives

by COL. H. P. SHELDON

▪ SPORTS ▪

IN THE year 1723, if memory serves, an English sportsman named Edward Markland published a book, *Pteryplegia, or The Art of Shooting Flying*. It was in verse and the first of many thousands of works in the English language devoted to the subject of wing shooting with the shotgun. The book, by the way, has been reprinted lately by The Derrydale Press of New York City. It is well worth the notice of the modern wing shot, who may be surprised to learn that the gentlemen of that long ago period knew just about as much on that subject as we do today, despite the fact that wing shooting then was a new thing. With the old matchlock and wheel-lock guns which preceded the flintlock, it was next to impossible to hit anything moving because the time that elapsed between the trigger's pull and the discharge was too long and also too irregular. If you were to change the ignition time of a skeet champion's gun and ammunition by a small fraction of a second between shots, you could ruin his performance and probably seriously damage his reason.

Before the flintlock was developed the sportsman going out for partridges with his wheel-lock gun took, first of all, a noble slug of brandy to stimulate his courage, for he was about to engage in a sport that in those days was not without its hazards. The gun barrels of that time were not bored from a solid billet of iron or steel, as is the method today; they were generally made by welding strips of the metals around an iron rod. Thus, when the rod was removed, it left a rough cylinder that was bored, filed and polished. The gunmaker had to guess at the thickness of the barrel walls and whether he had made a good weld—one that wouldn't open up and take a man's hand off when the gun was fired. The next time that you come across one of those old sporting prints depicting sportsmen of the matchlock and flintlock days, notice the position of the shooter's left hand as he prepares to fire. If the artist was an accurate observer, he has put the hand clear back against the trigger-guard—not out beneath the fore-end, as we do it today. That was a safety measure. If the barrel burst, as they often did, the gunner might save some of his fingers or perhaps the whole hand by keeping it to the rear of the possible rupture. You may still see occasionally a European sportsman using the same stance, although it is no longer necessary and is extremely awkward. He probably has forgotten the reason for it just as your house dog has forgotten the reason for turning 'round and 'round in three or four grass-treading circles before lying down to sleep on the rug in front of the fire.

Having fortified himself our old sportsman called up his bird dog. The animal was a spaniel and the forefather of our beautiful setters. They called them setters in those days, too. The dog's business was to find and "set" the covey of birds in a close huddle and hold them there until the gunner came up and stuck the ferrule of a forked rest into the ground. This was to lay the gun barrel in until the shot was fired. Then perhaps the old boy had another dram from his pocket flask, invoked the protection of St. Hubert, trained his gun on the waiting covey and pulled the trigger. Some time later the gun went off. If the sportsman was lucky he "graveled" most of the birds in the covey. As a sporting proposition it couldn't have been very thrilling.

The modern upland gunner, accustomed as he is to easy, practical shooting clothing of corduroy, khaki, moleskin or safari cloth is much amused by the quaint pictures showing the gunner of Markland's time, clad right formally for the field in frock coat, weskit, trousers and plug hat. But the old boys weren't being foppish—they were merely trying to keep from being shot. Scores of men are shot each season by excitable companions who mistake them for squirrels, deer, bear, grouse, woodchucks and all sorts of creatures bearing not the slightest conceivable resemblance to man. Only a few months ago a deer hunter pulled out a handkerchief to blow his nose and was promptly shot by a companion who mistook him for a buck in the act of whistling and raising his flag.

But a person clothed in a "ham knocker" coat and top hat is easily recognizable either as a man or a mortician, even if he is encountered in a strip of woodcock cover and those moldered old sportsmen knew it. If, so attired, one of them was plugged after all, it was for another reason than that he looked like a jacksnipe.

The development of the flintlock resulted in a great improvement in sporting arms and made wing shooting possible. The ignition time, though still slow when compared to that of the modern breechloaders, was regular and positive. Colonel Peter Hawker, who spent most of his life shooting upland game and waterfowl and experimenting with the shotgun, was a fine field shot and his scores made with his Manton flintlock guns during the latter part of the 18th century and early in the 19th, were about as good as those of any first-rate field shot of the present time. Colonel Hawker was still an active sportsman when a Scottish clergyman named Forsythe produced a tempestuous compound known as "fulminate of mercury." This was a very sensitive and "brief acting" mixture that was so averse to being jostled and pushed about that it would detonate when struck a light blow such as is delivered by the hammer

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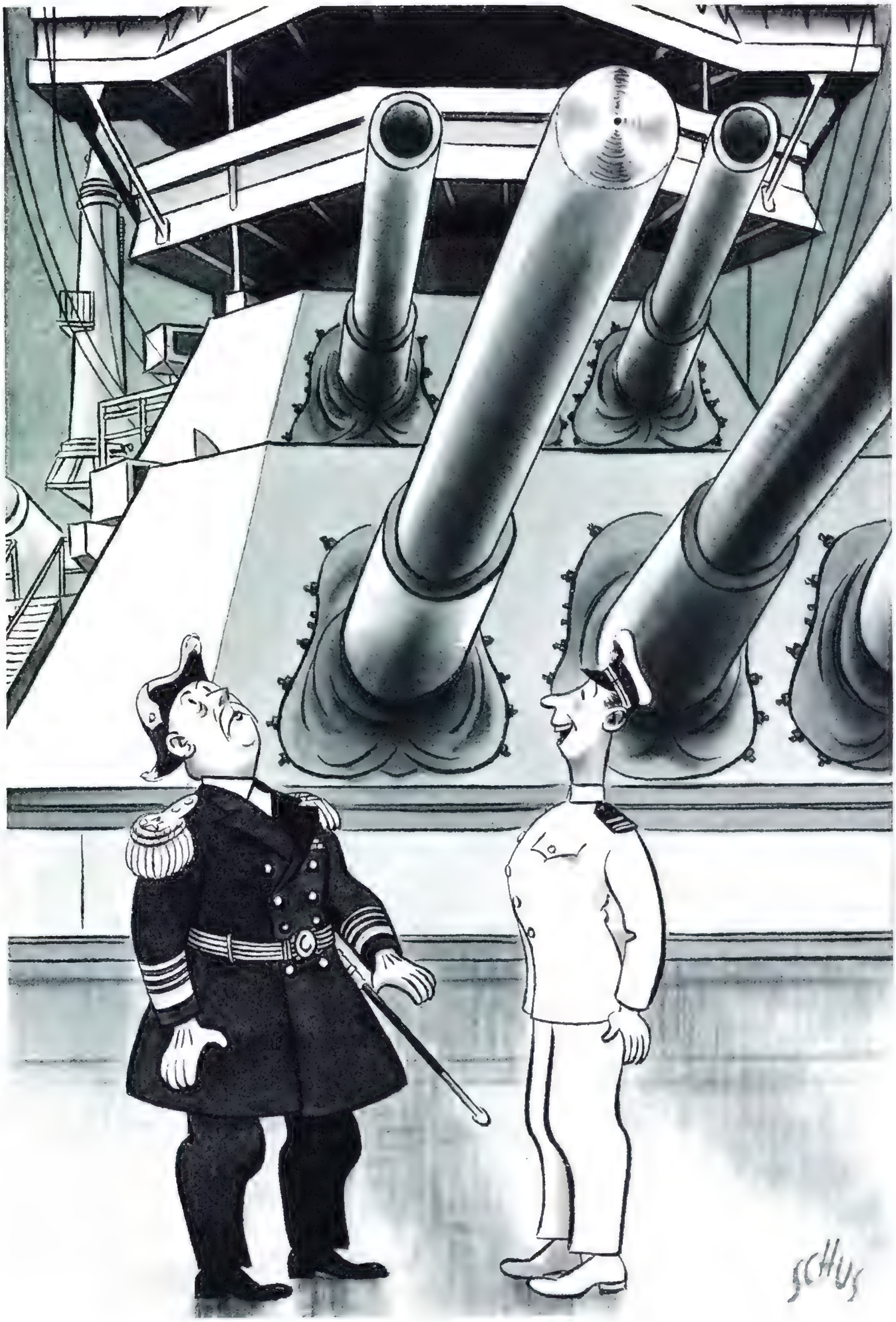

"That one's just for practice—it shoots bee-bees!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Farewell address to the boys in the Dramatic Circle, prescribing ten recommendations for critics

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪

The new theatrical season finds me relinquishing, after two years of service in the field, my post as Generalissimo of the Drama Critics' Circle. I accordingly in these pages herewith address my farewell to my loyal and faithful troops, and beg their fond leave paternally to bequeath them various advices, suggestions and recommendations looking to their future health and prosperity, and to the health and prosperity of the theatre no less.

Gentlemen, Officers, and Soldiers of the Theatrical Republic:

1. Do not in the future, as some of you have in the past, believe that you can help the theatre by now and again charitably letting down easily some unworthy play. Your good graces in such instances, far from helping the theatre, only hurt it. Those readers who have faith in you will be fooled into paying their good money to see the play and will come away not only distrustful of you but, further, distrustful of the theatre itself. You are thus betraying a double trust.

2. Although patriotism is as creditable in a critic as in any other man, don't let it run away with you professionally—as it does with some of you—to the point of esteeming a play simply because of its Americanism. During and directly after the World War, the French critics made a laughing stock of the French drama by proclaiming as a masterpiece every play that whooped it up for the Tricolor and La Belle France, and the French drama hasn't yet, these many years later, recovered. What similarly chauvinistic criticism—controlled as it is—has done to the present-day Russian, German, Austrian and Italian drama, you all know. If you laughed at the flag-waving plays of George M. Cohan in less uneasy days, don't—if as critics you are worth your salt—stop laughing at the flag waving of other playwrights simply because the national days are less easy. The criticism that is not beyond and above immediate concerns is valueless—and not only valueless, but ridiculous.

3. Those of you who are considerably younger than the rest of us and who are relatively new to the business should try to exercise caution in competing with the theatrical and dramatic memories of us grandpas. Write only of what you yourself have enjoyed by actual experience. Memory often being what it is, you will get into enough trouble without jumping over strange fences and frolicking in pastures that are unknown to you. During my term of office as your Chief Parliamentarian, I on no less than eleven occasions read things some of you had written which, if you will forgive me, indicated that you didn't know whereof you were speaking quite as unmistakably as musical allusions inevitably betray the novice in like circumstances. It is tough enough even for us older boys who have fought in many more wars than you have. Here, for example, I read my widely experienced *London Sunday Times* colleague, James Agate, who is sixty, reviewing Rutherford Mayne's new play, *Bridge Head*, referring to the author as a new and hitherto unknown playwright, and marveling at his "extraordinary professionalism." One of the earliest plays I ever reviewed—it was more than thirty years ago—was, I recall, one by this same "new and unknown" author. Its title was *The Drone;* it was produced at the old Daly's Theatre; and its leading actor, if my own memory doesn't fail me, was Whitford Kane.

4. Do not, in order to support and popularize a critical prejudice, loftily pontificate on aesthetics. It will often throw you for a loop, unless, that is, you happen to be a true Prof. Dr. Take you, Lieutenant-Colonel Atkinson, of the *New York Times*, for example. You are a valuable officer and soldier, but what did you write by way of defending and eulogizing your favorite play of the last season, Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois?* You wrote: "In judging a work of art, the choice of subject is the first fact of importance. Everything else derives from that. Mr. Sherwood has chosen one of the most glorious subjects to be found in the common domain of playwriting."

What kind of aesthetic rumble-bumble is that, my dear fellow? In judging a work of art, the choice of subject is a fact of relatively minor importance. The subject of one of Rembrandt's finest works of art is an old woman cleaning her fingernails. The subject of one of Bach's is a protest against the drinking of coffee. The subject of one of Dostoevsky's is an adult epileptic with a child's mind. The subject of one of Gorky's is alcoholics, thieves and whores. The subject of one of Michelangelo's is a lot of dirty soldiers bathing in the altogether. If Sherwood's play is fine stuff because in Lincoln he has chosen "one of the most glorious subjects to be found in the common domain of playwriting," then surely most of the feeble plays that have been written about one of the even more glorious subjects to be found in the common domain of playwriting—Jesus Christ, to wit—are even finer stuff.

5. While I am addressing myself to you, my dear Lieutenant-Colonel Atkinson, may I take the liberty of an older soldier than yourself and one whose hair has been grayed by longer campaigns to urge upon you, whose theatrical audience is so large and potentially valuable, a lesser prosaicism and more liberal blood pressure in your contemplation of the arts, the drama in particular? I have here in my hand, as I stand before you, my troops, in this West 44th Street Valley Forge, a copy of the Lieutenant-Colonel's criticism of the Benét-Moore folk opera, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*. In the unfavorable nature of that criticism, I myself entirely concur, but in the points wherewith the Lieutenant-Colonel seeks to solidify that unfavorable criticism I find a deficiency which is not always absent from the unfavorable criticisms of some of the rest of you, my good men and true.

"If science has driven the supernatural out of the modern world, what is the point of clinging to it in music and letters?" demandingly asks the Lieutenant-Colonel. Now, for God's sake, my boy, what in the hell kind of way is that to talk? In the first place, what has science got to do with art? In the second place, with that sort of critical logic you'd have killed off in their day—assuming that science was then where it is now—Shakespeare and Wagner and Ibsen and others of the world's eternal great. In the third place, even in this more modern day, you and your criticism would doom to dissolution such dramatists as the Hauptmann of *Hannele* and *The Sunken Bell*, the Synge of *The Well of the Saints*, the Maeterlinck of *Sister Beatrice*, the D'Annunzio of *The Dream of an Autumn Sunset*, the Moody of *The Faith Healer*, the Yeats of *Countess Kathleen* (like the Benét work, a rendering of the Faust legend), and some dozen or more others such, including maybe even the Shaw of *Saint Joan*. To say nothing, on occasion, of such belles-lettrists as the late Anatole France and G. K. Chesterton and, to mention only a few of the still living many, James Joyce, James

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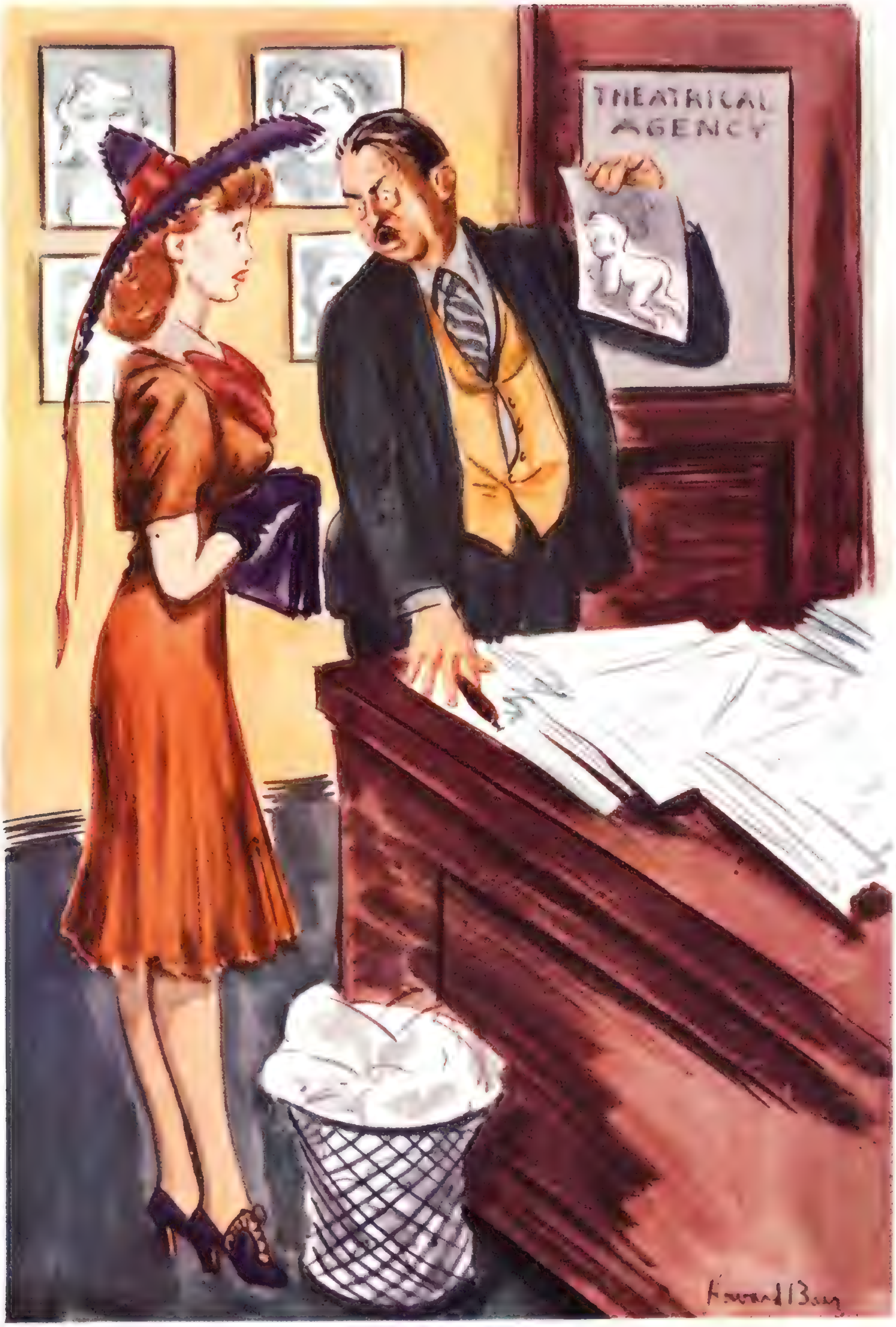
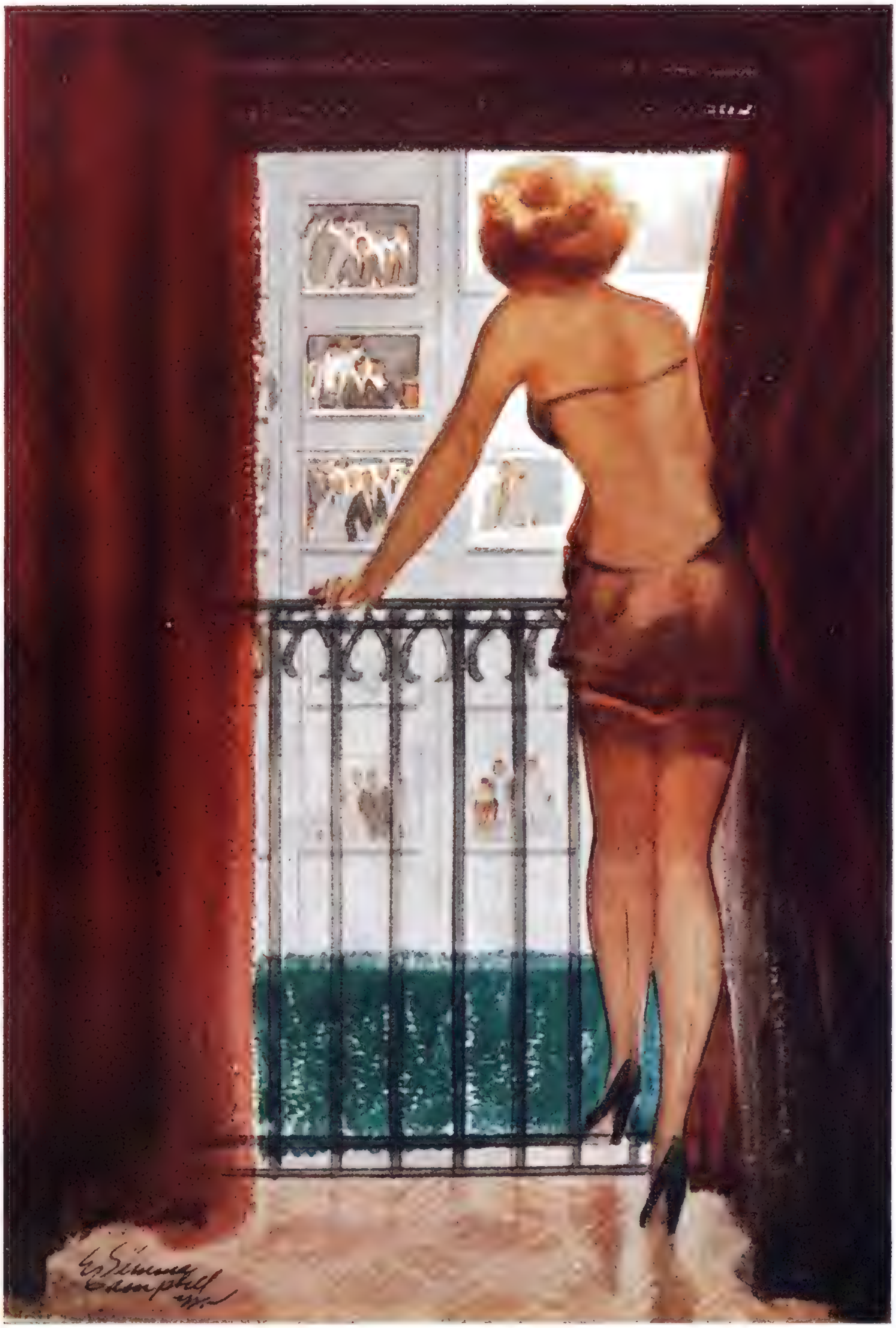

THEATRICAL AGENCY
Howard Baer

"Haven't you any more recent photos of yourself?"



"I don't see any parade"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

The Beards paint a lively picture of a punch-drunk nation in their latest epic: *America in Midpassage*

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

• BOOKS •

TEN years ago to the month the boys all had their guitars out, a-singin':

Chickens acrowin' on Big Boom Mountain
(Hey dee-ing-dong doodle alla day)
So many dividends we can't count 'em
(Hey dee-ing-dong, hotchacha!)

In the midst of the Stock Exchange caterwauling and the prosperity hell-raising, Big Boom Mountain blew up.

There had been rumblings way down under for years, while an Ohio ex-newspaper editor played poker in the White House, and a too-shrewd Massachusetts lawyer pussyfooted, and an international engineer . . .

Well anyway it blew up blew up the two chickens in every pot, the two cars in every garage, the experiment noble in purpose. Blew up "the end of poverty." Blew up the still wet blueprints of a tomorrow that was to be built on the installment plan. Blew up the *status quo*.

And on a wave of dark lava came riding Franklin New-Dealano Roosevelt.

Beautiful Boom Mountain they had forgotten that it was a volcano! After Mt. Pelée blew up, ashes rained down from the skies for six years. Ten years after Mt. Boom exploded, the ashes are still raining down. Among them can be recognized pieces of The-Nation-Is-Fundamentally-Sound.

These ashes—the books on My America and What It Means to Me, Whither We the People?, You and I at the Crossroads, Sweet Land of Used-to-Be—are covering the nation with a grey pall. The authors are Americans who have done their job sitting in their easy-chairs surrounded by the guesses and idylls of their predecessors. Or they are Americans who have set out in their automobiles to take the pulse of New England and Dixie and the Middle West and the Pacific groves and tell you how (or whether) it is still beating.

The eruption of Big Boom Mountain has rained down on us such awful stuff as Prof. Bowden's *In Defense of Tomorrow*, which some years ago won a prize as the best book on the Soul of America. Other stuff, more plausible but intellectually no more honest, came from the Lippmanns, Sokolskys, and Krutches. (I fancy that in the future, historians will examine Lippmann's depression verbalisms and Krutch's *Was Europe a Success?* with an eye to determining the intellectual's role in whitewashing the collapse of a way of life.)

This catastrophe, in the midst of which we are still living, has not been altogether to the bad. For one thing it has increased the interest in religion. Pie at the end of the ticker tape gave out, but there was still one place, however far off, where it might be found. For another thing, it has brought some courageous realistic writing to counteract the pollyannas.

One of the best things that has happened is Charles and Mary Beard's *America in Midpassage* (Macmillan, $3.50), an attempt to cover with some degree of historical finality the ten years of American history that came to an end with the close of business, 1938.

Unlike confectionery fiction, which begins with trouble and ends on two lovers melting into oneness against the sunset, it begins with "The Golden Glow" that completely blinded our eyes during the reign of Cal Coolidge, and ends on a problem: *Toward a Reconsideration of Democracy*.

In between is the whole wealth and poverty, the panic and sanity, the politics, the people at work, the art and literature and science, the time-killing devices newly invented or perfected—in short, the vast bewildering variety of the most vital nation on the planet. It is a full-length portrait (949 pages); or better, a multiple-reel supercolossal film epic, showing our most vital nation reeling from an unexpected sock in the jaw.

Of the works that have come into my hands since I began reviewing for this magazine, this is the "must" job. Even the fellow who wants to run away from the problem would like to understand a piece of it if he could be sure that the lecture wouldn't bore him. The Beards do not bore.

The past moves under their skillful marshaling, and the overcomplicated facts, mustered and drilled and paraded, take on meaning. A trenchant irony is the Sousa March that greatly enlivens the narrative.

The book falls into place as Vol. III of *The Rise of American Civilization*—the first two volumes of which, you may need to be reminded, comprise the best and most interesting history of the American people that has yet been written.

In the introduction to their first two volumes, the Beards wrote that a history might in itself be a historical force. They were expressing a hope that their interpretation of the American scene might be a progressive influence.

The sentiment applies with even greater point to *America in Midpassage*. To the average bewildered, punch-drunk American it may well be the towel, waterbottle and styptic pencil between rounds.

Note the difference in the titles. *Midpassage*. No guarantee that that old boat, the ship of state, will reach the port it set out for. Certainly not as optimistic a label as that confident *Rise of American Civilization*. Were the Beards themselves fooled by the "Golden Glow"? Those who are curious enough to look back over the final fireworks-bursting-in-air paragraphs of *The Rise* to compare them with the more sober ending of *Midpassage* will get a twisted smile out of the difference.

* * *

If my arithmetic is right, it is one hundred fifty years since the Constitution went into effect. Probably more hysterical jabbering and mystical nonsense has been emitted about the Sacred Document than about any other single thing aside from the Bible, the Koran, and the Zend-Avesta. Charles Beard was probably the first man to let the light in on all the voodooistic pishposh by means of a book entitled, I think, *The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*. It created a row in the American Historical Association from which that august and timorous body, after thirty-some years, has still not entirely recovered.

Dr. Beard showed who the men were that created the Constitution, what classes or groups or interests in the community they represented, and what was the crisis, the particular situation in the country, that gave rise to it. Those who, like the late Harry Atwood, a Chicago lawyer who founded the Know-the-Constitution League, wrote a book called *The Hand of God in American History* (a shade worse than *In Defense of Tomorrow*), and who maintained that the making of the Constitution was the greatest event in human history next to the birth of Jesus, were naturally affronted.

Charles Beard brought the Constitution down out of the fog into the light of ordinary goings-on. Since then we have had a new campaign of obfuscation, ostensibly designed to save the Sacred Document from rape by the New Deal. Also comes Maury Maverick,

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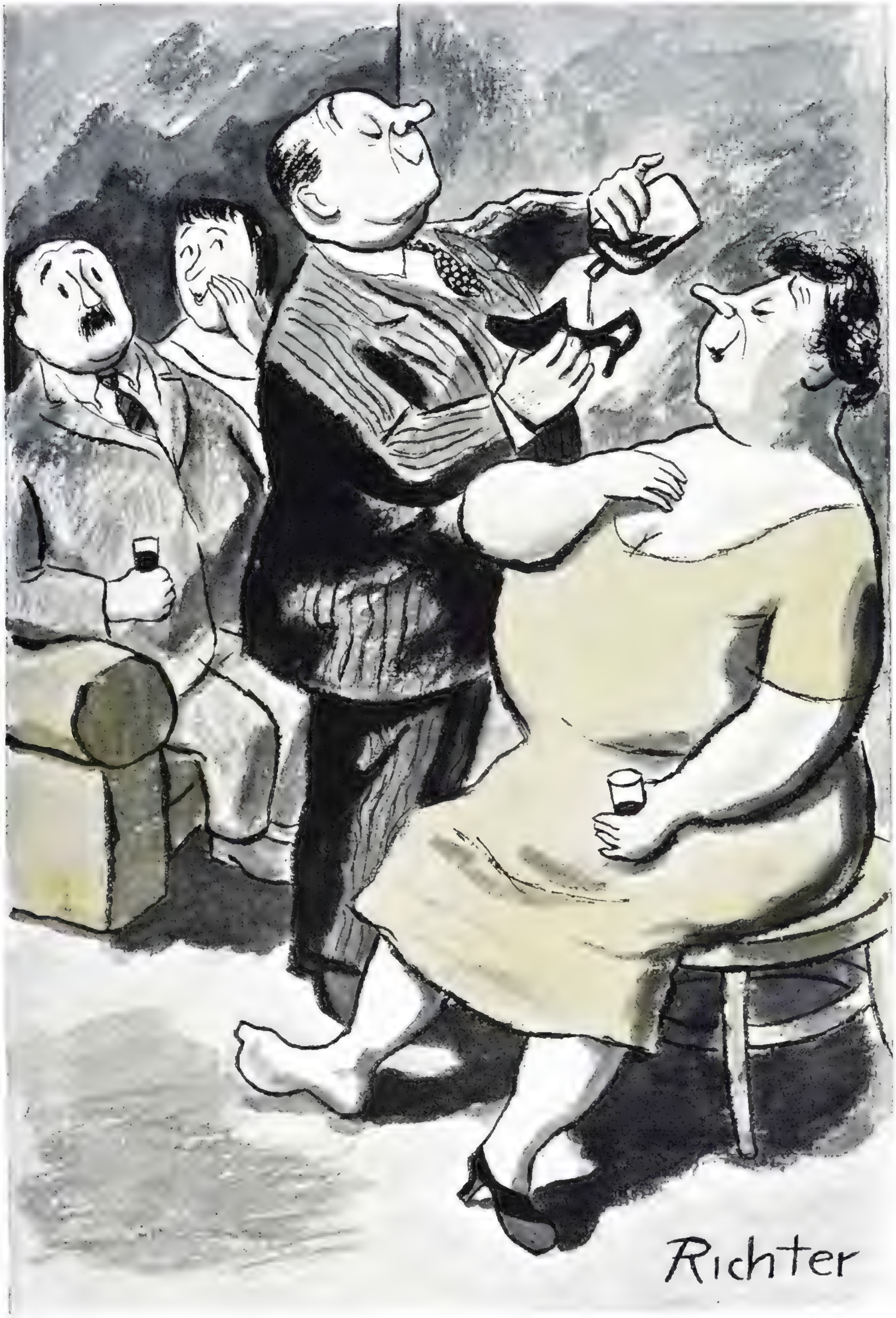

"Suave, ain't he?"

Goblets in the Gloaming

Cocktails have come a long way since that happy occasion when gin was introduced to vermouth

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

History is silent as to how roosters' rump adornments happened to get name credit for a field of science and invention with which they have had little to do. But legend is glib—regaling us, if we are ready swallowers, to the gills with romance about a village innkeeper's daughter, a gallant young patriot, a prize gamecock, and love finding a way to mix a new drink which conquered all as beautifully as did other equally genuine originals in rival localities. With wide-sprinkled taverns and manor houses, numerous as those in which George Washington unpacked his valise, each now vaunted as the fountainhead, the First Cocktail is visioned as having more birthplaces than Christopher Columbus.

In view of these colorful claims, it seems tactless to point out that the word "cocktail" is an old English term for a young horse of mixed breed. Fox hunters, getting up in the morning a bit stiff in the haunches after yesterday's saddle session, and throbby in the head as the result of the night's conviviality, would feel the need of some sort of workout and loosener-up. A "cocktail," bestridden groaningly while milord's blooded jumper was resting, supplied exactly the moral support that the situation called for; and by breakfast time milord was himself again. Hence, in casting about for a name to fit a drink of a resuscitative kind, the pony symbolism was grabbed onto, with the result that the world today is filled with lame fox hunters limbering not their legs but their elbows.

So much for the title. The contents were adapted from punch, which for generations had been the standard recourse in dealing with liquors unblessed by that angel of mercy Modern Chemistry. Flowing bowlers accustomed to dredging tumblerfuls of stern authority tempered with lemons, spices, and assorted fruitsam and jetsam, fell gracefully into the habit of making 'em smaller and more compact. Which brought closer acquaintance with the liquor itself and consequently a demand for better and better liquor—an interesting instance of the way in which civilization pulls itself up by its bootstraps.

And there came a day when somebody somewhere introduced Gin and Vermouth to each other. Possibly the meeting was casual, even hesitant—but the results have been colossal. In England it is reënacted continuously under the name of "Gin & It," the "It" being short for Italian, as this is a sweetish proposition. (No ice if you're really British.)

We impetuous Americans popped off the deep end and came up with the Martini. Three versions of it, as classic as the three orders of architecture: Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. The early or Doric type, known as a Sweet Martini, had the following construction:

½ London Dry Gin
½ Italian Vermouth
Dash of orange bitters or twist of lemon peel.
Stir (don't shake) well in mixing glass; insert a Maraschino cherry.

The Ionic or equipoised type, known as a Medium, Perfect, or Fifty-Fifty Martini, was of similar build except that the Vermouth was a merger combining French style (dry) and Italian in equal amounts.

Thirdly, the Dry Martini, omitted all sweet vermouth in favor of strictly see and offered an olive for fishing purposes. (Today we sometimes substitute a pearl onion successfully.)

Some drinkers may scoff at the above formulae as being skimpy on the gin side—which they are indeed if current practice be taken as the standard. Nevertheless these are the Martini flavor balances which were arrived at with universal rejoicing and no thought that they'd ever be monkeyed with. Granting that the bootleg era's *baignoire* gin geared up people's craze for mere wallop, it is a pity that the fine equilibrium of a Martini should be upset. Personally, having tasted "Martinis" made with as much as four-fifths gin, I still like balance. Even physical balance. To my way of thinking, it is better, if thirsty, to have a number of Martinis before dinner than to find oneself suddenly outnumbered by them.

The fact is, any gin inadequacy is apt to be due to poor gin. A gin of honorable brand enjoying public trust and your own partiality, will know how to speak its piece in recognizable fashion, whereas a much of a muchness of mongrel stuff is not generosity, but general ruin.

For gin is a backbone sprouting its own bouquet—and mighty subtle, if competently made. Distillers don't divulge their sacred recipes, nor tell how they successfully juggle the volatile oils of juniper berries, angelica root, and coriander seed "coming over" at different temperatures in the distillation. But the quality of the result is no secret to anybody's palate.

Equally crucial to the welfare of a Martini is the character of the vermouth or vermouths. And here again fame is the only safety against flimflam, because the production areas in both France and Italy are lush with commercial weeds hoping to be confused with their betters, though there's no possible confusion when once tasted. The treasured invariables are perennial blends of well-chosen wines which have been pasteurized and liqueured with an infusion of herbs, comparable to the *dosage* of Champagne but more complicated, as per dark secrets. This aromatic load also acts as a fortifier and the resultant mixture is a special entity different in personality from the original wines.

Character is deepened and rounded out by sojourn in wood for several months, filtration, and then refrigeration with stirring to prevent freezing, and, finally, storage for two to three years in glass-lined cement vats. A vermouth thus prepared will hold good for twenty or thirty years, but five years is about the limit of appreciable improvement. Uncorked under one's rooftree, it won't spoil for weeks, unless allowed to get actually warm. As a lodger in the refrigerator it has the double virtue of retaining its full bloom and being ever ripe for plucking.

The herb-conditioned Latins, to whom gin is foreign, take their vermouth straight, finding it boostful enow. As a matter of fact, it is of about the same strength per sip as a Scotch and Soda. That is to say, a dog that lies down at your feet, not one you'll be imploring a bristle of tomorrow morn. And there is special comfort for us whose waistlines aren't as concave as they once were, in learning from the medicos that, due to vermouth's pepping up of our metabolism, its effect is non-fattening.

For cocktail time purposes, vermouth may be appropriately housed in an Old-Fashioned glass with a cube of ice and a twist of lemon. By and large, the dry type is the surer bet in America. For a tall, cooling drink, however, the regular Italian type, with sparkling water, has its appeal. And there's the ever pleasant

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Experiment of a Linguist

Assume a bored manner, utter an occasional monosyllable and you'll get by as a native of any country

by D. KOSZTOLÁNYI

• FICTION •

The other day at a party—said Cornelius Esti—someone told me that one should never go to a country without knowing its language. I thoroughly agreed with him. As I am not an Englishman, I take more interest in people than in their surroundings. If I hear strangers speak without understanding what they say, I feel that I am either spiritually deaf, or that I am watching a silent film without music or titles. This sort of thing gets on my nerves and bores me beyond measure.

Though I then agreed with our friend, it came to my mind later on that perhaps the English are right. It must be "great fun" to travel in a foreign country when one is left cold by the sounds coming from moving lips, and to respond with that curious dumb stare when one is addressed. Now, at least, I began to understand the meaning of the words "splendid isolation." What a wonderful feeling of independence and irresponsibility it gives us! Suddenly we feel like a baby under guardianship. There awakens in us a sort of inexplicable faith towards grownups, who must be wiser than we. We let them talk and act while we remain passive. Then we accept everything blindly. The adventure I am going to tell you was unique to me, for, as you know, I speak nine languages. It happened when I was on my way to Turkey, and was obliged to travel through Bulgaria. I spent only twenty-four hours in the latter. There, this curious adventure, which I feel I must tell you, happened. I should hate for you to miss it and, after all, you know how easy it is for one to die . . . something wrong with an artery of the heart or brain, and it's all over. And I am certain that no one else has ever had an adventure like this.

Well, it was the middle of the night, and the Balkan Express was speeding us through mountains and valleys. At about half-past one in the morning I could not sleep, so I went into the corridor to get a breath of fresh air. This, however, soon proved to be boring, as all I could see of the country was black dots. Even a spark of light flashing by seemed an event. Everybody was fast asleep around me. There was not a soul in the corridor.

I had just decided to return to the compartment when the conductor appeared with a lamp in his hand. He was a stubby Bulgarian with a black mustache, and had apparently completed his tour of the train. He had already seen my ticket some time before, but as a sort of greeting he flashed his lamp and came up to me. Obviously, he was as bored as I.

Now, I could not give you a reason why, but a sudden impulse prompted me to enter into a conversation with him—just to have a heart-to-heart talk, you know what I mean. I asked him in Bulgarian if he smoked. That was my entire knowledge of the language. I had learned it on the train from the advertisements. Except for a half a dozen words, such as "yes" and "no," I give you my word of honor that I knew no more. The conductor lifted his hand to his cap in answer. I opened my cigarette case and offered him a smoke. He took out a gold-tipped cigarette with great reverence. I took another with less reverence. He fumbled in his pocket, produced a match, lighted it, and, in a totally strange language he muttered something like "please." Then I offered him my lighter and gave a parrot-like imitation of the word I had just heard from him. Both of us were smoking now, exhaling the fumes through our nostrils. It was quite a promising beginning. To this day I am filled with pride when I think of this scene. With what a knowledge of human nature had I built up, dramatized, directed and produced it! With what a deep knowledge of psychology had I planted that little seed which, as you will hear in a moment, developed into a large wide-spreading tree, under which I rested after the fatigue of a long journey and arose in the morning rich with unusual experiences. You think I overrate my capacities. Perhaps, but first listen to this.

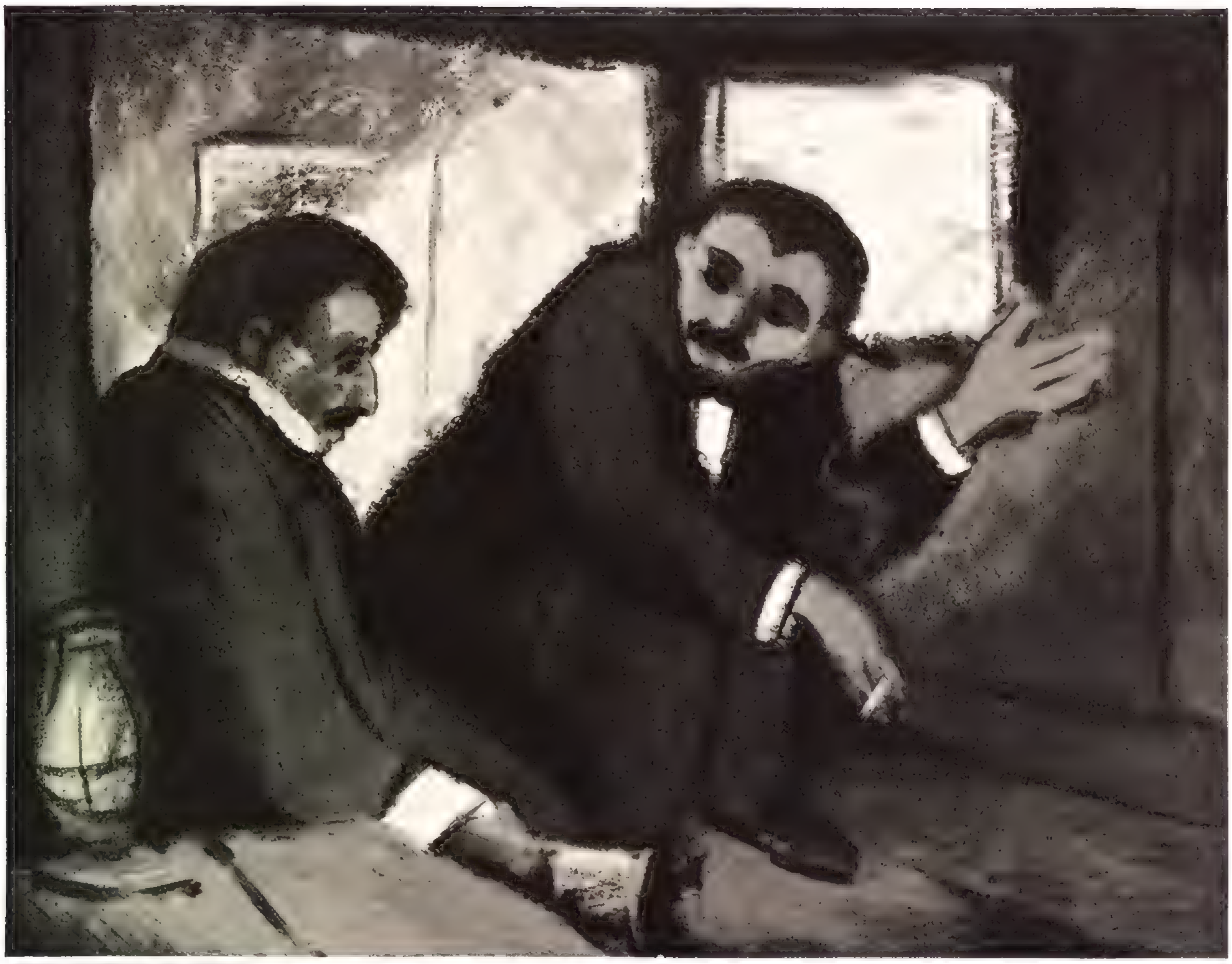
You must admit that my acting technique was sure and perfect from the very first moment. You see, I had to make him believe that I was a born Bulgarian, and that I spoke the language as well as the professor of Bulgarian literature at the University of Sofia. In order to create this impression, my behavior became a bit *blasé* and careless. First of all, I did not fall into the fatal mistake of being loquacious, though it is true that this was not particularly to my credit. You see, foreigners, except the English, are characterized by the fact that they always try to speak the language of the country in which they are traveling. They are, as a rule, too enthusiastic about it and soon give themselves away. The natives, on the other hand, only nod when spoken to, and usually express themselves in monosyllables. Often one has to almost pull the words out of them, and when they actually speak they are rather slangy, using battered words, shiny and bent from long use. They produce them, sleepily, from the rich, hidden treasures of the language. As a rule they are fighting shy of using the correct terms, too self-conscious to care about grammar and idioms. Just imagine what would happen if they had to speak for hours on a dais or to write a book amounting to several thousand words! They would prove quickly to their audience that they had not the slightest idea of their own language. So, to go back to the conductor, we were puffing in one of those intimate little silences in which great friendships, real understandings, and long happy marriages are born. Had somebody been invisibly present, he might have said that my expression was both serious and kind. Occasionally I frowned. Then, for a change, I smiled and looked at him attentively. But, after all, it was my place to start the conversation which I felt already had wonderful possibilities. I yawned and sighed. Then I put my hand on his shoulder, lifted my eyebrows so that they formed an enormous question mark, and, tossing my head, I murmured something which I thought might mean the word "well," or something to that effect, in Bulgarian. The conductor seemed to discover in this friendly form of interest a souvenir of his childhood, or the mannerisms of one of his colleagues, who would inquire in this way, "Well, what's the news old man?" He suddenly smiled and began to speak. He uttered four or five sentences, then came to a standstill and waited.

I was also waiting, and had very good reason to. You know it as well as I. I was meditating on what I could answer. After a short hesitation, I came to a decision. I said: "Yes."

Experience has taught me that whenever I am not listening to the conversation at home, or don't understand something, I always say "yes." Therefore I never have any trouble. Even when I actually seemed to have agreed with something I should have condemned by this affirmative monosyllable, I simply had to make them believe that it was like "oh yeah," irony rather than agreement. We all know how many times "yes" means "no."

The results proved that my line of thought was sound. The conductor became more informative, then, unfortunately, stopped talking. Now, with an accent expressing the interrogatory form with a tone of misgivings and surprise, I said "yes?" This, so to speak, broke the ice. The conductor melted and went on speaking for a quarter of an hour. His conversation was pleasant, and apparently varied and interesting. This time I could relax as I did not have to think of a possible answer to give him.

That was my first decisive success. As he spoke, as the words and sentences poured out of his mouth like little rivers, as he talked, prattled, babbled, it was evident that now no one could have induced him to believe that I was a stranger. This conviction, though it seemed to be firm, necessitated support and needed to be maintained. For the time being I escaped the very grave problem of answering him, and though I occupied my mouth with



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

a cigarette so as to give a visible sign that my lips were engaged, I could not neglect my amusing entertainer, and from time to time I had to do my best to keep the fire of conversation alive.

How did I do that? Naturally, it was not with words that I achieved this effect. Instead I acted. Like an actor, you might say like a first-rate actor, with all parts of my body. My face, my hands, ears, and even my feet moved as they should. I was naturally cautious. I feigned attention, but not that kind of forced, insincere attention which creates suspicion from the first. I imitated that kind which, like a fire, now languishes and disperses itself, then flares up again and breaks into flame. I was careful about other things as well. Occasionally, I made him understand with a gesture that I didn't quite see his point. You would naturally think this was the easiest of all. You are wrong. That was, my friends, the most difficult of all. Since I honestly and truly did not understand a single word of his whole conversation, I had to be very careful that my expression should not be too sincere or convincing. I was lucky and did not overlook this point. The conductor simply repeated his last sentence and I nodded as if I had said, "Oh, now I see what you mean."

Later on, there was no necessity to kindle the gaily crackling fire of his conversation which was flaming like a stake.

The conductor spoke. About what? You are really none too tactful. How should I know? Naturally, I was terribly curious. Maybe he was telling about the regulations of the railway company; perhaps about his family and his children; maybe about growing beet roots. The possibilities were unlimited. God Almighty only knew what he was talking about. From the rhythm of his speech I felt that he was telling a gay, long-winded story which, within broad epical banks, rolled toward its final development. He was not in the least hurry. Nor was I. I let him wander from the point and splash like a rivulet, for I knew he would eventually turn back and flow into the hollow, comfortable river bed of conversation. He often smiled. The story he was telling me must have been rather spicy, and there were parts which, I presume, were definitely unrepeatable. He winked at me confidentially, as if I had been his accomplice, and laughed. Now and again I laughed with him. Often I pretended not to share his views. After all, I did not want to spoil the man. I only appreciated in moderation that old-world, golden humor, which really came from his heart and flavored his narrative. It was about three in the morning, and we had—I mean he had—been talking for fully an hour and a half, when the train slowed down as we neared a station. The conductor took his lamp, apologized that he had to jump off, but assuring me that he would soon be back to finish the story. I was sure he had not yet reached the climax, which I was anxious to hear. I leaned out of the window. I bathed my head in the fresh air. On the ash-gray of the sky there were magenta flowers of the dawn. In front of me was a village smelling of fresh cream, on the platform a few women with kerchiefs on their heads. The conductor spoke to them in the same language as he had spoken to me, but with better results, for they at once understood what he said and made their way towards the third-class carriages at the back of the train.

He was with me again in a second, a smile still on his lips, and continued his narrative laughingly. He soon came to the point which he had promised. Then he shot out his laughter. He laughed so much that his whole body was trembling. He was surely a devil of a fellow. He was still laughing when he fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a notebook fastened with an elastic ribbon. This he opened and produced a dirty letter, which, presumably played an important part in the story, and was, perhaps, even its decisive argument. He pressed it into my hands, indicating that I should read it and give him my opinion. You all can imagine what my opinion could have been. I saw only Russian characters written in pencil, almost obliterated by hard wear. Naturally, I took it very seriously and continued to feign an intelligent interest while he stood aside and studied my facial reactions. "Yes," I mumbled. "Yes, yes," in negative, affirmative and interrogative tones. Meanwhile I kept on shaking my head as if to say "typical," "extraordinary," or "yes, that's life." You can use these movements of your head in every conceivable situation that might arise. There has never been a circumstance when you could not say "that's life." Even if someone dies, as everyone must do once, we say again, "that's life." I toyed with the letter, even smelt it close to my nose. It had a faint smell of moisture, and since I could do nothing else, I handed it back to him. Besides this, there

Continued in center of page 103

Roulades and Cadenzas

The Arts Projects probe revealed Congress' ignorance and the Puritanical ropes that bind our Art

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

It's about time we dumped overboard the old Puritanical notion that the arts are a hobby of Satan. Our Founding Fathers objected to dancing and singing in all places and all seasons, and not without reason. In the days when they were stealing the land from the Indians, moccasins made little noise. And in 1700, when every man was expected to carry a rifle, there may have been point, too, in labeling a law regulating the appearance of actors as *An Act for the Suppressing and Punishing of Rogues, Common Beggars, and other Lewd and Disorderly Persons.*

But the most sanctimonious among us falter at the New England conception of Sunday as a day on which citizens may on no account enjoy themselves. In seventeenth-century Vermont a man couldn't kiss his wife on Sunday. In Georgia (Law of March, 1762) no person was "to travel on Sunday by land or water except to church or to visit the sick." Swear about it in public (Statutes of Maryland, 1649) and you could have a hole bored in your tongue. In Rhode Island a young miss was put in the stocks for wringing and hanging out her clothes on the Sabbath.

In Colonial Massachusetts there were no concerts to serve as a prelude to an evening's entertainment. And, as dancing was taboo, nothing was left for John and Priscilla but bundling. Incidentally, the Cape Codders were the last to abandon it. While the young perfected themselves in this quaint indoor sport, their elders were busily describing a woman's elbow as sexy. Short sleeves were banned in 1639. Five years before, hat bands had been declared a folly, and the common wearing of sashes and laces was outlawed.

It is just this attitude of repression and hypocrisy, of frowning on the free expression of the emotions, of suspecting that the artist is a sissy, that has kept art in our country in swaddling clothes for eight generations. And the attitude persists today. There are still members of the community whose chief occupation is proving that they are their brother's keeper.

Otherwise, how else could we explain our being bulldozed into the "noble experiment"? Into submitting to movieless Sundays, into legislating against ice cream parlors as "dens of iniquity"? Why else would we tolerate the absurdity of United States Custom Officers hanging on to every copy of Pierre Louys' *Aphrodite*, D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and other modern classics, as though this land of the free were one large kindergarten? Why else would we permit dumb dizzards in one city or another to shut up *Salome, Idiot's Delight, Tobacco Road, Green Pastures?* Why else would we allow an organized minority to emasculate our movies, censor our radio so that God cannot be quoted when He uses plain language?

Music, being less obvious, eludes blunt-witted censors. Philadelphia ladies may leave after certain trombone notes, but Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth* goes on. The Veterans of Foreign Wars may object, but Stokowski continues to play the *Internationale* at his Youth Concerts.

What objections there are indicate that too many of us are as yet unable or unwilling to face the facts of life in art. We are still inhibited, bigoted, lacking the courage and the determination to throw off the cloak of hypocrisy. We offer lip-service to the ideals of our ancestors. While patronizing peep-shows and practicing a two-faced attitude toward birth control, we continue putting fig leaves on the statues in our high schools and secretly, at least, regard the playing of the flute as not a man's job.

* * *

The latest example of our Puritanical hang-over and failure to come to grasp with the problem of the arts is the recent Congressional investigation of the Federal Arts Projects. As we are all aware, it is an unusual man in Washington who knows that we are on the doorstep of the nineteen-forties and well out of the eighteen-eighties. Knowing that, we do not become alarmed when a Congressional literary-light states that Ben Jonson's pal, Christopher Marlowe, is a Communist currently in the employ of Uncle Sam's Theater Project. It is a bit unsettling, however, to have our duly elected representatives mistaking poor Abe Lincoln's speeches for those of a Bolshevik.

We expect our Congressmen to squander our money. Doing that every session keeps them out of worse mischief. But they should really have overseers appointed to make certain they get more for their money than one look at Tallulah Bankhead and a single album of nude photographs from locked Federal Art Project files. They took only the book of female nudes—completely passing over the males—adjourned immediately, and announced next day that they found the girls—front, profile, and head views—"too buxom to inspire truly great art."

If they persist in printing the testimony of their investigators, they should at least see that it is readable and credible. I settled down in my study with more than a week's steady reading in *Congressional Records*, expecting to emerge fully informed as to the state of the arts. Instead, mixed in with hundreds of pages citing the cost of cables, telephone calls, beauty greases, and make-up creams were irrelevant and fanatical statements of sore-heads, crack-pots, those with axes to grind, and those who obviously have never had an artistic thrill since they were born. I read the sworn statement of one investigator that *It Can't Happen Here* "was not written until three weeks after it opened." In Washington, the age of miracles is still with us.

I learned that the Federal Theater Project hired chambermaids to act because they had worked in theatrical hotels, took on amateurs who could grow grand sideburns, so overlighted their shows that they burned chorus girls' legs, and, in general, produced naughty Communistic plays, among them works that a moron of rental-library intelligence could identify as a German farce, a satirical French poem and a fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen.

I was asked to believe that the excellent Guide Books to the United States prepared by the Writers Project were packed with Soviet propaganda . . . that box-office receipts from concerts and plays were put into a trust fund for the benefit of the Communist Party. Evidently, Secretary Morgenthau, who collects them, works for Joe Stalin.

I was expected to get excited because the Government projects allowed blacks to dance on the same stage with whites (didn't Shirley Temple?). Because plays, in an effort to draw the customers, were titled *The Major and the Manicure, A New Kind of Love, Up in Mabel's Room, Be Sure Your Sex Will Find You Out.* Because there were blue jokes in *Sing for Your Supper.* Congress allowed them to be inserted into the record without being read:

There was a song sung by three old men, which included the lines:

I don't want to be intellectual
I want to be sexual

and another scene:

Executive Officer: "Admiral, the ship's leaking."
Admiral: "Whose fault is it?"
Executive Officer: "It's the carpenter's fault."
Admiral: "Rub his nose in it."

I was expected to believe that the Federal Theater Project "had abandoned American stage methods for Russian principles," which I would be glad to think, because every time

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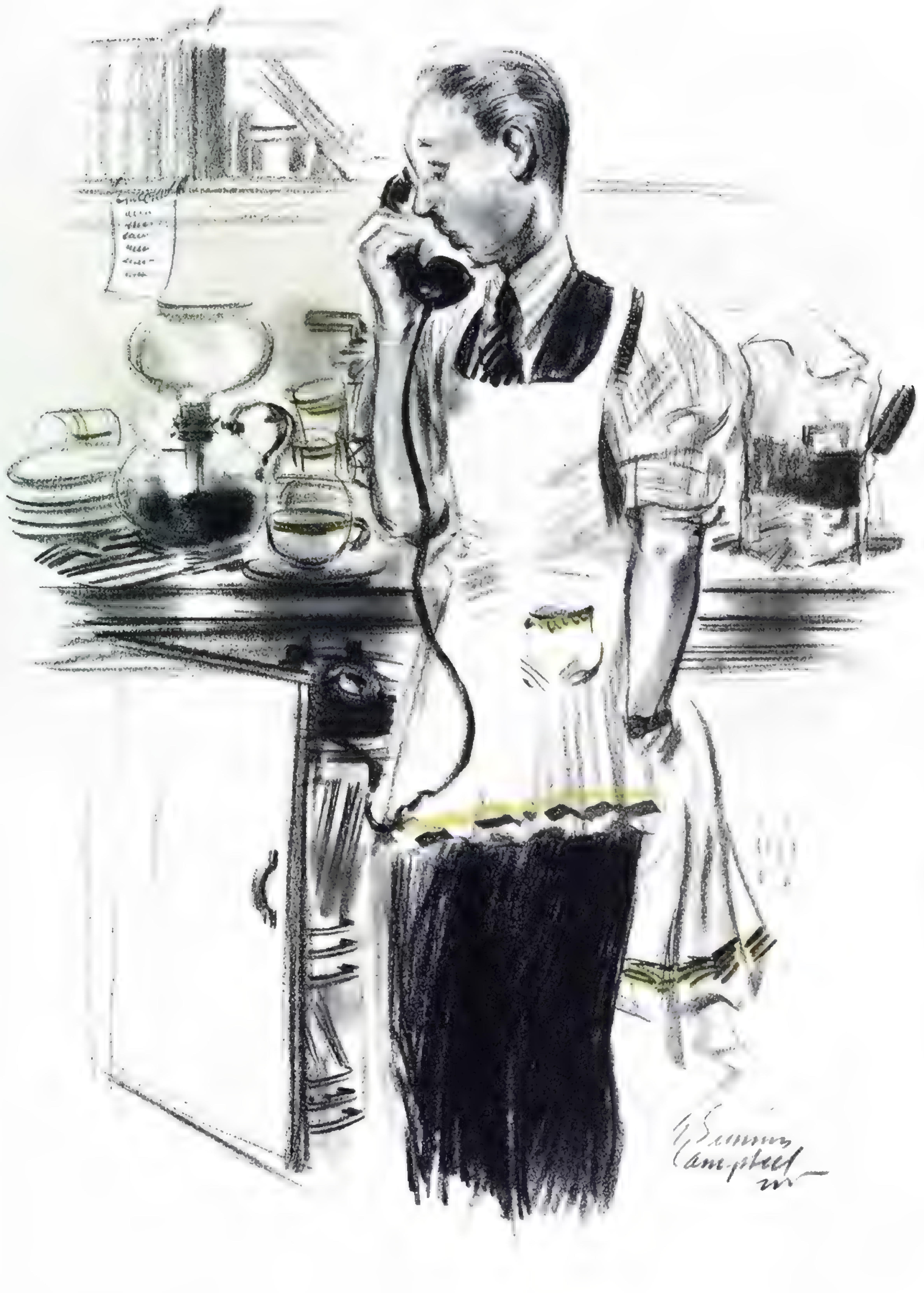

"Yes, dear, I know how buyers are—but you will be home this evening?"

On the Record

Artie Shaw, high-riding *New King of Swing*, is a stubborn, willful guy, and he rakes in the shekels

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

For the first time since Edison cut screeches and twitters into wax, a dance band leader has been guaranteed $1,000 a record side, plus a cut on sales. For making a song a week, "Mr. Cinderella of the Bounce Bands," as *Variety* tabs Artie Shaw, will collect no less than $50,000 during these twelve months. His additional commissions on hits, plus 5c for each record carrying tunes written by him, will probably double the loot. This, added to his $12,500 weekly take for theatre dates, his $3,500 honorarium for college proms and one-night stands, his $40,000 subsidy from MGM for a film, and a $2,500 weekly *radio commercial*, makes him the current Robin Hood of the dance fields.

All this happened, apparently, by strict disregard for rules. Mr. Shaw does everything his advisors tell him not to do. He insults newspaper men, shouts down other band leaders, kicks music publishers out the back door and calls them racketeers, scowls at his admirers, refuses to turn on the charm or be civil, says he's there to make music and not to pose as a Buddy Rogers. When kids come to dance, likely as not he plays undanceable rhythms that he likes and thinks they should, too. He refuses to follow *Your Hit Parade*, ignored *Hold Tight* and *Three Itty Fishes*. He plays no request numbers. In other words, he does as he damn pleases.

He's an obstinate, stubborn guy who happens to have been right . . . or lucky. Whichever it is, he's riding the crest. A year ago he was on the road, ending a two-year trek of tank towns. He had no commercial radio contract, hadn't paid up on his clarinet (which he got wholesale), was in debt, and without prestige or fans. New York hadn't seen him since 1936, when he flopped miserably. Come November last year, and the tide turned. Artie got his first radio commercial, changed the morgue of the Hotel Lincoln into a spa for jitterbugs. His record of Cole Porter's *Begin the Beguine* topped all others and became RCA-Victor's best-selling platter of the torrid Thumping Thirties. John Q. Public, hunting an idol to succeed Benny Goodman, nominated him *The New King of Swing*.

The evolution of Artie's attitude toward music is interesting. At the time he was playing under Howard Barlow, André Kostelanetz, Frank Black and other radio batonists, he hated hot music. But when the "hot" bug hit him, he went for it in a big way. The late Chick Webb always chuckled at Artie's success. He remembered the handsome kid who hung around the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem from early evening to dawn. After the Savoy, Shaw would visit the late spots, then the rent parties and private jigs. He knew every colored musician in town.

This intensive course of study in the ebony belt wiped away all the vestiges of the longhair in Artie. He never was a deep-dyed longhair, though, since he hadn't had more than five lessons in his life. These came free with his first saxophone and, according to him, taught him the few wrong ideas he ever developed about playing a reed instrument.

After mastering the colored style, Shaw believed he could set it off against a classical background. His first band, which made such recording classics as *Let 'Er Go* and *I'll Be with You in Apple Blossom Time* (Vocalion) was a combination of sweet strings and reeds, with just a single trumpet and trombone. It gave out in a solid, straightforward style subdued music. The idea for it came about in this fashion:

A huge swing concert was being given in the Imperial Theatre in New York City and along with the big name maestros, outstanding instrumentalists were invited to do their stuff. Shaw accepted and brought with him a string quartet: two fiddles, viola and 'cello. The very last on the bill, he played his smoking clarinet solos against the smooth background furnished by the quartet. The innovation was so successful—the hit of the concert, in fact—that shortly afterwards Artie formed his own band along the same basic lines. Though new, the band obtained booking plums such as the Hotel Lexington, New York, the then-famous French Casino and the Paramount Theatre, but when it took to the road, it created new box-office lows wherever it played. Shaw ultimately had to disband and form a more popular combination of three trumpets, two trombones, four saxes, his clarinet and the customary rhythm battery. This took. The teensters went for it. *Begin the Beguine* and the radio made Artie Shaw a household god.

Asked to define what he does, he explains: "We play something we just call music. We recognize it, feel it, and like to play it. We consider that definition enough." He thinks "drive" would be a better word for it than swing.

"I hate so-called style bands," says Shaw. "Most of them completely ignore the mood of a number. Whether the tune is romantic or a novelty, by Debussy or Nick Kenny they phrase it the same way, play it in the same monotonous mood and tempo. They see no difference in *Washboard Blues* and *The Three Little Fishes*. They're completely sterile, without imagination.

"Blasting is O.K. when it serves the purpose, but too many bands blast all night long. Others drool out a sickly, sweetish, soft mush without end. There is a place for each, and a band leader makes sense only if he knows when to blast and when to purr.

"'What's the difference between Benny Goodman's band and mine?' Well, those who think we play alike are half-baked. They have no ears. Both of us believe in power and drive, in making the songs more listenable, more danceable than they otherwise would be; but there's plenty of difference in the way we phrase, especially the brasses and saxes. We have a different emphasis on beats, and in building a number to a climax Benny gets there via solos of different instrumentalists. We usually use the entire band, stick closer to the melody, and spend less time than Benny does in having individual men *ad lib*. You might say he rests his case on individual soloists while we play more as an ensemble."

* * *

Artie is the bane of song-pluggers, who tear out sparse locks and wear their ears thin listening for numbers on his broadcasts. He doesn't have to play up-to-the-minute hits because he can serve up old tunes in a way that takes. Notice how often he plays melodies of ancient vintage—the *Carioca*, *Zigeuner*, *Donkey Serenade*, and his own originals, *Any Old Time*, *Shoot the Likker to Me*, *John Boy*, *Nightmare*. Curiously enough, he seldom bothers to give his own tunes titles except for recording purposes. A short while back, playing at Lexington, Kentucky, he was asked the title of one of his tunes. By deft thinking, he managed to say "Lexington Express." The announcement drew a round of applause from the civic-minded gathering. Then, on successive days during the tour, the number became *Hershey Hop*, *Wildwood Wail*, *Pottstown Special*, *Johnstown City Jump*, *In a Buffalo Back Room* and *Tootin' in Toronto*.

Artie lacks some of the ingenuity Raymond Scott possesses when it comes to titling his compositions. A twenty-one minute clarinet solo I heard him play at Paul Whiteman's Carnegie Hall concert last Christmas Day, bore the simple name: *Blues*. Of it, Deems Taylor said with justice: "I've been hanging around orchestras for twenty-two years and

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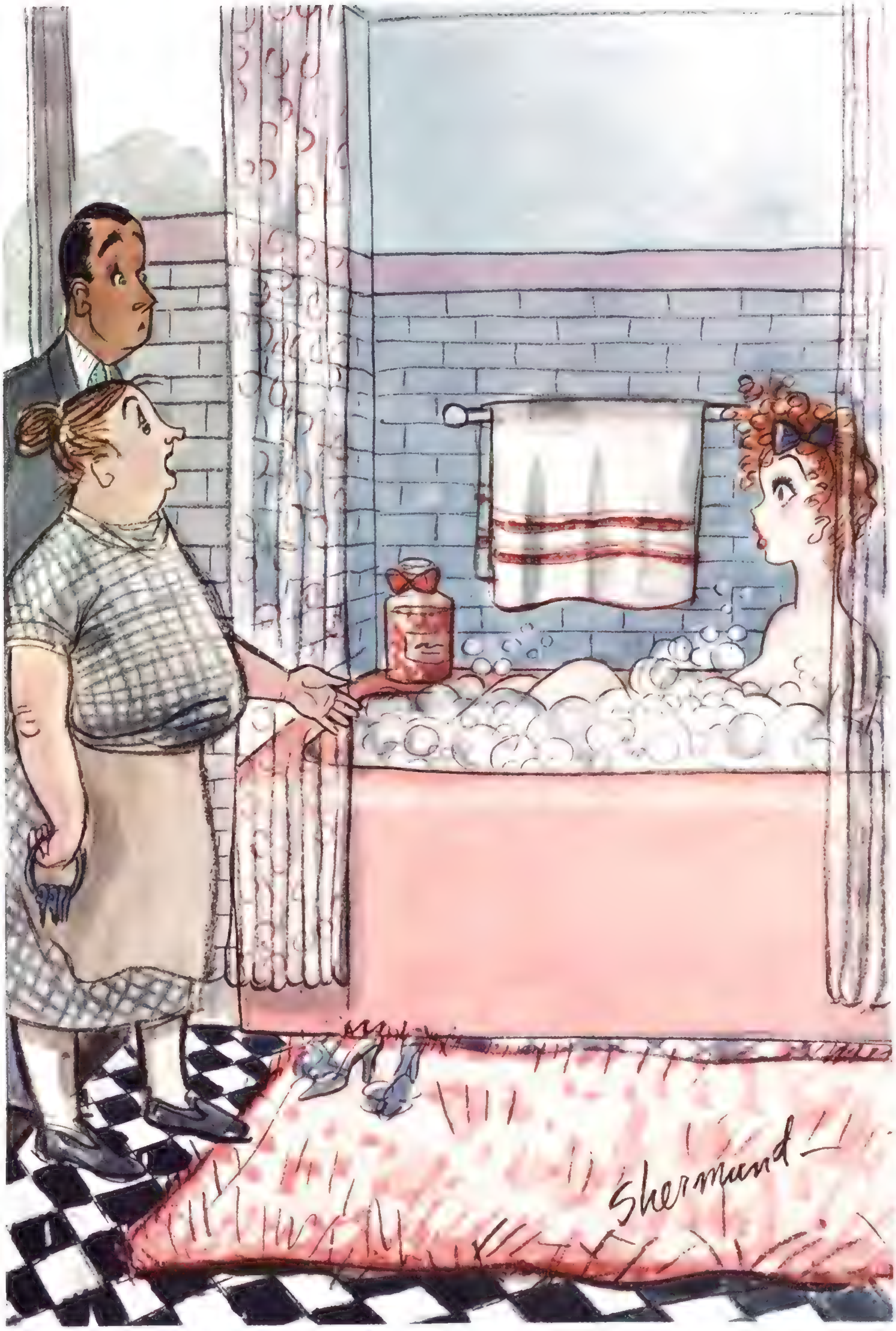
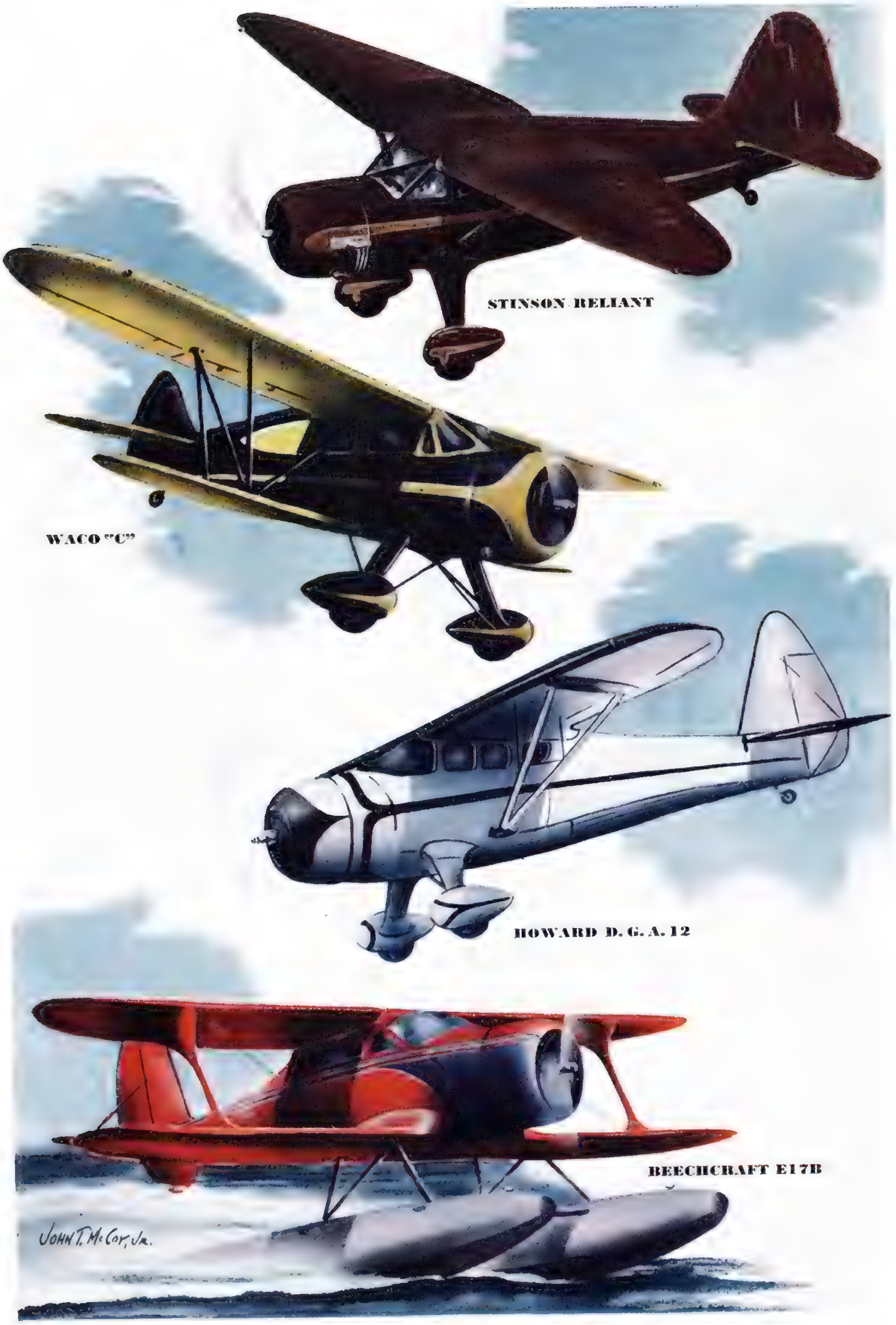


"Now this apartment will be vacant October 1st—"



LUXURY CLASS SHIPS—*Drawn by* JOHN T. McCOY, JR.

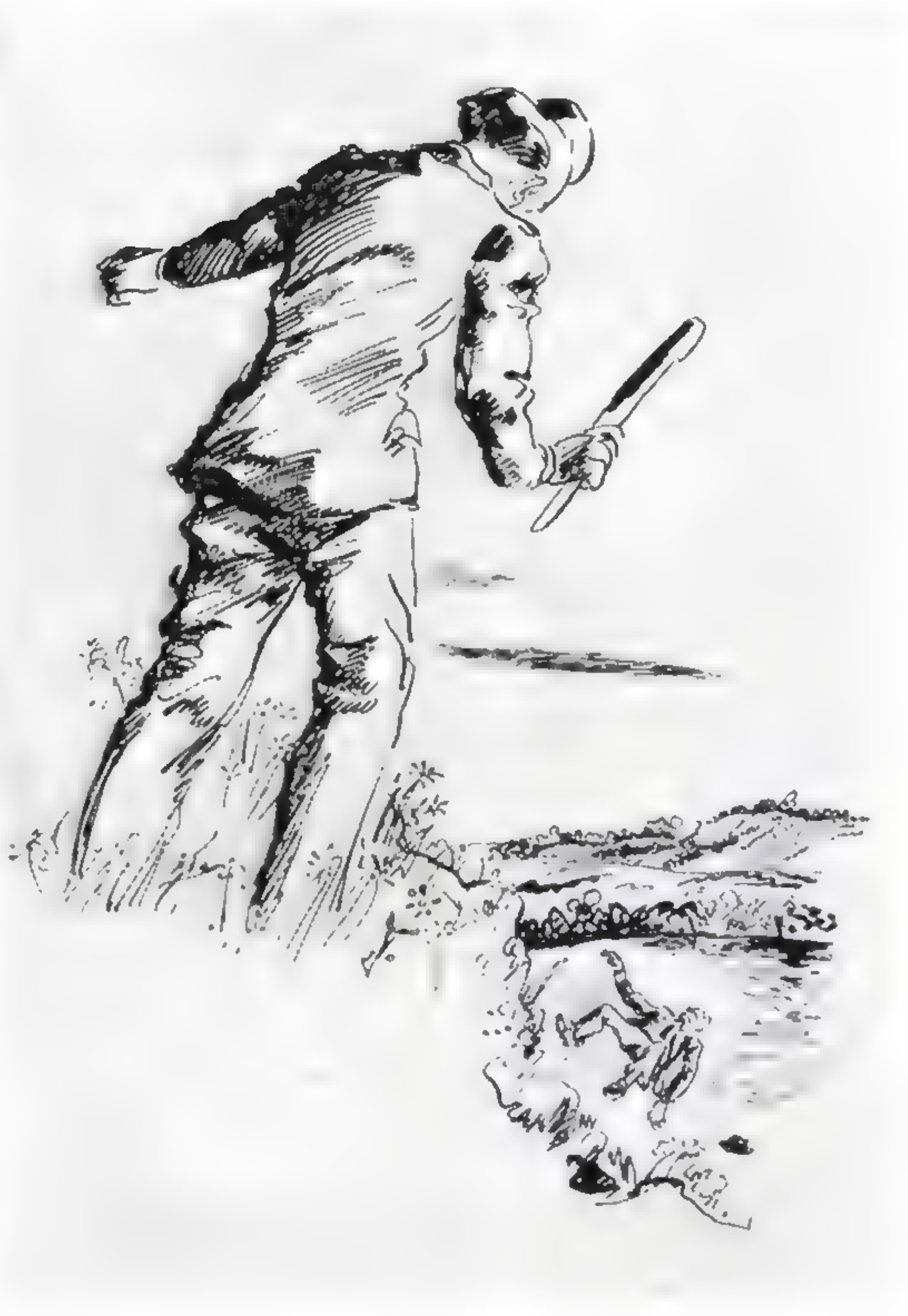
If you're too gregarious for tandem flying, you might go for one of these four and five-place ships. The artist happened to illustrate the Beechcraft as a seaplane, on Edo Model 4000 floats. But since they're all convertible, we're listing their specifications as land planes, for easier comparison. The Stinson Reliant has a cruising speed of 154.5 m.p.h. Its climb first minute is 53 m.p.h., its range 680 miles and its useful load 1345 pounds. The Waco "C" cruising speed is 155 m.p.h., its climb first minute, 775 feet; range, 542 miles and useful load, 1531 pounds. Next, the Howard D. G. A. 12 is fastest with a cruising speed of 184 m.p.h. It will climb, first minute, 1550 feet, has a range of 1085 miles and its useful load is 1550 pounds. It is four place—all the others are five. The Beechcraft E17B has a cruising speed of 177 m.p.h., will climb first minute 1220 feet, its range is 700 miles and its useful load 1240 pounds. These four planes range in price from $9,985 to $12,685, flyaway. (They can be made into seaplanes for around $2500.) Their weights, empty, run from 2210 to 2530 pounds.

Matter of Life and Death

The Sergeant invited him to have a chair and tell about the murder while one of the boys served tea

by NIALL SHERIDAN

• FICTION •



"If I hadn't made that King of Hearts I was bitched," the Sergeant said triumphantly.

He drew the money towards him while Guard Flanagan shuffled and dealt again. The radio had gone out of order a fortnight ago and a game of cards was the only pastime they had. Every night they played three-handed Solo-Whist; Heffernan was saving up to get married and could never be induced to make a fourth.

The Sergeant picked up his cards and arranged them in suits, gazing at them with every appearance of disgust. He held an excellent hand, a perfect Spread Misere.

Just then the door was pushed open and a man with mud-stained trousers and dust coat came forward into the room. He stood with his hand to his forehead, blinking in the sudden light.

Guard Donohue counted his cards twice with great care. "I'll try an Abundance," he said.

"Misere," the Sergeant said. "I think I'll put them on their backs." He made it sound as though he were taking a considerable risk.

The stranger took a few steps towards the table and coughed nervously. "Which of you is the Sergeant?" he asked. "I want to speak to him urgently. I've walked a very long distance. I want to make a statement, a sworn statement."

"Oh, you needn't tell me," the Sergeant said with a sigh of resignation. "Someone is after stealing your bicycle, I suppose. When was it pinched?" He settled his cards face upwards on the table.

The stranger stared blankly at the broad expanse of the Sergeant's back, the ruddy folds of flesh above his tunic collar. He swayed slightly on his feet.

"I'm afraid you don't understand," he said in a low voice. "This has nothing to do with a bicycle. No, nothing. I'll try to be as brief as I can."

The effort of speaking seemed to leave him breathless.

"Why the hell didn't you come the five of Clubs when you saw me dropping the Queen?" Guard Flanagan asked.

"Speak up, man," the Sergeant said over his shoulder. "You'll have to give me an exact description. What make of bicycle was it? I suppose you haven't the number of it." He tapped his cards. "I'm all right now. The diamonds are all gone."

"Look at that now," said Donohue. "What difference would the five of Clubs make? Sure he had a cast-iron hand."

The Sergeant drew slow caressing fingers along his jaw. "That'll be just two bob a skull, boys," he said in a pleasant tone.

He turned as the stranger touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here," the man said. "I'm sorry to interrupt your game. But if you wouldn't mind listening for a moment, one moment. I want to tell you something." There was an undertone of fury in his polite English accent.

"And what's hindering you?" the Sergeant asked, fixing the money in a little stack beside him. "Now was it an old machine or a new one? Twenty-six or twenty-eight inch wheels? Was there a three-speed gear on it?"

The stranger began to bang both fists on the table, scattering the Sergeant's pile of coins.

"Will you listen," he fairly shouted. "This is *not* about a bicycle. It's a much more serious matter than any bicycle could be."

The Sergeant looked at Flanagan and then at Donohue.

"I see," he said gravely. "It's about a motor-bicycle."

The Englishman gave a groan and collapsed on the end of the wooden form, sobbing and laughing, with his hands to his face.

"I've come to confess to a murder," he whispered. "I killed my best friend two days ago."

The Sergeant's bulk stiffened as the two Guards turned towards him, their faces rigid with amazement. He rose slowly to his feet, dropping the money he had won into his trouser pocket.

"I see," he said in a bewildered tone. "This is a nice how-d'ye-do, so it is. You'd better calm yourself now and take it easy. You must be perished with the cold." He took the stranger by the arm and led him to a chair beside the fire.

"Maybe he'd like a cup of tea," Guard Flanagan said, rising. "A nice strong cup of tea."

The Sergeant nodded, making a pouring gesture with his fist. "You might put a drop of the creature in it," he said.

The stranger jumped to his feet and stood before the fire, supporting himself against the mantelpiece. He began to speak very rapidly: "Sergeant, I have come to give myself up to justice. I am a murderer. I killed my oldest friend. It was murder, brutal murder, and I must pay for my crime. I don't want to make any trouble. The law must take its course. I will make a full, accurate statement." He stopped, breathless, his face pale as the distempered wall behind him.

The Sergeant came towards him and patted him on the shoulder. "Sit down now, like a good man," he said, "and let Flanagan put on the kettle. You can tell us all about it."

Guard Flanagan crushed the kettle flat on the embers.

The stranger slumped into his chair, breathing quickly, the loosened muscles of his face twitching.

"The nerves is at him," Guard Donohue whispered knowingly. A solemn nod from the Sergeant confirmed his diagnosis.

"Are you feeling better now?" he asked.

The stranger gave a weary smile; he seemed almost calm.

"You have been very kind," he said. "You make it easy for me to confess to a terrible crime. I will begin at the beginning. I am an Englishman, a bachelor, and for many years my only friend has been a man whose wife died a long time ago. We were both more or

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The Candid Cameraman

Career is an appealing piece of small-town Americana even though it borrows freely from *Our Town*

by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

PRODUCER GAG

"*. . . how can we have intelligent movies? The average movie has to be made for the average intelligence, which is about that of a twelve-year-old child.*"—Common slogan of motion picture producers.

THE other evening, our spies report, a very select Hollywood group was assembled in the private projection room of one of the world's greatest film producers. They were watching the nearly-final version of the producer's latest and greatest screen epic. In the projection room were a few great actors, a few great directors, a few great writers, the one great producer, and his twelve-year-old son.

Came a spot in the picture when the producer suddenly called to the projectionist, "Stop, halt, wait, what is this?" The film was stopped. "What is this last scene?" the producer demanded of writers, directors, actors, and the world in private. "I don't understand it. What's it supposed to be? Why does this fellow come into the room—I just don't understand what it's all about."

Before anyone else could elucidate, the producer's little boy piped up, "It's very simple, papa," and explained the scene in the picture. This time the producer understood. But "What is this!" he roared, berating the directors, writers, actors, and crew. "What have we come to! Are we now making pictures for twelve-year-old children!"

AMERICA, AMERICA

We were among the first to ask for it, and now that we have got it we are not, as you might expect, going to be among the first to give it back. But we feel we have a right to be among the first to point out a few flaws.

Films have at last come to deal with democracy, in earnest. But a couple of the most recent examples deal with the subject in dead earnest. We plead for life.

We want a propaganda for democracy that is not propaganda in the common, derogatory understanding of the term. We don't believe that aggressive and creative understanding of our way of life can be taught by parading costumed images of our historical heroes mouthing the patriotic platitudes we were taught they said in grammar school. This easy formula is dangerous because being easy and being acceptable to the stuffed shirts, it is the routine, the rut most likely to be followed by lazy film makers. It is dangerous because it is wasteful. Although a few patriotic short subjects such as the very well produced *Sons of Liberty* may attract attention, because even formalized patriotism is a novelty on the screen at the moment, audiences will rapidly weary of such stilted stuff, and come to sit through such program-additions with the same weary fortitude with which men sit through the female style-show clips.

This may seem to be an argument against something we are for. Rather, it is a warning. *Sons of Liberty* is in itself effective, but it is full of stilted little patriotic maxims that are unnecessary; in true propaganda films, story and character must convey the meaning; it will not be necessary to have the characters make death-bed quotations from the Declaration of Independence.

We need only recall the complete absence of patriotic show-speeches in *Young Mr. Lincoln*, a film nevertheless permeated with the folk idea of human equality, the basis of democracy. The danger right now is that Hollywood will take up formal patriotism and democracy with such fervor as to make fetishes, and rather ridiculous fetishes, of some of the existing self-evident truths.

At the moment, for instance, no story of a small town is complete without a scene of an attempted lynching. The outsider, viewing America through Hollywood films, must conceive of our town life as something like this:

Anyone arrested for drunkenness, stealing a chicken, murder, laughing during a Fourth of July speech, or passing a counterfeit bill is taken to a small, shaky jail; a crowd forms at once in the town square, Bruce Cabot, or John Carradine, in either case unshaven, goes and gets a coil of rope from the village hardware store; a voice in the crowd yells "What are we waiting for?" the crowd is just about to break in the door and get the victim when the hero steps out alone, knocks the first man over with his fist, says the next man up will get the same, and then proceeds to lecture the mob out of its evil intention, until they hang their heads in shame, and he rakes them over the coals, calling some of the citizens by name and asking them if they aren't plumb disgusted with themselves. Then he says, "go home to your wives."

This is the last place in which lynch fever will be minimized. But that sort of routine familiar treatment of the subject in films will minimize it, reduce it to another cinema-myth, accepted as a picture-thing which of course we don't see in real life. It is true that in real life in America Negroes are lynched for smaller offenses than chicken stealing; but films do not show us Negroes being lynched. They avoid the real problem entirely.

A recent, minor picture called *Career* exemplifies the weakening of social criticism by making it routine. *Career* is in many ways an appealing, if synthetic piece of small town Americana. It apes the method of *Our Town*, in having a narrator describe the area, the products, the time-flowing way of life in an Iowa village; thus the little film gives itself some airs of typicality, some pretense of depth.

There is even a rather unusual, and honest bit of motivation in the story of rivalry between the town's storekeeper and banker, because the banker got the girl, years back (she's dead now, they're elderly people). But instead of working the thing out psychologically, a dramatic smash climax is jerked into the plot by having the storekeeper withdraw his money from the bank, weakening confidence in it, and starting a run that precipitates failure. The townsfolk then are turned against the storekeeper, who, they are told, has deliberately wrecked their bank by drawing out his money. So they get a rope. For him instead of for the banker.

Such phony motivation wouldn't be worth detailing, if it were merely a matter of pointing out what is bad in a mediocre film. But it shows how rapidly a theme which has great importance as social criticism can be deteriorated by indiscriminate use, in pictures. Gee, that lynch scene they got in *Young Mr. Lincoln* is terrific, and you know where Lincoln comes out and talks them out of it? So let's stick it in *Career*.

And Edward Ellis comes out on his front porch and out of character to make a formal speech about freedom and the home and courts of justice, all very fine, all stuff we have been asking for—but let's not have it

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STEFFI DUNA
Hurrell Photograph

GERALDINE FITZGERALD
Hurrell Photograph

The Bottle Party

Continued from page 47

as good as you say, I could pay you on the installment system."

"Don't worry. Give me five bucks. I've got all I want, really. Shall I wrap him up for you?"

Frank paid over his five bucks, and hurried home with the precious bottle, terrified of breaking it. As soon as he was in his room he pulled out the stopper. Out flowed a prodigious quantity of greasy smoke, which immediately solidified into the figure of a gross and fleshy Oriental, six feet six in height, with rolls of fat, a hook nose, a wicked white to his eye, vast double chins, altogether like a film producer, only larger. Frank, striving desperately for something to say, ordered Shashlik, Kebab, and Turkish Delight. These were immediately forthcoming.

Frank, having recovered his balance, noted that these modest offerings were of surpassing quality, and set upon dishes of solid gold, superbly engraved, and polished to a dazzling brightness. It is by little details of this description that one may recognize a really first-rate servant. Frank was delighted, but restrained his enthusiasm. "Gold plates," said he, "are all very well. Let us, however, get down to brass tacks. I should like a palace."

"To hear," said his dusky henchman, "is to obey."

"It should," said Frank, "be of suitable size, suitably situated, suitably furnished, suitable pictures, suitable marbles, hangings and all that. I should like there to be a large number of tiger skins. I am very fond of tiger skins."

"They shall be there," said his slave.

"I am," said Frank, "a bit of an artist, as your late owner remarked. My art, so to speak, demands the presence, upon these tiger skins, of a number of young women, some blonde, some brunette, some petite, some Junoesque, some languorous, some vivacious, all beautiful, and they need not be over-dressed. I hate over-dressing. It is vulgar. Have you got that?"

"I have," said the djinn.

"Then," said Frank, "let *me* have it."

"Condescend only," said his servant, "to close your eyes for the space of a single minute, and opening them you shall find yourself surrounded by the agreeable objects you have described."

"O.K." said Frank. "But no tricks, mind!"

He closed his eyes as requested: a low, musical, humming, whooshing sound rose and fell about him. At the end of the minute he looked around: there were the arches, pillars, marbles, hangings, etc., of the most exquisite palace imaginable, and wherever he looked he saw a tiger skin, and on every tiger skin there reclined a young woman of surpassing beauty, who was certainly not over-dressed.

Our good Frank was, to put it mildly, in an ecstasy. He darted to and fro like a honeybee in a florist's shop. He was received everywhere with smiles sweet beyond description, and with glances of an open or a veiled responsiveness. Here were blushes and lowered lids. Here was the flaming face of ardor. Here was a shoulder turned, but by no means a cold shoulder. Here were open arms, and such arms! Here was love dissembled, but vainly dissembled. Here was love triumphant. "I must say," said Frank at a later hour, "I have spent a really delightful afternoon. I have enjoyed it thoroughly."

"Then may I crave," said the djinn, who was at that moment serving him his supper, "may I crave the boon of being allowed to act as your butler, and as general minister to your pleasures, instead of being returned to that abominable bottle?"

"I don't see why not," said Frank. "It certainly seems rather tough that, after having fixed all this up, you should be crammed back into the bottle again. Very well, act as my butler, but understand, whatever the convention may be, I wish you never to enter a room without knocking. And above all— no tricks."

The djinn, with a soapy smile of gratitude, withdrew, and Frank shortly retired to his harem, where he passed the evening as pleasantly as he had passed the afternoon.

Some weeks went by, entirely filled with these agreeable pastimes, till Frank, in obedience to a law which not even the most efficient of djinns can set aside, found himself growing a little over-particular, a little *blasé*, a little inclined to criticize and find fault.

"These," said he to his djinn, "are very pretty young creatures, if you like that sort of thing, but I imagine they can hardly be first-rate, or I should feel more interest in them. I am, after all, a connoisseur: only the best can please me. Take them away. Roll up all the tiger skins but one."

"It shall be done," said the djinn. "Behold, it is accomplished."

"And on that remaining tiger skin," said Frank, "put me Cleopatra herself."

The next moment, Cleopatra was there, looking, it must be admitted, absolutely superb. "Hullo!" she said. "Here I am, on a tiger skin again!"

"*Again!*" cried Frank, suddenly reminded of the old man in the shop. "Here! Take her back. Bring me Helen of Troy."

Next moment, Helen of Troy was there. "Hullo!" she said. "Here I am, on a tiger skin again!"

"*Again!*" cried Frank. "Damn that old man! Take her away. Bring me Queen Guinevere."

Guinevere said exactly the same thing: so did la Pompadour, Lady Hamilton and every other famous beauty that Frank could think of. "No wonder," said he, "that that old man was such an extremely wizened old man! The old fiend! The old devil! He has properly taken the gilt off all the gingerbread. Call me jealous if you like: I will not play second fiddle to that ugly old rascal. Where shall I find a perfect creature, worthy of the embraces of such a connoisseur as I am?"

"If you are deigning to address that question to me," said the djinn, "let me remind you that there was, in that shop, a little bottle which my late master had never unstopped, because I supplied him with it after he had lost interest in matters of this sort. Nevertheless it has the reputation of containing the most beautiful girl in the whole world."

"You are right," cried Frank. "Get me that bottle without delay."

In a few seconds the bottle lay before him. "You may have the afternoon off," said Frank to the djinn.

"Thank you," said the djinn. "I will go and see my family in Arabia. I have not seen them for a long time." With that he bowed and withdrew. Frank turned his attention to the bottle, which he was not long in unstoppering.

Out came the most beautiful girl you can possibly imagine. Cleopatra and all that lot were hags and frumps compared with her. "Where am I?" said she. "What is this beautiful palace? What am I doing on a tiger skin? Who is this handsome young prince?"

"It's me," cried Frank, in a rapture. "It's me."

The afternoon passed like a moment in Paradise. Before Frank knew it the djinn was back, ready to serve up supper. Frank must sup with his charmer, for this time it was love, the real thing. The djinn, entering with the viands, rolled up his wicked eyes at the sight of so much beauty.

It happened that Frank, all love and restlessness, darted out into the garden between two mouthfuls, to pluck his beloved a rose. The djinn, on the pretense of serving her wine, edged up very closely. "I don't know if you remember me," said he in a whisper, "I used to be in the next bottle to you. I have often admired you through the glass."

"Oh, yes," said she. "I remember you to perfection."

At that moment Frank returned. The djinn could say no more, but he stood about the room, inflating his monstrous chest, and showing off his plump and dusky muscles. "You need not be afraid of him," said Frank. "He is only a djinn. Pay no attention to him. Tell me if you really love me."

"Of course I do," said she, rather absent-mindedly.

"Well, say so," said he. "Why don't you say so?"

"I *have* said so," said she. "Of course I do. Isn't that saying so?"

This vague, evasive reply dimmed all Frank's happiness, as if a cloud had come over the sun. Doubt sprang up in his mind, and entirely ruined moments of exquisite bliss.

"What are you thinking of?" he would say.

"I don't know," she would reply.

"Well, you ought to know," he would say, and then a quarrel would begin.

Once or twice he even ordered her back into her bottle. She obeyed with a malicious and secretive smile.

"Why should she give that sort of smile?" said Frank to the djinn, to whom he confided his distress.

"I cannot tell," replied the djinn. "Unless she has a lover concealed there."

"Is it possible?" cried Frank in consternation.

"It is surprising," said the djinn, "how much room there is in one of these bottles."

"Come out!" cried Frank. "Come out at once!"

His charmer obediently emerged. "Is there anyone else in that bottle?" cried Frank.

"How could there be?' she asked, with a look of rather overdue innocence.

"Give me a straight answer," said he. "Answer me yes or no."

"Yes or no," she replied maddeningly.

"Hell and fury!" cried Frank. "I'll go in and find out for myself. If I find anybody, God help him and you!"

With that, and with an intense effort of the will, he flowed himself into the bottle. He looked all around: there was no one. Suddenly he heard a sound above him. He looked up, and there was the stopper being thrust in.

"What are you doing?" cried he.

"We are putting in the stopper," said the djinn.

Frank cursed, begged, prayed and implored. "Let me out," he cried. "Let me out. Please let me out. Do let me out. I'll do anything. Let me out, do."

The djinn, however, had other matters to attend to. Frank had the infinite mortification of beholding these other matters through the glassy walls of his prison. Next day he was picked up, whisked through the air, and deposited in the dirty little shop, among the other bottles, from which this one had never been missed.

There he remained for an interminable period, covered all over with dust, and frantic with rage at the thought of what was going on in his exquisite palace, between his djinn and his faithless charmer. In the end, some sailors happened to drift into the shop, and, hearing this bottle contained the most beautiful girl in the world, they bought it up by general subscription of the fo'c'sle. When they unstoppered him at sea, and saw it was only poor Frank, their disappointment knew no bounds, and they used him with the utmost barbarity.#

The Art of Shooting Flying

Continued from page 82

or firing pin of a gun. Reverend Forsythe made use of the temperamental stuff by fixing tiny pellets of it in copper tubes, and these were placed in a groove of the gun breech under the hammer. When the hammer came down, crushing the tube, the fulminate detonated and the flash of its chemical rage passing through a small port ignited the powder charge in the gun. Within a short time the tube assumed the more convenient form of the percussion cap, which remained in use until the invention of the metallic cartridge for the breechloading gun. Even now fulminate of mercury furnishes the hot spot to ignite propellants in firearms throughout the world. Within the past few years other priming mixtures have been developed which, since they cause less corrosion in gun barrels, will eventually replace the fulminate. I wonder if the servant of the Prince of Peace, working at his hobby in his laboratory in Scotland, could have had any premonition of the millions upon millions of occasions when little pellets of his compound would bring death and wounds to his fellowmen. Probably not. Or he may have comforted his conscience with the thought that men had always been able since Cain's time to find a weapon to draw blood with when the mood to kill was upon them, and that a bullet is a more humane missile than a rock.

Colonel Hawker tried the new invention and admitted that the percussion lock was a great improvement over the flintlock. He thought it reduced the ignition time by one-half, but in spite of this he continued to cherish a preference for his beloved Manton flintlock. He was no doubt right in doing so. He had spent years in perfecting his timing with the older system and knew instinctively how far he must lead his birds. The quicker action of the percussion lock probably upset these allowances so much as to make it necessary for the shooter to readjust his co-ordination—and that is not an easy thing to do by any manner of means.

I once knew a man who belonged with the top flight of trap shots in this country. He would go for days without missing a target. Obviously his co-ordination was very close to perfection. A low whelp who belonged to the same gun club had a woodworking lathe at home with which he amused himself by turning out all manner of things. One day he turned out a perfect duplication of a clay target and as he looked at it, an unworthy thought came to him. He turned out another and another until he had fifteen or twenty maplewood targets that looked exactly like the regulation "clays" when painted—the only difference being that they were practically unbreakable.

It only remained for the felon to inform the other members of the foul scheme, and to give certain secret instructions to the boy in the trap house who loads the targets into the trap. The next time the Doctor came out for a practice shoot, he found nearly the entire membership present, and all of them unaccountably merry of mood. He thought little of it for trap shooters are notoriously possessed of weak and volatile temperaments. He had a fine run of perfect scores behind him and hoped to continue the record-breaking run on this occasion, but he missed the first three birds, much to his amazement and disgust. Then he broke two, and missed, apparently, the following five targets.

They had been cunning enough to mix a few real breakable clays in with the wooden targets, well knowing that some clean hits strung along among the unaccountable misses, would add considerably to the poor devil's confusion. There was danger, just at first, that the Doctor would detect the cheat because the wooden targets fairly hit jumped a yard under the impact of the shot, even though none of them broke. That danger was soon past, however, for in his desperate attempts to change his pace and lead the poor victim soon was actually missing them. Toward the end, when his undoing was complete, we had difficulty in restraining the Doctor from winding a $500 trap gun around one of the posts at the firing point. He was a savage, cursing, haggard man when we finally led him back to the clubhouse and, in the name of mercy, poured him a slug of whisky; so savage, indeed, that no one dared tell him of the joke. When the victim was told of it several days later, the revelation made no difference; his reflexes had been so badly messed up by that violent abuse that it required weeks of practice before he recovered his former certainty and precision. The Doctor eventually got even with the jokester by producing a slap-stick one day—one of the kind that fires a 22 blank cartridge—and walloping the lad all unaware across the *derrière* at a moment when the nervous reflexes engendered by the blow and explosion were sufficient to cause the owner of the *derrière* to leap fully clothed into six feet of mud and water in the little creek that flowed past the clubhouse.

Joseph Manton, who made Colonel Hawker's guns for him, did more than any other man before or since to perfect the double-barreled sporting gun. The sleek lines and beautiful proportions you observe in a fine modern weapon owe their origin to that old British gunmaker who never let a gun out of his hands until it was perfect in appearance and action. No one has ever found better models to work from than the guns Manton turned out; guns with every screw head shot laid exactly parallel to the axis of the barrels; guns in which every detail, although hidden from the eye, is as perfectly executed as the exposed portions; guns that by reason of the uncannily shrewd distribution of wood, iron and steel, balance to a feather's weight. A really knowledgeable sportsman can identify such a gun as far as he can see it.

"Old Joe," who never saw a modern breech-loading gun or a cartridge for one, had two or three apprentices in his shop. These men later established shops of their own wherein the Manton tradition was carried down through the percussion-lock era, that of the hammer breech loaders, and is now continued in the modern hammerless double gun. From these shops come the very finest sporting shotguns in the world at a cost to an American sportsman of about $1500 which includes a very heavy import duty. If you are one who thinks that $1,000 to $1,500 is more money than any gun is worth, I must respectfully beg leave to disagree with you. Your grandson who may inherit such a weapon still tight as a drum and undamaged by two generations of hard gunning will probably disagree likewise. And that's not all of it. Someone asked an old Yankee sportsman why he had paid $500 for his beautiful Scott when for $50 he could have bought a gun that would shoot just as well. "Well," he drawled, "whether I find pa'tridges or not I git considable pleasure jist settin' on a log in the woods and lookin' at a purty gun."

From the first the gunmakers and sportsmen sought for means to get more range from the shotgun. The old cylinder-bored flintlocks killed game very well up to 35 and 40 yards, and everyone supposed, of course, that if a gun could be made to shoot good patterns at 50, 75 or 100 yards, the owner would be able to kill game just as handily at these longer ranges as he had been doing at 30 and 35 yards.

Along in the '80's, W. W. Greener, an English gunmaker, brought out and advertised a choke-bored gun that at 40 yards would shoot about as well as the cylinder-bored guns did at 30 yards. There is considerable evidence to indicate that Mr. Greener copied the system from a gun made by Mr. Fred Kimble, an American, who himself bored a gun barrel that is said to have put practically the entire load of shot inside a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. That was an unheard-of performance, and so far as is known has never been duplicated since. I have seen two modern barrels that with large size copper-coated shot gave occasional patterns in which 90 per cent of the load went into a 30-inch circle at the conventional 40-yard range, but they were most exceptional. A cylinder bore averages from 35 per cent to 40 per cent at the distance. Greener's full choke just about doubled this percentage, and the announcement caused tremendous excitement among gunners, especially in this country. For years a great majority of the shotgun men in America used full-choke guns on everything from woodcock to wild geese. Now the full-choked gun is desirable for wildfowling and trap shooting but it is too hot for ordinary upland work. Most of the quail, grouse, woodcock and pheasant that we bag are shot at ranges under 25 yards. It seems much farther than that but it really isn't. At that distance the shot pattern of a full-choked gun is narrow and therefore harder to hit with, and it is so dense that a bird struck fairly is likely to be riddled. The full-choked guns will kill birds at 50 yards, and even farther than that, but the average gunner lacks the skill to center his target at the longer distances. He is "outgunned" and is doing a thing equivalent to using Captain Campbell's "Bluebird" to deliver milk in Harlem.

There is now an American double ten-bore gun regulated to fire 2 ounces of shot. The combination is effective enough to kill a single duck at 75 or even 80 yards, but there are not in excess of 50 men in this country who are skillful enough to do the trick with any degree of regularity, although there are a devil of a lot of them who think they can. Long-range wing shooting requires much practice, and that is difficult to get in these days of game scarcity and small bag limits.

Gradually most of us are returning to the use of guns of modified borings, especially for our upland gunning, and as a result are hitting more birds and riddling fewer of them.

The first man to kill a game bird on the wing experienced one of the greatest thrills in the annals of sport. It must have seemed a miracle and it is easy to imagine with what deference he was treated at the local public house when word of his accomplishments was noised abroad. I can remember, and it was not so many years ago, when a man who could shoot grouse, woodcock or ducks in flight was regarded with awe and envy. People thought his uncanny skill was a natural gift like pink hair—something that unless you were born with it, you could never hope to acquire later. The gunner himself often shared the notion and regarded himself as a most exceptional egg. Beyond the gift of decent co-ordination and good eyesight the expert has nothing that anyone equally endowed can't acquire with practice. By shooting one learns to shoot. But to whatever practical terms and definitions we reduce the art of wing shooting there is still enough of the incredible in the performance to fascinate men who have shot all their lives. The dog finds at the edge of a patch of alders, and that by itself is something of an experience. As you come up with him there is a sudden, nerve-shaking roar of wings as the grouse gets up and darts away with the speed of a rocket. The matter is now in your hands. Your eyes must report the bird's speed and direction of flight, and the brain, if it is working as it should, takes these facts and makes instantaneous calculations as to where the gun should be pointed when the shot is fired. It will not be straight at the bird unless it happens to be going dead straight away and level, or coming straight in and level. Allowance must be made for the time it takes to pull the trigger, for the powder to burn and for the shot to go from the gun to the target. Brief though these processes are, the bird moves a considerable distance while they are taking place. The gunner's problem is to bring about a collision between two bodies moving in different directions and at different velocities.

Tables are available giving in feet and inches the exact leads necessary to hit birds at various speeds, angles and ranges. The figures are mathematically correct, no doubt, but they are of little practical value to the shooter, for each bird that rises interjects an unpredictable factor into the equation. The mathematical gunner would often find himself using the answer to Problem 17 on a bird that was flying course and speed No. 17½. Anyhow it wouldn't be any fun. It is also unnecessary because the human brain has been trained to the business of judging distance, angle and speed ever since the first ape man rose up on his hind legs and heaved a rock at Mrs. Neanderthal's mischievous little apes, next door. The faculty is now highly developed; without it we'd be unable to hit a golf ball or drive an automobile. With practice the gunner learns to know exactly where to shoot in order to hit his flying target. A miss by a veteran shot is almost always due to some error in handling the gun and only rarely to a miscalculation by the brain. The whole operation, in the case of a quick shot, is so fast as to seem almost instantaneous. If the shot is successful you will realize that you've done considerably more than bag a pound and a half of the most delicious food on earth and partially satisfied your primordial passion for the chase. For once, at least, you have tasted the triumph of lightning fast, perfect co-ordination as exemplified by your own nerves and muscles. It is an experience so very satisfying that you'll want to repeat it again and again. My first grouse was killed many years ago, but I could take anyone to the exact spot from which the bird rose, and to the other where it fell stricken wonderfully in full pride of flight by the invisible charge of shot from a boy's single-barreled shotgun. Thousands of birds, both upland game and waterfowl, have followed that first grouse into the game bag, but I know that when autumn comes again and I step inside the edge of the Old Schoolhouse Cover, the same thrill will be there waiting to surprise me into a fresh realization of the fact that wing shooting, like fly fishing, is an enduring recreation, likely to outlast all the others that I have at times thought to be amusing.

But the ability to shoot well on game carries with it certain moral responsibilities and obligations—a sort of noblesse oblige. Swordsmanship in olden times was an accomplishment taught only to those who were supposed to be of the moral fiber to resist the temptation to abuse the personal power the weapon gave them. So, in a sense, the wing shots of today must understand that the perpetuation of the sport itself depends upon their restraint in the use of their weapons in the field.

It would be a grand thing if American sportsmen could understand and appreciate the fundamental, essential principles of game management and each man for himself observe them. We wouldn't need to bother with a complicated mass of game laws and we could devote five or six million dollars each year to enterprises of a sort to increase the production of game; money that is now spent to pay the salaries of game law enforcement officers who would certainly be more profitably engaged in doing things of a more constructive nature for wildlife. But because there are many ignorant or greedy gunners who will cheat at every opportunity, half, or more than half of all the money available for the production of game must be used to protect what we already have. The hell of it is that the crooked gunners would get better shooting than they ever had before if they had sense enough to stop cheating and let all the effort of the conservation agencies be directed into productive channels.

Perhaps the following incident will serve to illustrate my conception of the proper sense of the individual gunner's responsibility toward the game he seeks. The writer was in a beautiful strip of rather heavy cover one afternoon with two companions. There were woodcock, grouse and pheasant among the alders and birches. One never knew which of these would be the next to flush.

The birds were plentiful and as we moved along we heard the whip and whistle of the woodcock's springing flush; the thunder of the grouse and occasionally the clatter and turmoil of the big pheasants getting up. We were having the very best shoot of the season when one of my companions through failure to identify the bird correctly, downed a hen pheasant. He was genuinely remorseful, for the surest way to wipe out pheasant stock is to kill off the hen birds.

A few minutes later I saw another hen flush in an alder clump and gave a warning shout: "Hen!" But the gun cracked on the word and down she came, stone dead.

"What did you say?" inquired the gunner, the same who had killed the first hen.

"I said that bird's a hen," I told him.

"The devil it is," he declared positively. "I know damn well that this one is a cock!"

But when we picked the bird up it was indubitably a member of the gentler sex of pheasant society.

Without a word the gunner pocketed the bird and started to leave the cover.

One of us asked where he was going.

"Back to the car," said he. "If I don't know enough to keep from shooting hen pheasants, then I don't know enough to shoot cock birds!" ⵌ

Experiment of a Linguist

Continued from page 91

were several other things in his notebook. He produced a photograph which, to my great astonishment, depicted a dog. I studied it with pursed lips as if I were a devotee of dogs. I soon noted, however, that he did not approve of this. It seemed to me that he was angry with the dog, so my face became grave and I gnashed my teeth at the animal. My astonishment, however, only reached its peak when, from the little side pocket of his notebook, he brought out a little object wrapped in tissue paper and asked me to open it myself. I opened it. All I found were two rather large green buttons such as Bulgarian peasants wear on their coats. I played with them, rattling them together, as if I were a collector of buttons, but the conductor suddenly snatched them from me and, as if he did not want to see them any more, hastily hid them in his notebook. Then he took a few steps, turned around, and leaned against the side of the corridor.

I could not understand and jumped towards him. Then I saw something which jolted me. His eyes were full of tears. That big, strong man was weeping. To begin with, he tried manfully to conceal his tears. Then he broke down and wept until his lips were trembling. I began to feel giddy over this deep, unsolvable tangle of life. What could this mean? What could be the connection between these long sentences, the laughing and the weeping? What had one to do with the other? What had the letter to do with the photograph of the dog? What had the photograph of the dog to do with the two green buttons? And what had all of this to do with the conductor? Was this all madness, or the contrary, the humanly, healthy overflow of sentiment? Had the whole thing any meaning at all in Bulgarian or any other tongue? I felt near to despair.

Then suddenly I grasped the conductor by the shoulders with full force to give him courage, and shouted into his ear "no, no, no," in Bulgarian. Almost choked by his tears he stammered out another monosyllabic word which might have meant "*many thanks for your kindness*" but could also be interpreted as "*you won't knock me about next time, you big bully.*" Slowly he came to himself. His panting became less audible. He wiped his wet face with his handkerchief. Then he spoke. But now his voice was totally different. He questioned me sharply. I presume that they meant something like this: "*Why did you say 'no' after you said 'yes'?*" "*Why don't you now agree with what you said before?*" "*Let's finish this turncoat game.*" "*Let's get down to brass tacks. Well, yes or no?*"

The questions were quick and resolute as if he had fired them at me from a machine gun pointed at my breast. You simply could not escape them. It seemed as if I had gotten into a scrape and my good luck had deserted me. It was my superiority which helped me out of it. I pulled myself up, looked at him with an icy, sharp stare, and, as one who regards it to be under his social position to answer such questions, I turned on my heels and, with long steps, returned to my compartment. There I dropped my head on the little cushion I had brought with me and fell asleep as quickly as someone who dies of heart failure. I awoke about noon.

It was bright and hot. There was a knock on my window and the conductor came in. He reminded me that I had to get off at the next station. But he did not move. He remained standing by my side, like a faithful dog. He spoke again, fluently, quietly, without interruption. Perhaps he apologized. Perhaps he was accusing me because of the bizarre scene last night. That I don't know, and can't tell you. But humble contrition and repentance were reflected on his face. My attitude was cool. I let him shut my suitcases and take them into the corridor, but at the last moment I began to pity him. When he had given my luggage to the porter and I had slowly descended from the train, I threw him a dumb glance which expressed this idea:

"*It was not very nice of you to do what you have done, but it is only human to make a mistake, and this time I will forgive you.*" Then I said aloud in Bulgarian, "*Yes.*"

The word had a magic effect on him. The conductor softened. His face brightened. He regained his former jovial expression. He gave me the salute, standing stiffly alert. Thus he stood in the window, tense with happiness, until the train moved off and he disappeared out of my sight forever. ⵌ

Joe Louis' Ghost Talks

Continued from page 59

clubs boomed. Then the Chicago Stadium, world's largest fistic arena, sold the Brown Bomber's knockouts at profits.

Jimmy Johnston's cry that Louis is fighting "blind men, old men, and drinking men" sounds good . . . but the reason Joe engages these hulks is because he has bowled over all the formidable opposition—Baer, Schmeling, Braddock, Carnera, Sharkey, Mann, Simms, Brescia and Ramage. He took them as they came and asked no questions.

I always will believe the outstanding reason why Joe Louis belongs among the great fighters is that he never fought a tanker. His early career was the real McCoy. Chicago promoters, all of them, tried vainly to eliminate this new "dark menace." Jim Mullen, pioneer Illinois promoter, and Nate Lewis were sockmasters at the Stadium when Joe first began tossing chin bombs. They imported Charley Massare and Lee Ramage with the full expectation that each would upset Louis. When Joe flattened both, Mullen and Lewis signed him for a bout with Patsy Perroni in Detroit's Olympia, also owned by the Chicago Stadium Corporation, believing Patsy was too tough for the phlegmatic Negro boy.

An incident occurred during this fight which caused the break between Louis' two colored managers, John Roxborough and Julian Black, and the Chicago Stadium officials. When Black and Roxborough arrived at the Olympia they saw a capacity crowd, a gate of $29,000 which brought Joe's purse to $4,000. They saw a radio "mike" at the ringside.

"Broadcasting the fight?" they asked the promoters.

"Yes. We thought it would be good publicity for Louis."

"How about our end of the broadcasting receipts?" asked the managers.

"Oh, we didn't sell the ether rights . . . Just a publicity stunt."

When Roxborough and Black later learned that a radio station had paid $1,500 for exclusive broadcasting privilege on the fight, the Joe Louis knockout firm turned toward other promoters. So, for a paltry $1,500 the Chicago Stadium company tossed away a million-dollar asset and, as a result, the Stadium hasn't had a profitable fight season since, or in the past four years.

That's where James Joy Johnston came in. James Joy was matchmaker of Madison Square Garden at the time, 1935, and Black and Roxborough opened negotiations with him to show Louis in New York. Johnston offered the Brown Bomber a match with James J. Braddock, who had just whipped John Henry Lewis to bounce back into the picture as the ring's "Cinderella Man." James Joy's first offer of $2,500 wasn't in keeping with Joe's Chicago and Detroit purses. James Joy raised the ante to five, then to ten thousand dollars . . . finally to $10,000 with the privilege of 30 per cent of the net receipts. This would have been accepted and the Boy Bandit instead of Mike Jacobs would have hitched his wagon to the Alabama star, except that, in making his final bid, Johnston issued a biting edict: "If you don't take this offer and fight for me, y' won't fight for anybody in New York."

"That sounds a little strong," Black commented.

"Let's sleep on it while we go out and take that proposition for an encore with Lee Ramage in California," suggested Roxborough.

So Joe Louis and company, pfd., moved west and Mike Jacobs had time to "learn about Louis."

Sam Pian took Barney Ross, then world's welterweight champion, to New York to fight for Mike. Sam raved about the "great colored heavyweight" in Chicago and advised Jacobs: "Sign him up. He's the greatest since Dempsey."

Louis chilled Ramage in two rounds in Los Angeles, then moved to San Francisco and iced "Reds" Barry. When the Louis troupe returned to the dressing room in Frisco, Pat Frayne announced that Mike Jacobs wanted to talk with Roxborough on the phone. Pat, a San Francisco sports editor, is a brother of Ed Frayne, chief advisor of Jacobs.

"Uncle" Mike had caught up with the Brown Bomber.

One thing big about Mike Jacobs, he doesn't bicker over dollars when buying sure profits.

"How much do you want to let Louis fight Primo Carnera in New York?" he asked.

"Twenty thousand dollars with a 30 per cent privilege," answered Roxborough.

"Sold." Said Mike sealing the bargain which was to restore the "million dollar fight gate" and rocket Mike Jacobs as Fuehrer of Maul.

When Bomber Louis splattered the "Mountain that Walked Like a Man," which was Carnera, all over the Yankee Stadium, then was paid $44,000 for his brief work, Roxborough and Black signed a long-term contract giving Mike Jacobs exclusive promotional rights on all Louis fights. Followed the most elaborate build-up in fistic history. Metropolitan writers puffed the Brown Bomber balloon with superlatives. A super fighting man was given the public. And Joe's devastating fists kept the bubble afloat . . . that is until his managers hired a tutor and Joe learned to read.

King Levinsky and Baer, who had blown the crown to Braddock, were frittered by the flailing brown fists. The full flare of the floodlight was occupied by the ominous Joe Louis and a campaign was launched to lure Braddock into the same ring with him.

Braddock and his astute little manager, Joe Gould, agreed that where there was smoke there was profit, but asked for time to cash in on the title through barnstorming expeditions.

"Let Louis knock over a few more bums, then maybe we can get together next fall," said Gould, adding, "that should make the title match draw more than a million."

When Louis pinned Paolino Uzcudun's chin to the canvas like a butterfly in the museum, the Brown Bomber stock broke altitude records. Joe was matched with Max Schmeling for June, 1936, and thought so much of the assignment he took his wife on a delayed honeymoon excursion. Joe had learned to read and believed he was a super man. He wouldn't have to train too hard for that "Smellin' man."

When Joe entered training camp for that "soft touch" he had just reached the age where he could give a personal reference to a safety razor company and thought he was his own master. He disobeyed orders for the first and last time. Schmeling cured him, grounding the Bomber like a disciplined jockey in the twelfth round and causing many Louis followers to lose hope.

As a matter of record, it was the making of Joe Louis as a great champion. Never again did he lose respect for an opponent. Never again did he slough training or disobey orders from Trainer Jack Blackburn. And Mike Jacobs threw the comeback switch for a clear track. Jack Sharkey, Al Ettore, Jorge Brescia and Eddie Simms were chilled so quick the peanut boys were left holding the bags.

In the meantime Braddock and Gould, who had signed at the New York boxing commission's request for a September date with Schmeling, started acting like two Swiss bellringers. A boycott was forming around the German and Braddock and Gould would rather have indigestion than be caught in the middle of a financial boycott. So Braddock suddenly developed acute arthritis, postponing the fight, wrapping the title in cellophane for delivery to Mike Jacobs and saving Schmeling's chin for Louis.

The commission set May 25, 1937 as the new date for the Braddock-Schmeling showdown, but Gould was ready to call the whole thing off. He opened negotiations with Promoter Herman (Muggsy) Taylor for a no-decision Braddock-Louis fistic rumba in Atlantic City. The proposed date was February 22, 1937. When Roxborough and Black arrived on the scene, accompanied by Mike Jacobs and a flock of attorneys, they were told: "Braddock will fight Louis, If." The "If" happened to be a deal giving Braddock a twenty per cent cut of Louis' earnings as champion—if Joe knocked out Jim, the only way he could win the title in a no-decision fracas.

"That's out!" shouted Roxborough and Black. "We will never consent to any such deal with Braddock."

The bout fell through like pea coal in the cellar furnace and Bomber Joe backed away from the championship like a cat getting ready to climb a fence.

Mike Jacobs then got into the signal tower and started throwing switches. He and Gould had lathered a juicy hate, but like two hostile farm hands, they decided to delay it until after the harvest was in.

Gould wanted Braddock to share Louis' earnings as champion as the price for risking the title. Which meant, he had a price. Mike would meet that price in a lump sum. Mike jumped out of his form fitting socks when the prophetic Gould asked for a cool million. They settled for half, or five hundred thousand dollars in cash. The date was set for June 22, 1937. Braddock would receive 50 per cent of the gate and Jacobs would make up the balance until it reached $500,000 out of the "kitty fund" from other Louis receipts.

Gould and Braddock broke the altitude record for low ceilings in getting out of their contract with Madison Square Garden to fight Schmeling in New York. They simply walked out. Illinois was hungry for tax receipts from a big fight, since the fight game had slumped lower in Chicago than a beaten dog's tail with Louis out of circulation there. That state's boxing commission hung out a welcome sign for a Braddock vs. Louis championship, regardless of the details.

And so Louis climbed into the same ring with Champion James J. Braddock in Chicago June 22, 1937, and left that ring after eight rounds of mayhem, wearing the crown upon his curly and very dark head.

How long will Louis reign? Joe, unlike the only other Negro champion, Jack Johnson, is a clean liver. Instead of going soft in the king row with all the luxuries of life, Bomber Joe has improved as a fighting man. He has "smartened" his defense. He now has poise and confidence. The old ring bromide that "a hungry fighter is the best fighter" never has held water. Gymnasiums throughout the world are, and always have been, filled with hungry fighters, none of them going any place. So Louis will rule as "Sock-O'-the-Walk" until another young giant comes along with the lethal fists, the speed of execution, the iron constitution and the stout heart which are the ingredients of a world's champion . . . and who has the managerial connections to steer him into a title match with the Bomber.

Great fighters are born . . . but champions are made. ##

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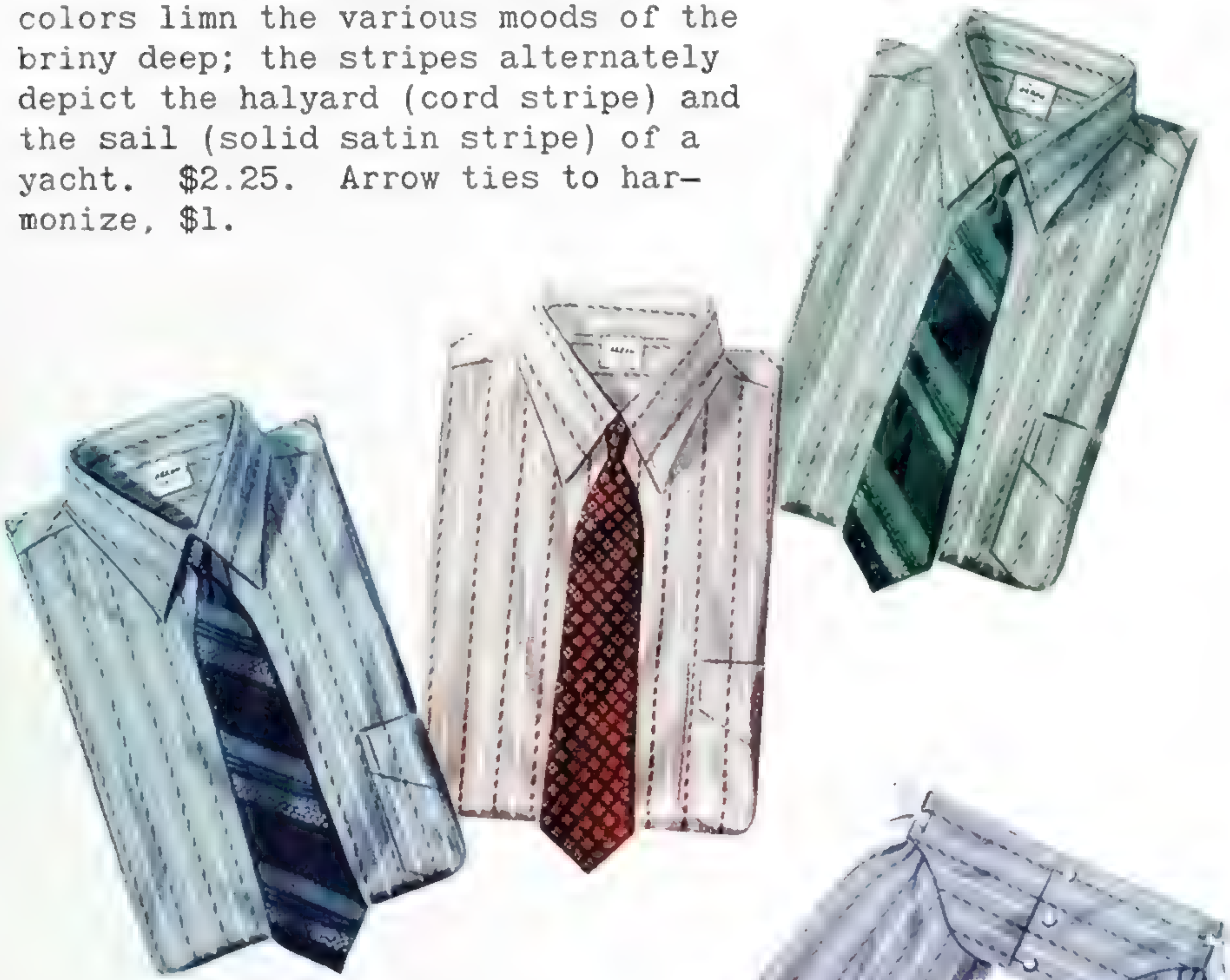

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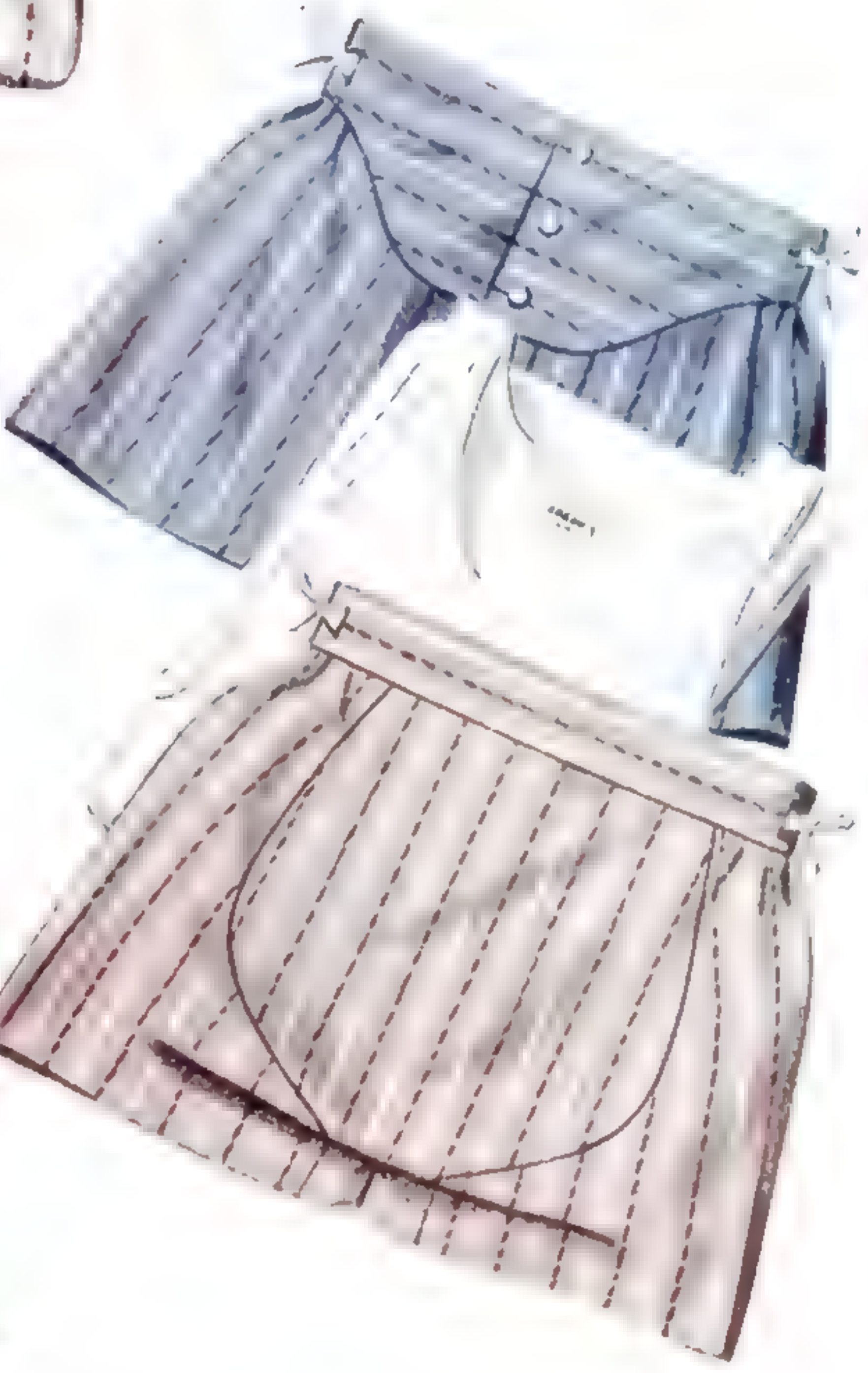

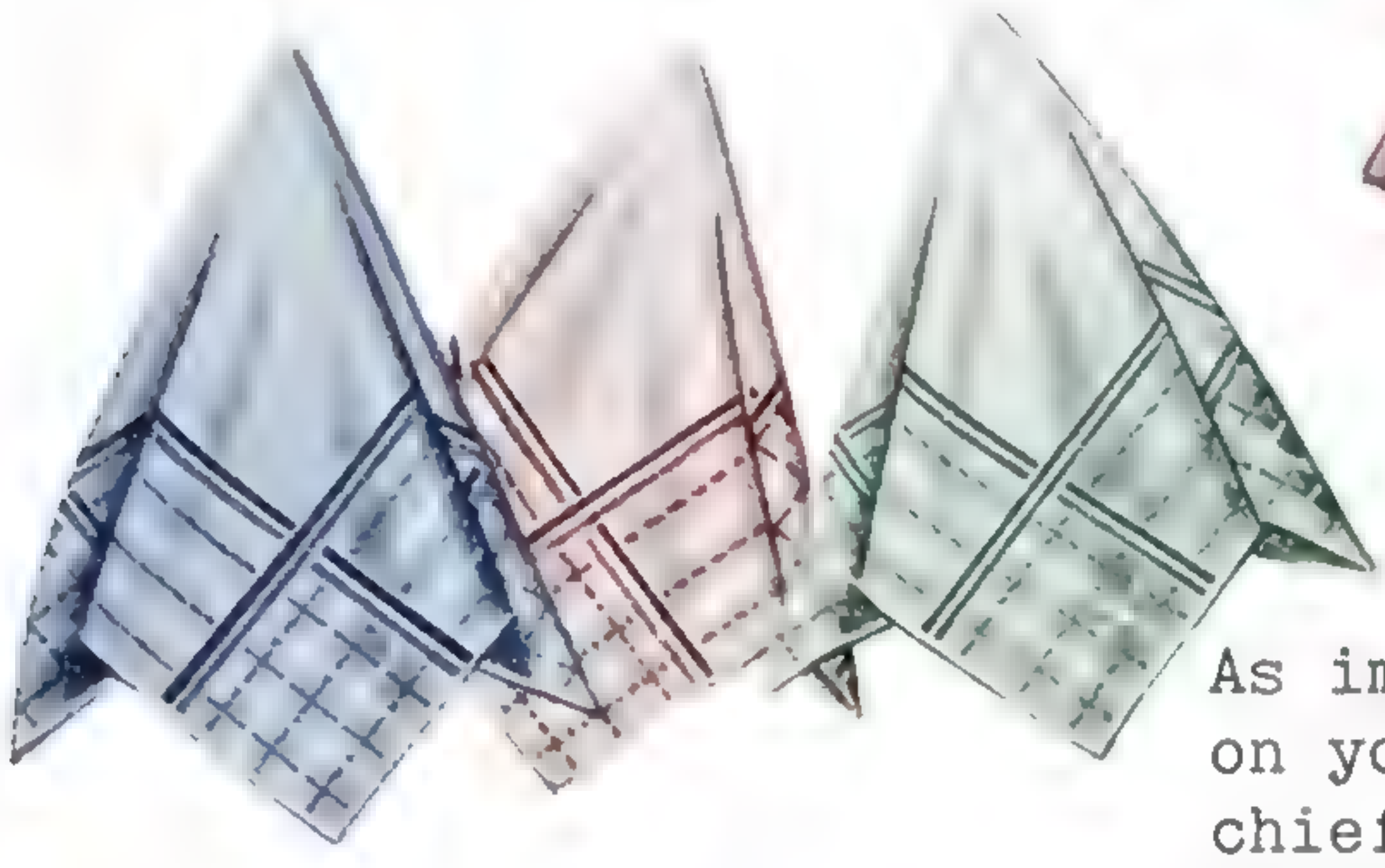

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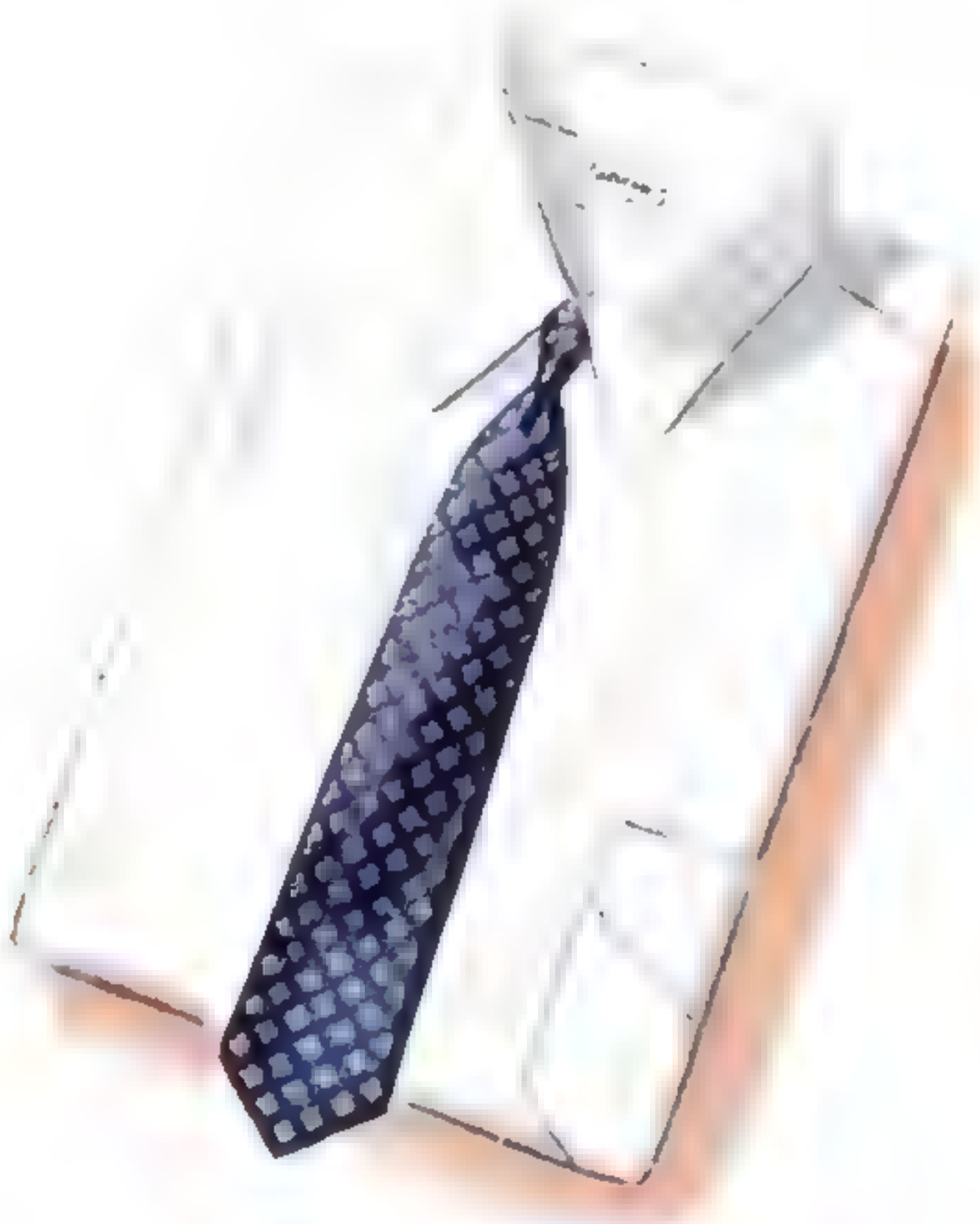
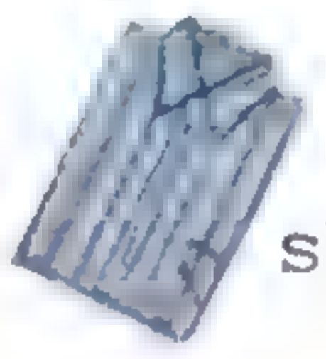
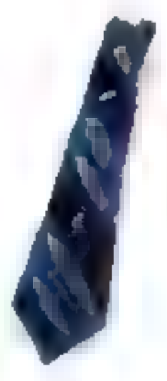
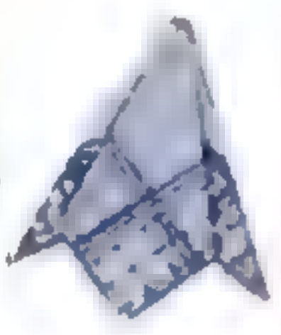


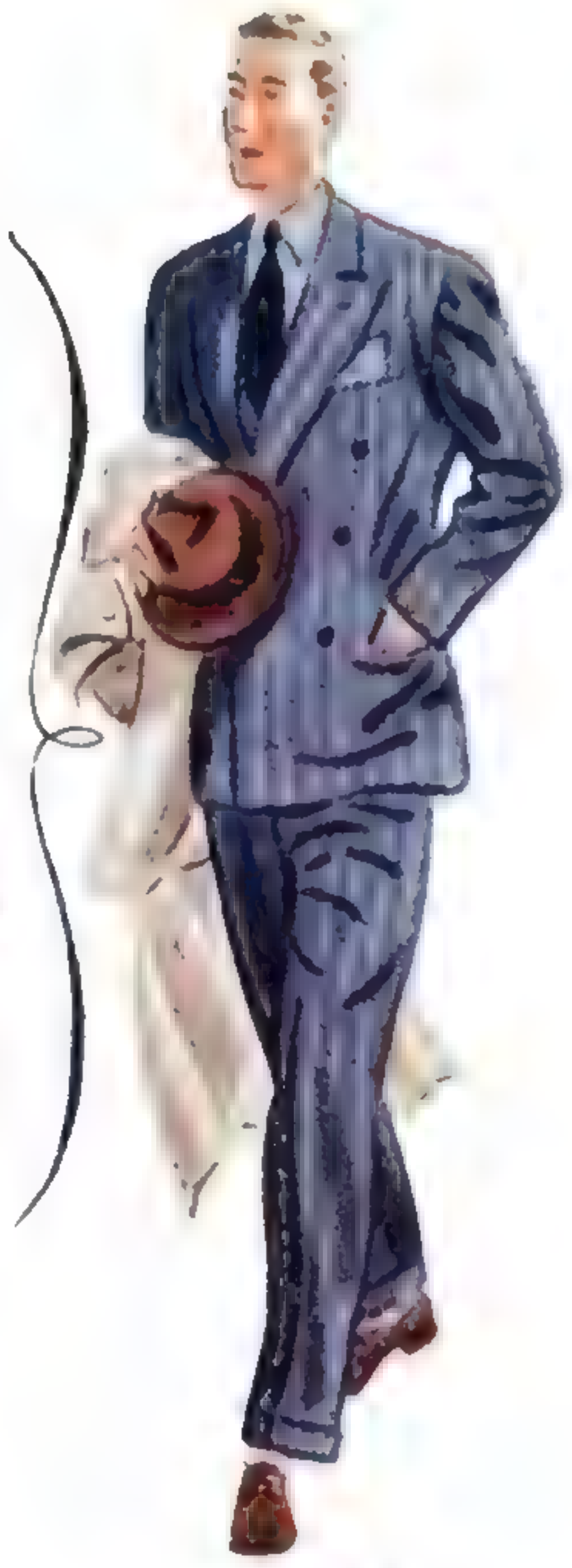
A nation-wide favorite: Arrow Dale, a fine white shirt whose collar looks starched, feels soft. Motto of many males: have some Dales handy always. $2.50.

With blue suit

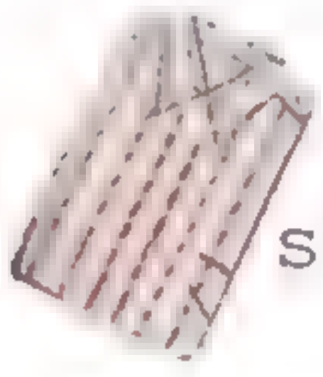
wear  shirt,

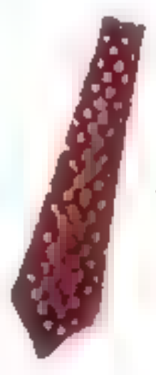
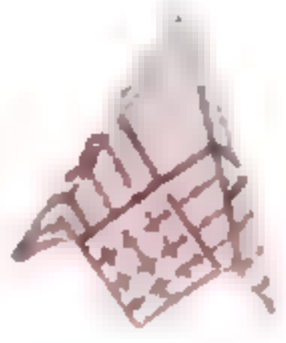
 tie, and 

handkerchief.

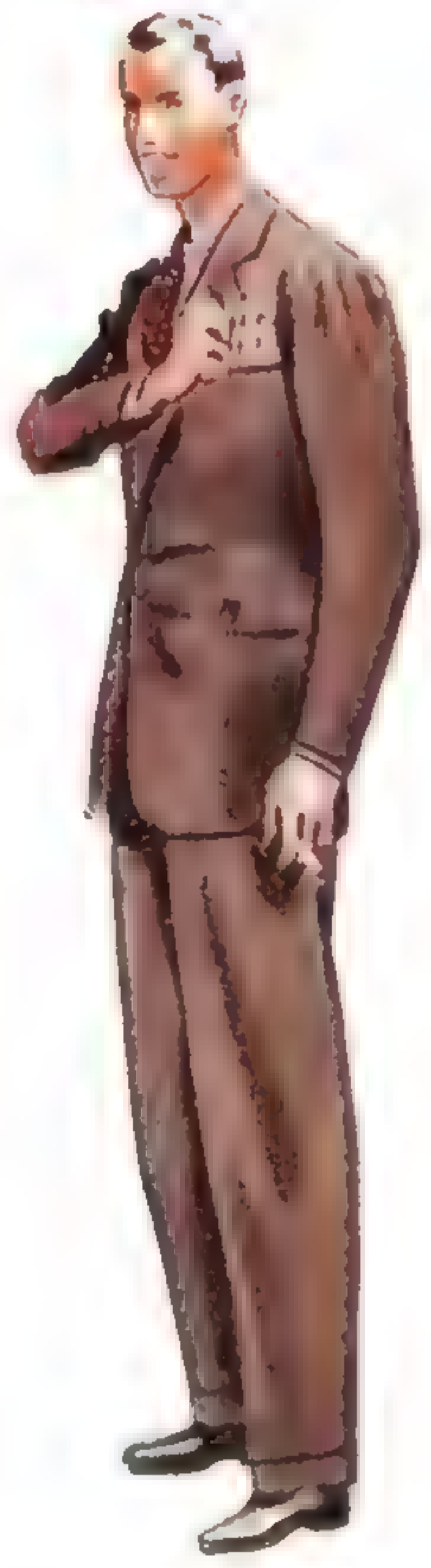


With tan suit

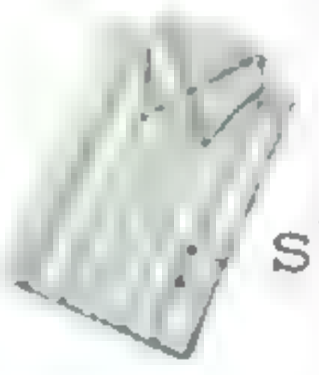
wear  shirt,

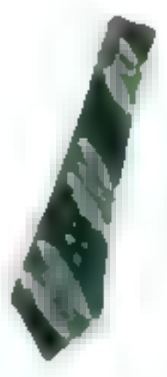
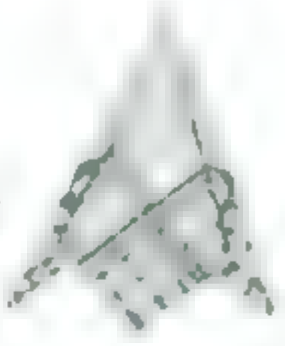
 tie, and 

handkerchief.

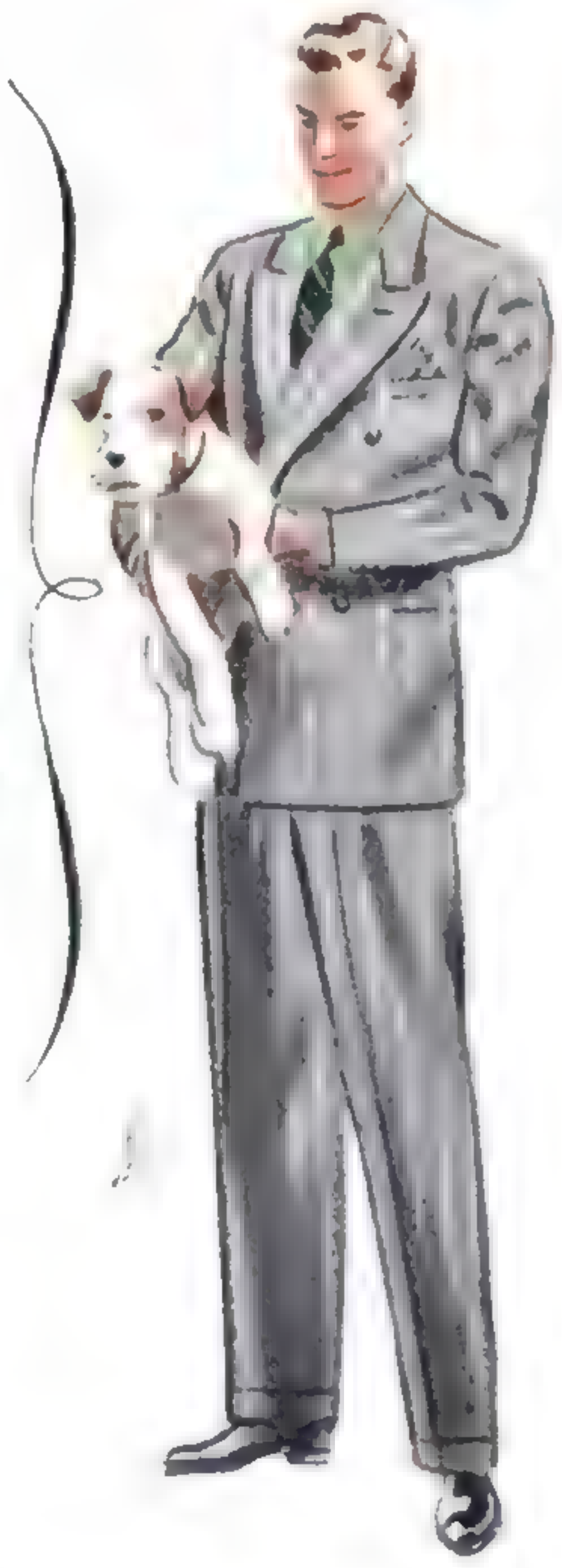


With gray suit

wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

handkerchief.

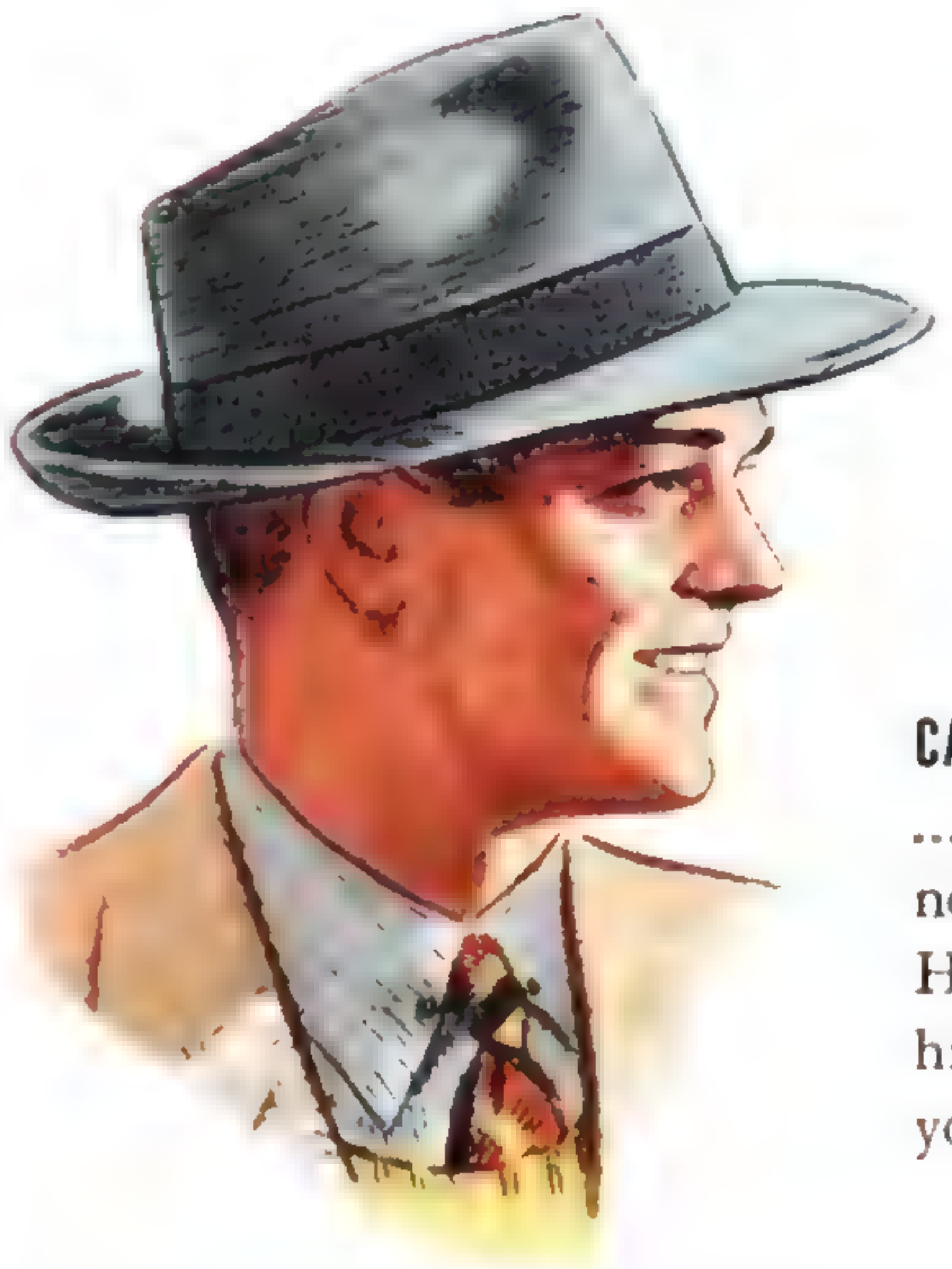


The suggestions above aren't hard and fast rules. Go to your Arrow dealer —tomorrow—and work out the combinations you like best.

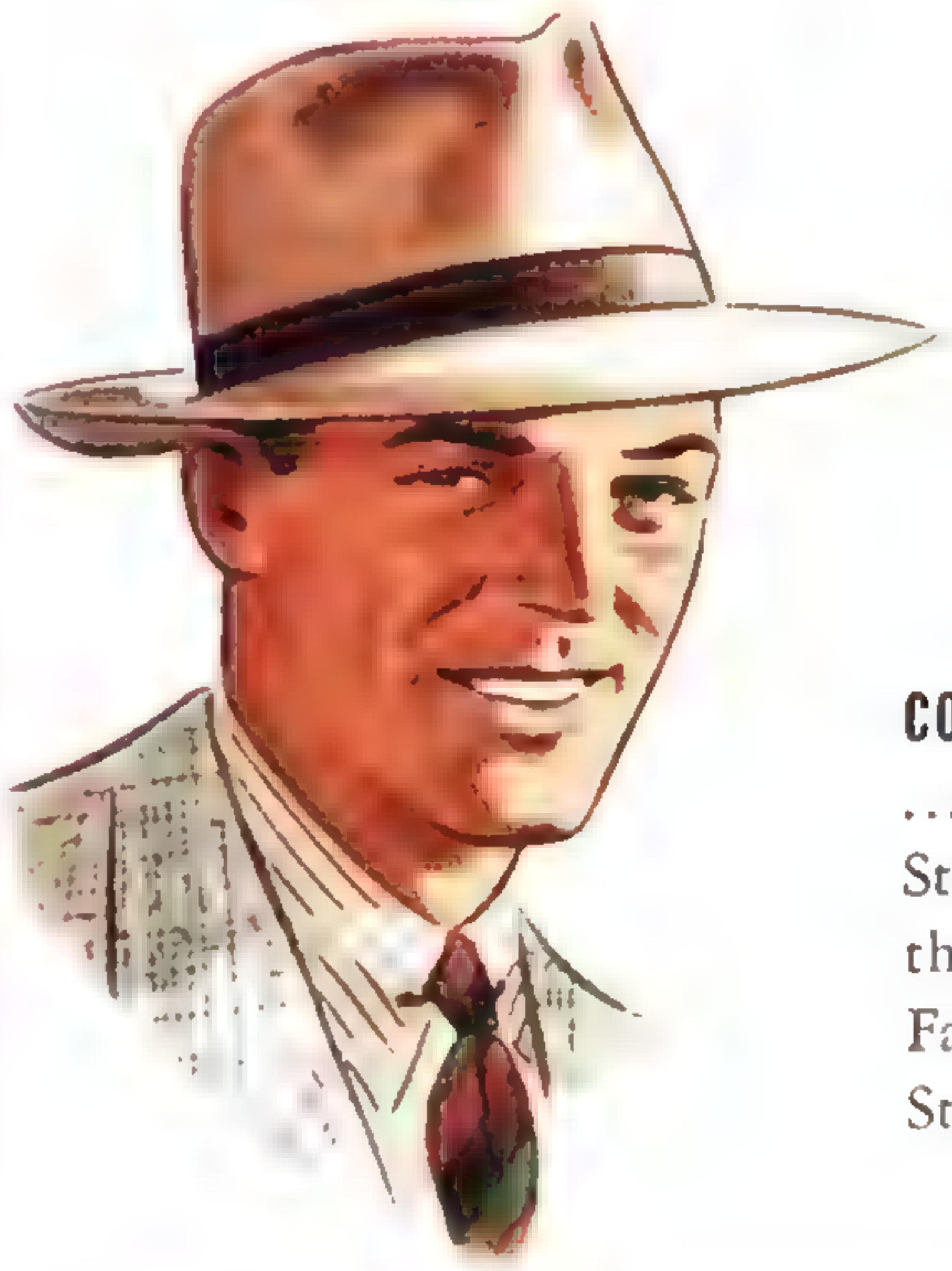
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

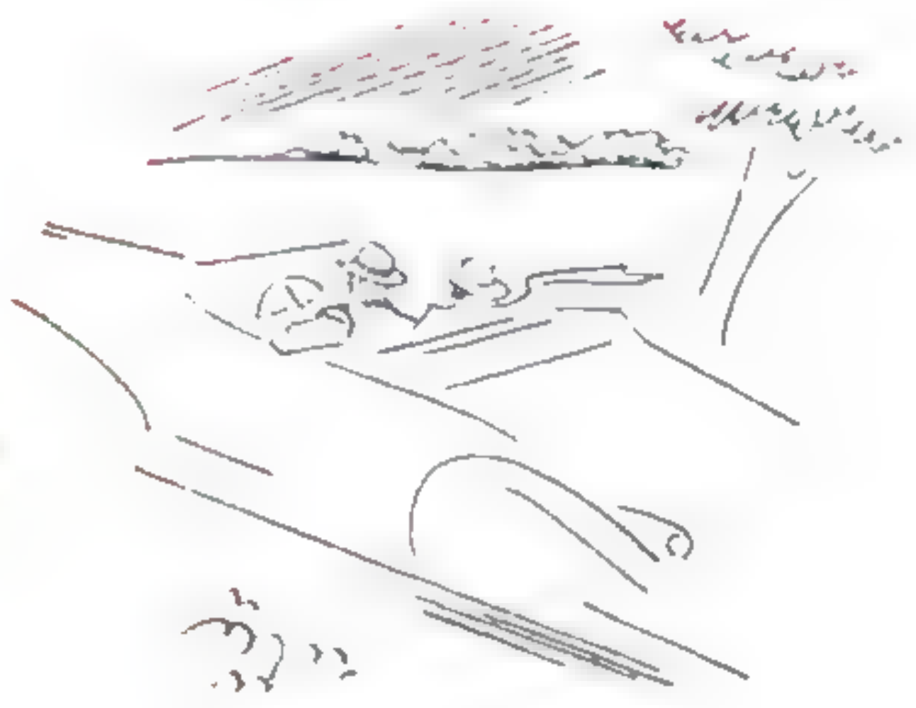
Which Stetson When!

SIX TIPS ON THE CORRECT HAT TO TIP

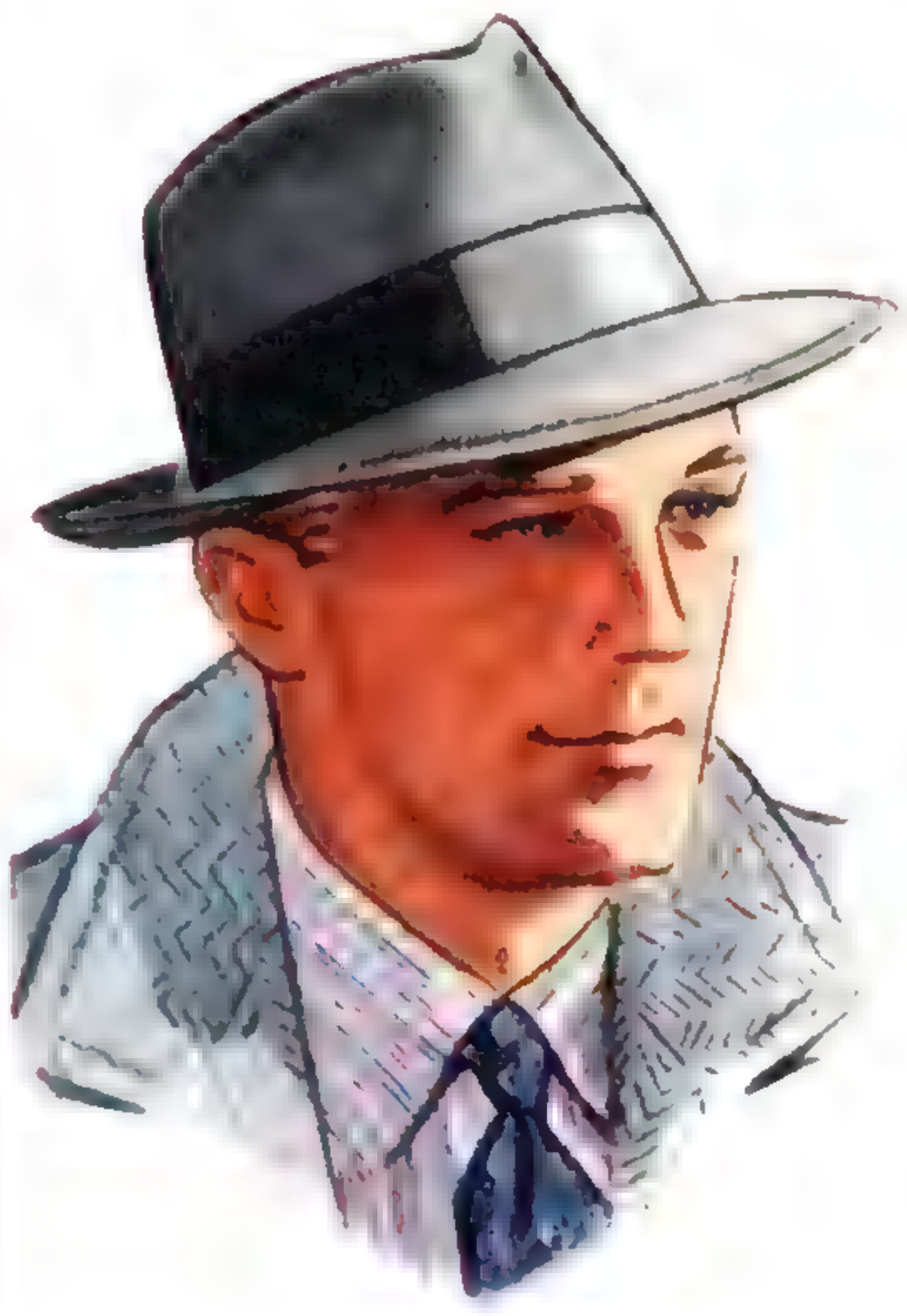


CAREFREE AND OFF TO THE COUNTRY ...the gentleman obviously does not mix business with pleasure. His Stetson Tyrolean blends with his country tweeds like cream in your breakfast coffee!

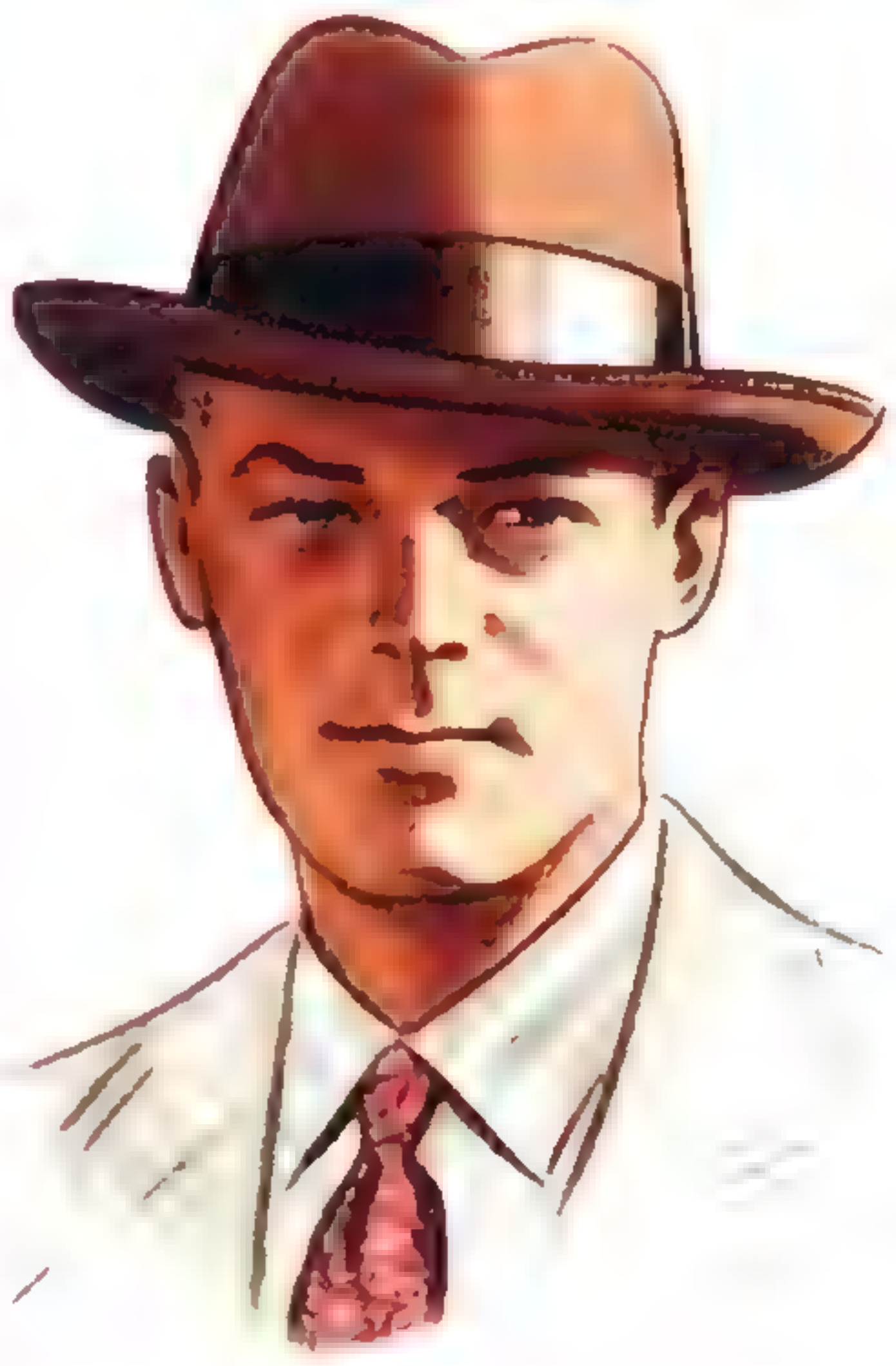


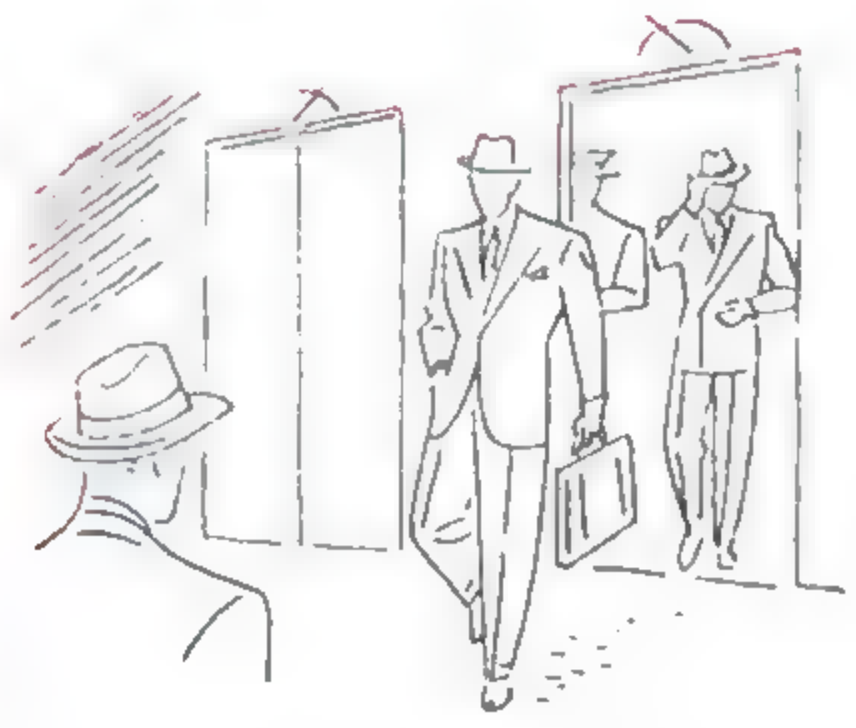


CONFERENCE TO COUNTRY CLUB ...he steps out smartly in his Stetson Air-Light. It's light as the leaves that whirl in the Fall winds! For proof...see your Stetson dealer!

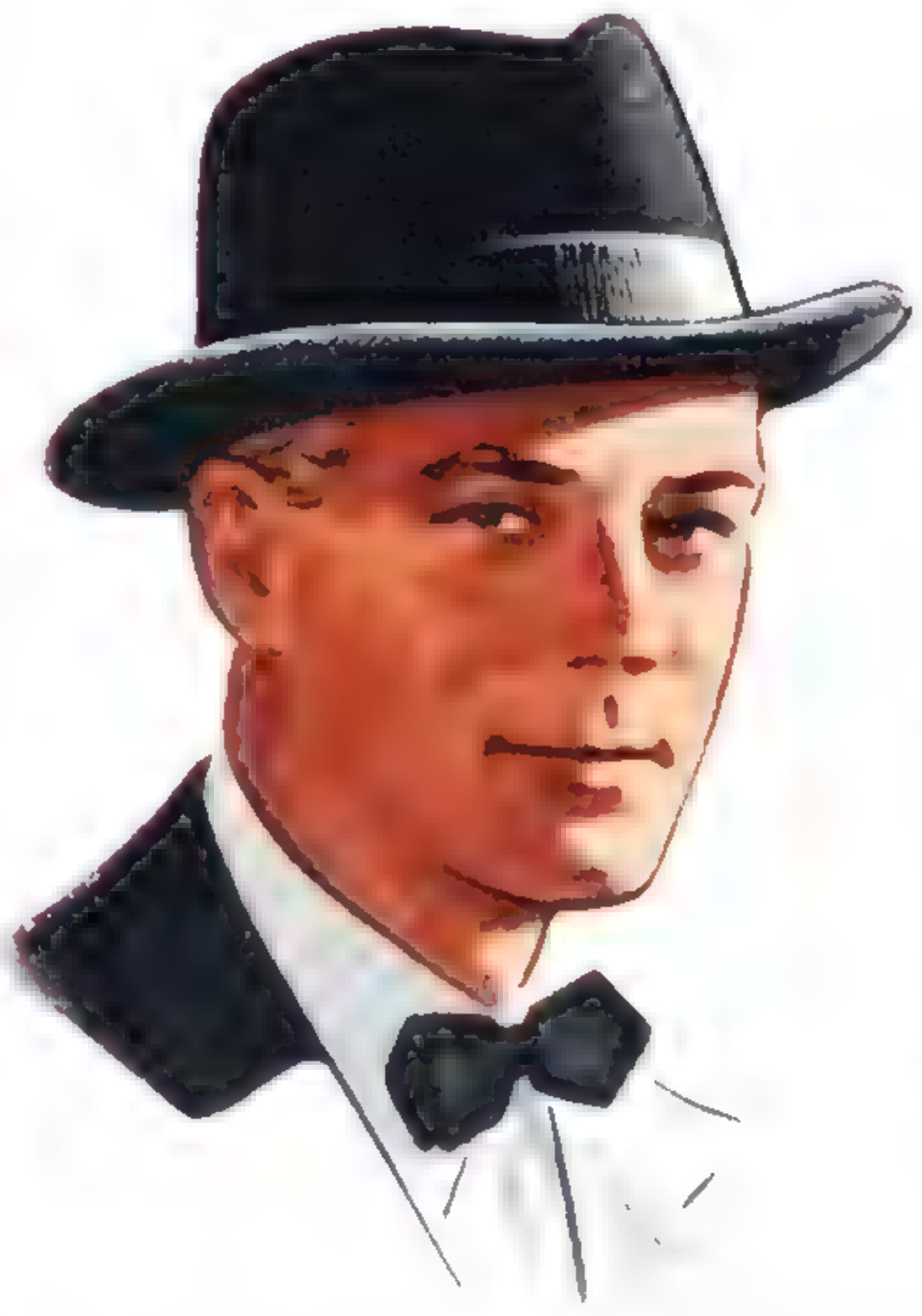


FOR EVERYDAY BUSINESS...he knows that the first crisp days call for a new Stetson snap-brim. One of the smartest hats you can wear in town...*with* or *without* your topcoat!

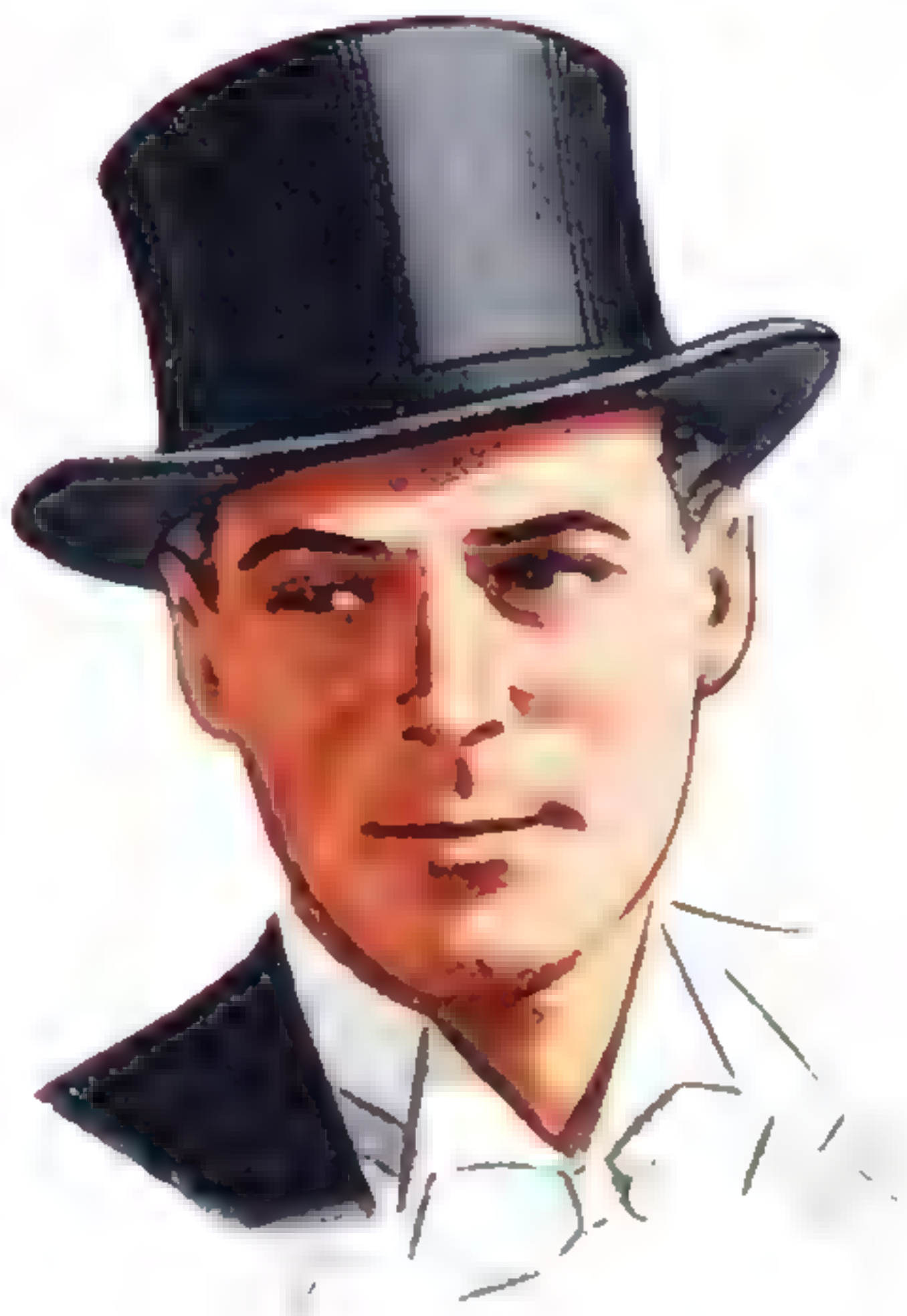




AND FOR FORMAL BUSINESS ...he knows the value of first impressions. If you want to look as if your Dad owned a bank... *this* is your Stetson! And it does things for the town topcoat!



OFF TO THE THEATRE...and he cuts a fine figure at the intermission in his double-breasted dinner jacket. Black tie calls for black Homburg...and Stetson does it up brown, too!



THE CURTAIN RISES...on the Opera and he rises to the occasion, immaculate in "white tie." His hat, the Stetson silk Opera is impeccable. Also correct with the dinner jacket. Price $15.

STETSONS ARE PRICED, $5 TO $40

Step Out with a **STETSON**

Stetsons also made in Canada, from $5.50

Love Is Sweeping the Soviets

Continued from page 49

Soviet women must be the most beautiful in the world, was a direct challenge to those women who thought that they could live by work alone. Unfortunately, the faces of many women are beyond such feeble help as legislation might give. Humor, the classical weapon for reforming manners and morals, was called into play. I remember two cartoons in an issue of *Crocodile*, the Soviet humor magazine that was devoted entirely to the campaign against promiscuity or—as the Russians, with their gift for delicacy, call it—"Don Juanism." One of the cartoons, captioned *A Constant Woman*, showed two women talking, and one of them saying: "You know, Musya, I'm really a constant woman. I always go to the same dressmaker, the same hat shop, the same shoe store—and the same marriage and divorce bureau!" The other showed a man at a desk at home trying to work. Unable to concentrate because of six or seven children playing on the floor, he complains to his wife, who retorts: "Well, what do you expect, with *your* children, *my* children and *our* children all in the same room?"

Now, far from being considered a poor Communist for retaining her chastity, a girl may be expelled from the Party for excessive immorality. One can say that more latitude is allowed there than here, but the difference is not considerable. Because she is not brought up to view sex as furtive and sinful and the bedroom as the devil's own place, that does not mean that Maria Ivanovna will woo any more willingly. It means simply that she will woo more freely, more frankly, and without the feeling that she is indulging in a clandestine act. It does not mean that she does not enjoy being courted, or even persuaded, however much she has swept aside the coy and pious resistance that forms a part of the charming—if occasionally annoying—equipment of the American girl.

Time is supposed to be the Great Softener, but with all its wizardry it alone could not transform Maria Ivanovna from the grim, tight-lipped little creature, who said that dancing was bourgeois and fun counter-revolutionary, into the Maria Ivanovna of 1939. Nor could the power of the press or social satire or all the thunderous pronouncements of Lenin laid end to end from Moscow to Vladivostok. The real secret lies buried deep in columns of dull production figures of the State Planning Board. One must examine, for example, the files of the Central Administration of the Perfume Industry, whose factories produced 82,000,000 bottles of perfume last year—more than three times as much as in 1932—and whose products (of all things!) were awarded gold medals for quality at the Paris International Exposition. One must find out that beauty has now been elevated to the rank of a science, that a number of research institutes have been established to study beauty culture and—the final blow!—that even the great Schiaparelli has been called to Moscow to design dresses for the Soviet woman.

Then one sees that the Maria Ivanovna of 1920 was grim and masculine, not only because she was still feeling her way around in the New Freedom and hadn't found her bearings, but because the times themselves were grim and masculine. What was the use of talking about dancing when all the night clubs were closed? Or about fashions when there were no dresses? Or of feminine charm, when perfume was at a premium and there was nothing to make you charming with? Silly, idle talk to speculate about things that you couldn't have! Maria Ivanovna was simply being in tune with the times. But in 1939, after the five o'clock whistle blows, there are things to do and places to go, and if nature didn't make you beautiful, there are such things as a new dress or a permanent wave to help matters along. Three Five Year Plans have made Maria a woman again—a woman with all the vanities, vices and virtues of her sex. She uses powder and paint; reads fashion magazines; has a preference for handsome men; likes certain movie heroes; enjoys a good cry; goes window shopping; tips the flowing bowl; rides the high rides in "Coney Island"; and would rather be in love than out of it.

She cherishes her femininity as jealously as women anywhere. Curious to find out how a girl who ran a cement mixer in the building of the Moscow subway could still keep her nails beautiful, a tourist asked her how she managed it. "Oh, it takes time," the girl replied. "A half-hour a day. I suppose our nails and our hair are our feminine vanity—it's normal. It's fun to compete in athletics, and to have equal opportunities in work, but we don't want to take man's place."

III

Our Daughter of the Russian Revolution is growing up. The surest sign of this is that she has found a routine, a way of life, a niche for herself. She still bears the birthmark of Revolution, of course—of *her* Revolution. For despite all superficial similarities to any of her contemporaries in other parts of the world, she is something entirely new under the sun. Which, after all, is not so unusual as it might seem at first. Each woman to her times. The lavender ladies of nineteenth-century England, the courtesans of Greece and Miss Betty Jones of Middletown, USA—each has her own code of manners and morals and each, after having enjoyed her brief fling in history, must fold up her tents and pass away silently like the Arab in the night.

One has only to compare Miss Betty Jones—daughter of, say, one Henry Aeschylus Jones, the corner druggist on Main Street and First Avenue, Middletown—with Comrade Maria to see how really different they are. If Betty behaves herself like a good girl, she should go through high school and find herself a job. She's not very particular about what kind of job it is, because it's just something to bridge the gap between a high school diploma and marriage.

As a matter of fact, life really begins with the veil and the ring. It is only then that existence takes on a permanent quality, a routine: of babies, bonbons, bridge parties and Wednesday matinees. Believing that the best wife is the most agreeable one, she permits her manner of living, her ideas about the world and her daily round of activities to be shaped by the tastes and prejudices of her husband. She is the tail to his kite. She enjoys no independent existence. For Betty—Susan B. Anthony and *Point Counterpoint* notwithstanding—still lives in a man's world.

Maria is like Betty in many ways, perhaps the most important of which is that neither wants to be thought of as a man. *Vanitas vanitatum*, as Thackeray would say, both like nice clothes, exotic perfumes, handsome men and a good cry; and both—alas! alas! are, on occasion, petty, selfish, greedy and vain. But the points of difference are more fundamental than those of similarity. The reason for this is that Maria's life proceeds from a different premise—the premise (as familiar as it sounds) that she is a person in her own right and with her own life to lead.

She is the tail to no one's kite; she participates in the world she lives in. Her existence is not slanted towards marriage, but towards her vocation, her career. Marriage and a happy sex life are important, of course—it's not more pleasant to be a spinster in Russia than it is in America—but in Maria's eyes it is hardly the keystone of the arch, without which the whole structure would come tumbling down. Consequently, after marriage, her life is not completely reorganized, as if she were beginning it anew; it does not wither away into a dull and deadly routine of trivia. She stands in a different relation to her husband than Betty. If he wants her to listen to his problems, he must also listen to hers, and not just tolerate or dismiss them as unimportant ("idle chatter"). If he doesn't listen, he will soon find himself without an audience—at home, at least. As a matter of fact, she has something to say. Because she has a stake in the world, she always keeps herself informed about it. She reads the papers from beginning to end, and has opinions on everything from the spring sowing to the national defense.

Because she is too busy with school, sports and work, she does not have time for such luxuries as a neurosis of the type that many women of leisure develop in their late "thirties." As a matter of fact, despite the communal dining rooms and the state nurseries, it's quite a job sometimes to juggle both motherhood and a career as well as such odds and ends as keeping up your personal appearance, learning the latest dance steps and taking a class in French, political economy or parachuting. Occasionally, it's a tight squeeze. A traveler who visited a meteorological station in the Far North tells of going to a dance and seeing one of the girls taking off her dancing slippers from time to time, and going outside to make meteorological observations, which she sent by wireless to Moscow. Maria's life is crowded, but she can't complain that it's dull.

Not that she doesn't have her own peculiar problems. The conflict between Motherhood and a Career still provides its share of domestic quarrels and even an occasional visit to the divorce bureau. Sometimes it's difficult to fit two careers into the framework of one marriage. Husbands sometimes resent their wives' advancement in position, and wives their husbands'. Because of the acute housing problem, there is still an abundance of mother-in-law trouble. It is not unusual to find, in such a rapidly changing country, that marriages are dissolved because one of the two partners has outdistanced the other—intellectually. The Russian couple with whom I shared an apartment is a good example. Both were simple people when they married sometime around the Revolution. But Vasya fought on the barricades in 1917, worked with Lenin in the Kremlin, was sent to school and now, at the age of about fifty, spends part of his time teaching a course in political theory. Nora is still an illiterate peasant. In this case, however, the marriage has somehow managed to work.

One of Maria's most pressing problems was the subject of a feverish controversy in the press not so long ago. The controversy started when the young wife of an active Communist wrote to a newspaper complaining that her husband was so busy with his party activities that he had no time for her. Hundreds of letters poured in to the paper advising her, agreeing and disagreeing with her. Some said that she should leave him flat. The problem is by no means settled.

The Revolution has not presented Maria with a foolproof prescription for happiness. But then it never pretended to. It has taken away most of the old problems, and presented her with some new ones, but they are problems which, if she puts her mind to them, she can hope to solve. She has, at least, a fifty-fifty chance. ##

The Sound and The Fury

Continued from pages 10-12

ANOTHER JOB FOR THE FASHION STAFF

I have been a steady reader of your magazine since my neighbor subscribed and received his first issue some time ago.

Usually, the first page I turn to is the table of contents. I survey the number of the page where the articles on men's fashions commence, turn to it and start admiring them immediately.

With several years' experience in selling men's furnishings and clothing, and several years of university work in merchandising and advertising, I am naturally very much interested in advertising in connection with men's wear.

With such a background, and because I am now unemployed because of my youth, I have surveyed your articles with a critical scrutiny and have arrived at several conclusions which I am about to "air."

I am still trying to figure out whether you believe the men who read your magazine are all sartorially perfect or whether you are trying to stir them up into being perfect specimens.

I am still trying to place a picture in my mind of all the university men who I have gone to school with both in the east and here on the Pacific coast and I still cannot for the life of me remember seeing an undergraduate with the exception of some at New Haven who look like the ones in your illustrations. (From a sartorial standpoint.)

What I am driving at, with all the drivel in the preceding paragraphs is that I do not believe that you are giving a true picture of men's wear as it actually exists. This sentiment is shared by men in the business here and also my former university colleagues.

Many of your adult readers as well as your undergraduate readers are men of very normal and average incomes, even though the price of your magazine is suggestive of wealth and sometimes prohibits some of the public from buying it. Are you aware of this truth?

What I, neither a crack-pot, Red, or interested in subversive activities would suggest is that you get down to brass-tacks and show things as they really exist along with the existence of what the supposed wealthy class wear!

Show your readers what they can do with that old tweed jacket that they like so much that has the sleeves worn out at the elbow. Illustrate and tell them how they can have leather patches placed so that it will resemble that grouse-hunting jacket seen in Esquire. Show them articles like those and similar ones and my years of thought and hours of writing and preparing this message will not be in vain!

Assuming that you have probably been annoyed by other writers similar to me, I do trust that I have not worn you out.

However, if the dignity of your position will not suffer, I would appreciate a letter acknowledging this discourse and possibly what I am really after, some suggestions from a man in your position to an embryonic copy-writer of men's clothing as to the best methods of being able to obtain a position where I can combine my liking for clothes and a desire to be an advertising man.

Thanking the reader for the courtesy of having read thus far, I remain.

Sincerely yours,
Sanford Gladstone

Los Angeles, Calif.

P.S. I would like to emphasize the fact that I would be more than delighted to receive an answer.

Thanks
S.G.

AN ANSWER & A CHALLENGE

Some time back there was a faint murmur, ('twere shame to call it sound or fury)—about expressing certain integers using the digit '4' four times, no more or no less, in each expression.

Well, permit me to utter a little squeak, now. (It happened I was sound asleep all that time, despite the so-called rumpus; but I just awoke, and I hasten to quiet all you numb, or numberless numbskulls for good). It happens that several incarnations ago, I had solved your little teaser from 1 up to 112, inclusive. I send along a few, commencing where you guys left off. If you're interested in it further, I'll gladly oblige. Just let me hear from you. Remember, any algebraic symbol used in a good highschool textbook is permissable. Incidentally, if any one of you mugs can express the integer '73,' you're a better man than I am—or just as good; for I worked rather a long time on that one.

$$14=4+4+4+\sqrt{4}$$
$$15=4\times4-\frac{4}{4}$$
$$16=4+4+4+4$$
$$17=4\times4+\frac{4}{4}$$
$$18=\sqrt{4}(4+4)+\sqrt{4}$$
$$19=\frac{4+4-.4}{.4}$$
$$20=4\times4+\sqrt{4\times4}$$
$$21=\frac{4+4+.4}{.4}$$
$$22=4\times4+4+\sqrt{4}$$
$$23=\frac{44+\sqrt{4}}{\sqrt{4}}$$
$$24=4\times4+4+4$$
$$25=\frac{\sqrt{4}}{.4}\times\frac{\sqrt{4}}{.4}\text{ etc., etc., etc.}$$

Fall River, Mass. Peter Shahdan

CALDWELL VS. THE SOUTH

Why Esquire stoops to publish the trash which Erskine Caldwell writes is beyond me. Though coming of a good family, Caldwell has the typical viewpoint of the low class whites, known locally as "white trash." Feeling themselves superior to the Negro, yet living a more squalid and irresponsible life, the white trash resent the treatment of the Negro by the whites for they themselves realize that there is more friendship and trust between these than they enjoy. Therefore, the white trash constantly endeavor to stir up a quarrel between the Negroes and the whites and to show one of them as being troublesome and out of their place.

In *The People vs. Abe Lathan, Colored*, he pictures a situation which does not arise one time out of a thousand. Of course you can find instances such as this but no more with Negro tenants than with the whites. I know; we have one hundred and twenty-five families on our place and my friends are all landowners and their sons. There are a few, fortunately only a few, writers who will stoop so low as to sell out the South by taking isolated situations and conditions to present to the world as "The Typical South."

The typical South and the spirit existing here is best presented in the clipping which I have enclosed. Though realizing our failings, we resent the Judas attitude adopted by some few who are willing, for money, to mar the good name of the South by false representations.

I hope Esquire will become aware of the attitude of the Southerners and not insult us so grossly in the future.

Sincerely,
Edgar Stephens, Jr.

University, Miss.

(*Newspaper Clipping*)

SCOUT DASHES IN MISSISSIPPI TO SAVE BOY

Sam Pellegra Wastes No Time
In Going to Rescue Of
Struggling Negro

A Negro boy strayed too far out in the Mississippi near Vance recently.

Boy Scout Sam Pellegra was standing near by, saw that the boy would drown unless something was done in a hurry.

Sam jerked off his clothes and swam toward the Negro, who had already gone under.

Easing around back of the boy so there would be no struggle, Sam put both hands on the Negro's head and brought him safely to shore. The boy, who was about 13, regained consciousness in a few minutes.

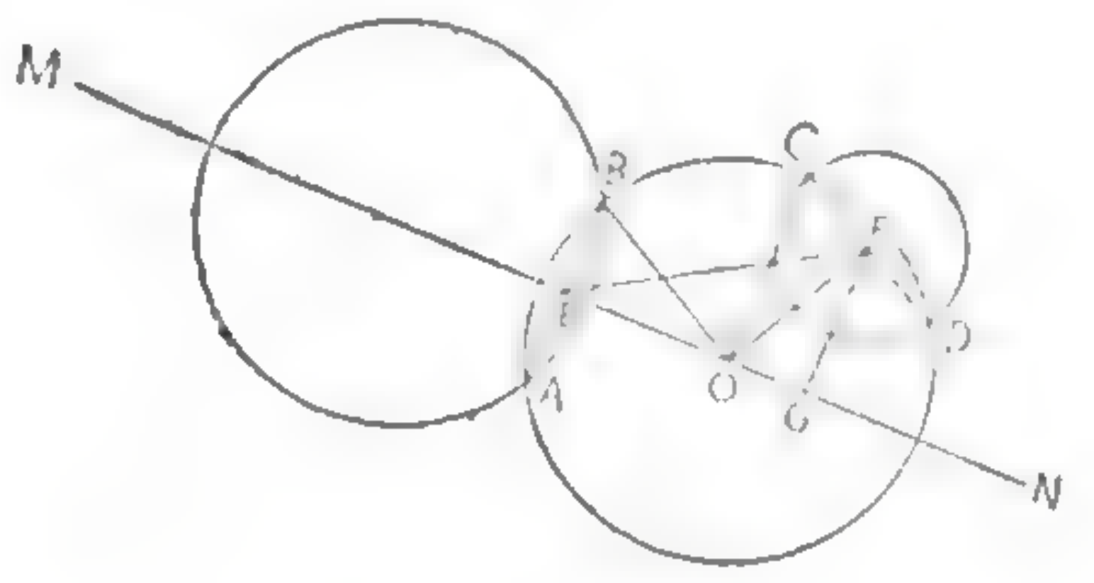
The Negro's mother turned to Sam and said: "I sho thank you all, white folks. You know, I've always noticed that a white boy will help a Negro boy out of trouble a lot quicker than a Negro will."

Sam, who is 15, attends St. Patrick's Catholic School. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pellegra, 631 Linden. His scoutmaster is Bill Kenworthy.

THE ANSWERS ARE PROBLEMS

Rather belatedly a friend called my attention to the geometrical construction problem in the July Esquire. I trust this solution will arrive in time to sooth Mr. Erckmann's mind.

The most direct method is to assume the problem solved and find relations between known and unknown quantities. Referring to the diagram, we are given the two smaller circles, together with the location of points A and B on one of them. The third circle is to pass through these points and also through the extremities of a diameter of the other small circle.



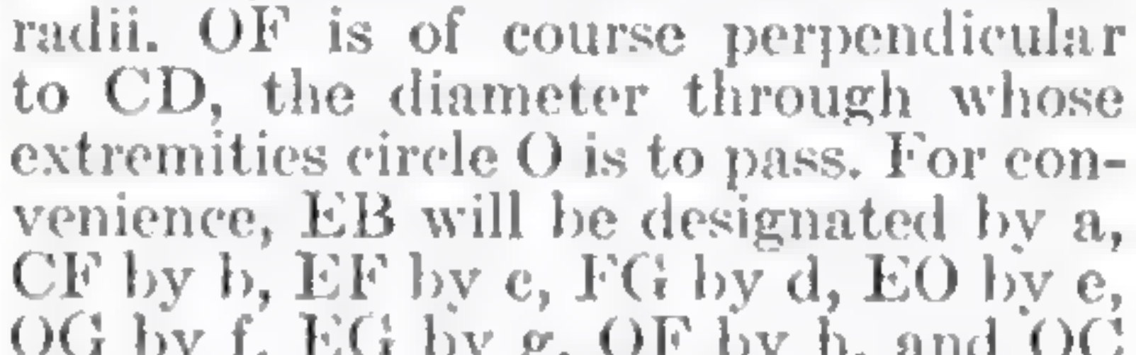
The construction lines are obtained as follows: MN is the perpendicular bisector of the line joining A and B. FG is drawn from the center of the second circle, perpendicular to MN. O is the center of the circle to be constructed, and OB and OC are two of its radii. OF is of course perpendicular to CD, the diameter through whose extremities circle O is to pass. For convenience, EB will be designated by a, CF by b, EF by c, FG by d, EO by e, OG by f, EG by g, OF by h, and OC and OB by r. Of these quantities, a, b, c, d, and g are given or are measurable. In order to construct circle O it will be sufficient to find the length of e. The following equations may readily be established from the laws of the triangle:

$$(1)\ r^2=a^2+e^2$$
$$(2)\ r^2=b^2+h^2$$
$$(3)\ c^2=e^2+h^2+2ef$$
$$(4)\ c^2-r^2=e^2-b^2+2ef \qquad (3)-(2)$$
$$(5)\ c^2=2e^2+a^2-b^2+2ef \qquad (4)+(1)$$
$$\begin{aligned}(6)\ c^2-(a^2-b^2)&=2e^2+2ef\\&=2e\,(e+f)\\&=2eg\end{aligned}$$
$$(7)\ e=\frac{c^2-(a^2-b^2)}{2g}$$

If an algebraic solution were desired, nothing further would be necessary, but since an actual geometrical construction is wanted, equation (7) is rewritten as

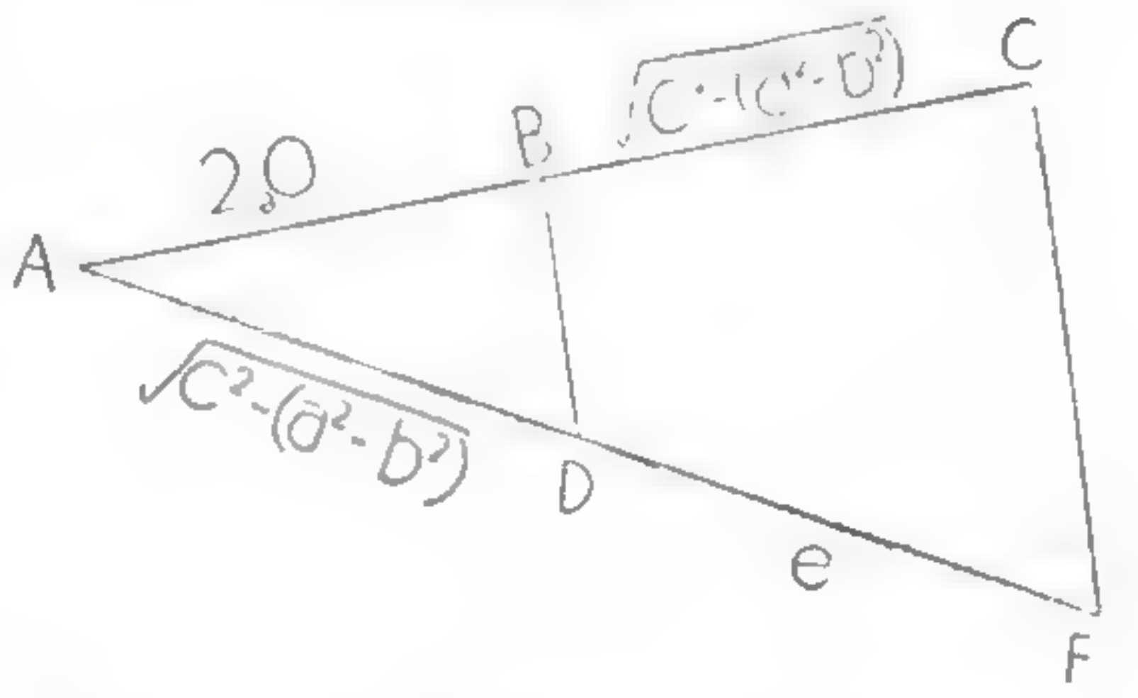
$$(8)\ \frac{e}{\sqrt{c^2-(a^2-b^2)}}=\frac{\sqrt{c^2-(a^2-b^2)}}{2g}$$

In order to find the square root quantities in equation (8), the following constructions are resorted to:



In triangle 1, a and b are respectively the hypotenuse and one side of a right triangle, the other side of which has the indicated value. In triangle 2, this latter value is used as one side of another right triangle, the hypotenuse of which is c. The other side of this triangle is the desired square root in equation (8). e is then found by the usual triangle construction indicated below.

CE is drawn parallel to BD.



At the risk of sticking my neck out again, I submit the following, provided me by Mr. Walter Hughes of London, England, who has also had his mathematical say in the Sound and Fury: Prove by the methods of plane geometry that if the bisectors of the base angles of a triangle are equal, the triangle is isosceles.

Very truly yours,
Marietta, O. F. Howard Rexroad

P. S.—If this opus should happen to be published, may I request that the diagrams included therein be published also, instead of the surrealistic wanderings of some staff artist, as has happened too often in the past?

POME OF THE MONTH

I
"Hurrah for good old Esquire
And its Publishing Company
It's the best darn Mag a'goin'
And you'll say the same as me.

II
If you would read it once or twice
You'd know I do not lie
It's filled with interest; class and art:
It's just the Mag to buy.

III
Esquire puts out; what you'd like
But you alone must choose
It's up to you to choose the best
With Esquire you can't lose.

IV
Esquire is the best of all
It contains most everything
Ads: and pictures: sports and such
And men's wear for the Spring.

V
Every page will bring you joy
It's a magazine worth the dough
And anyone who thinks it's not
Just try it a month or so.

VI
You'll soon begin to understand
Why thousands buy Esquire
Because it's double worth its cost
And a magazine you'll admire.

VII
Each page of Esquire brings a treat
To all who read it through
There's fiction stories long and short
And it's just the Mag for you.

VIII
You'd love this Mag so why not try
And give it an equal chance
It's yours to choose; you cannot lose
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IX
There is no Mag; that's perfect
We know this to be true
But when you buy an Esquire
We leave it up to you.

X
You be the judge of old Esquire,
And I'm sure you'll like it fine
It doesn't cost half what it's worth
And it's delivered right on time.

XI
I write this poem for all to see
For this Mag I admire
And now I'll close with one more cheer
Hurrah for old Esquire.

The End.

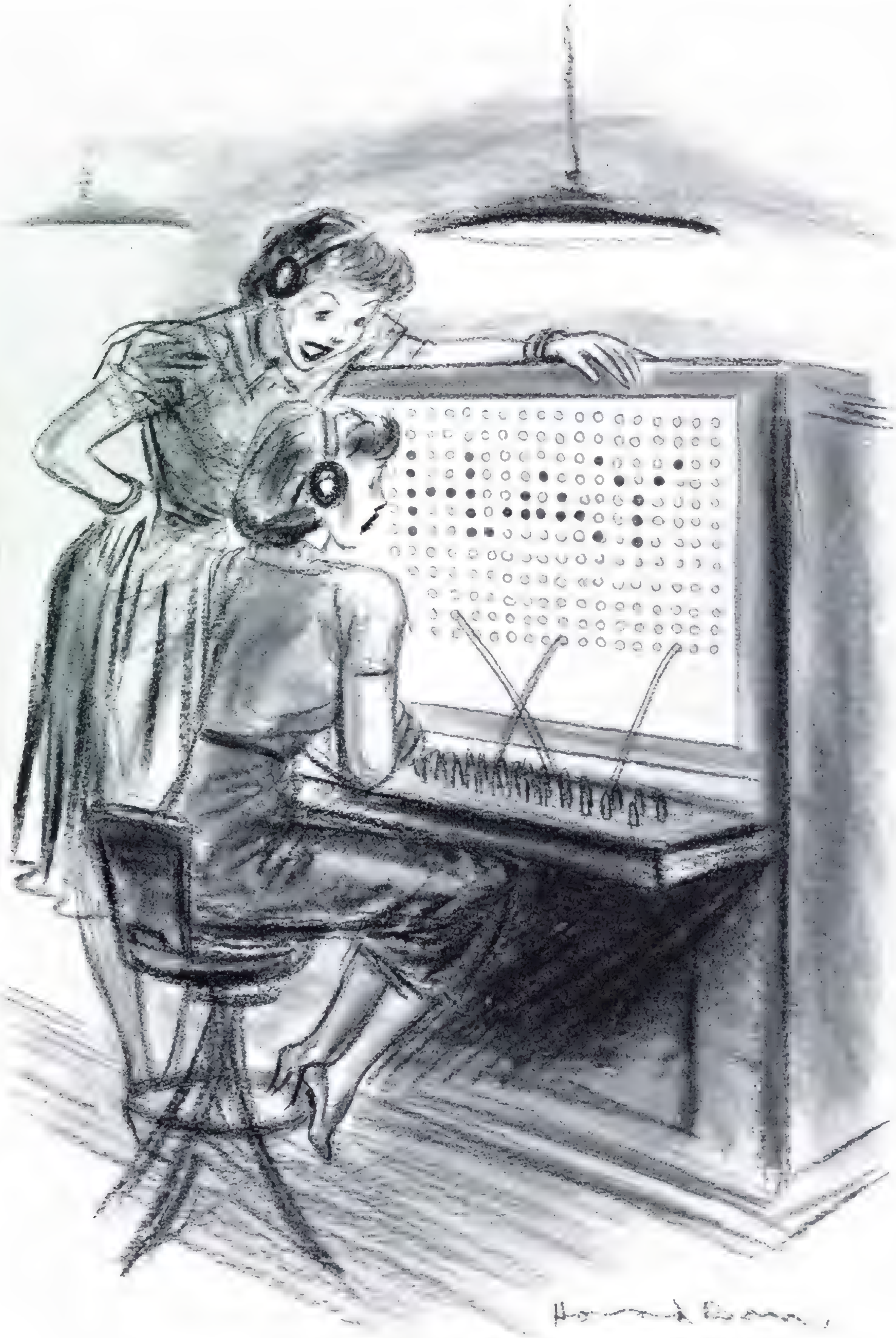
Represa, Calf. James E. Davis

CURIOUS COMPLAINT

As I understand the Esquire magazine is supposed to explain and illustrate new styles of men's clothing and fashion design. But it's becoming a magazine of jokes and simple stories.

Quite a few young fellows in my neighborhood depended upon Esquire for these styles. Please see what can be done for us as we like to purchase the magazine. Sincerely yours,

Baltimore, Md. Frank Stocker



"Sometimes when there's lots of calls, it spells naughty words"

Matter of Life and Death

Continued from page 97

less very lonely men indeed."

Flanagan distributed mugs of tea and thick slices of white bread. The Englishman sipped his tea and went on speaking:

"We had no friends and not many acquaintances. He was a man of some means and lived at different hotels. Sometimes he stayed only a few days, never for longer than a fortnight. Every year we went on holidays together. This year we came to Ireland on a walking tour. I did not come direct, we arranged to meet in London. I can safely say that not a single person knew or cared where we were going. My friend's name, by the way, was Lafontaine."

"Of French extraction, very likely," the Sergeant mumbled through a mouthful of bread.

The stranger was silent for a moment, staring into the fire. "I can't understand it," he said softly. "It doesn't horrify me any more. And yet I almost went crazy during these two days in the hills." He raised his head and continued in a brisk toneless voice. "Lafontaine and I arrived in Killahogue on Monday night last. On Tuesday morning we set out to walk across the mountains to Castlecor. At breakfast we had an argument about the route. But I could see from the Ordnance Map that we'd get the best view by going over the Black Mountain, and in the end he had to agree with me."

The Sergeant's chair creaked as he bent forward, inclining a polite and attentive ear.

"I was irritable and out of sorts that day," the Englishman said, "and Lafontaine was in a most annoying mood. Sometimes he could be infuriating, with his little childish tricks, like pinching your arm or crushing your fingers together when he shook hands. They seem horrible to me now, though I tolerated them for twenty years. Well, we walked steadily for three hours, speaking very seldom, and about midday we were coming near the summit. At one place the path overhangs a mountain lake."

"Would that be the Devil's Pool?" Guard Flanagan asked. "A very lonely spot." The Sergeant gave him a warning frown.

"Yes," the stranger said, nodding. "I remember the name on the Map. The path is narrow, and I was walking in front. Lafontaine began to prod me in the back with his stick. He kept saying, 'Look slippy' or 'Get a move on there.' Suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer and I turned on him. I can't explain it to you, Sergeant, but I think I saw him as he really was for the first time in twenty years. And I knew that I hated him. I wanted to destroy his fat face and his piggy eyes and that sneering smile of his." The stranger swallowed, and gave a glance at the Sergeant's intent countenance. "He was standing just below me and I crashed my stick down on his skull. He fell forward on his face. Then he began to stagger to his feet. I remember how the look of surprise on his face almost made me laugh. I swung the stick again, but before I could strike him he toppled backwards over the edge and fell into the lake. I heard the splash, but when I looked over there was no trace of him."

He stopped speaking and an awed silence brooded around them. Still in a tense listening attitude, the Sergeant leaned closer.

"I suppose you didn't tell anyone else about it," he said.

The stranger wiped a dew of perspiration from his forehead. "No," he said. "I stayed on the mountain all that night. In the morning I went back to the lake, but there was still no trace of him. You're the first person I've spoken to since it happened."

Satisfied, the Sergeant sat back in his chair. "I see," he said, letting the words float out on a long sigh. He finished his neglected tea at a gulp and put the mug on the mantelpiece.

"That's the whole story," the Englishman said. "And it's a great relief to have told someone at last. Somehow I haven't that awful sense of guilt any more. And now, Sergeant, let's get the formalities over. They won't take up much time. It's a clear and simple case of murder."

The Sergeant, composing startled features into a solemn mask, gave him a quick look of suspicion.

"Murder," he said severely, "is no simple matter. It might look as simple as A.B.C., but it's a tricky, doubtful sort of a business any day of the week. Let me tell you this. If murder was a simple business, I wouldn't be sitting on this chair, talking to you at the present time."

The Englishman raised polite, bewildered eyebrows.

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you," he said.

"Yes," the Sergeant said slowly. "If murder was as simple as it looked, myself and the boys would not be stuck here in this God-forsaken wilderness, on the edge of a quaking bog." He tilted his head on one side and looked keenly at the stranger. "Tell me, now. Did you ever happen to visit the County Meath in your travels?"

"I'm afraid not," the Englishman said, surprised. "You see, it's my first time in this country."

The Sergeant hitched his thumbs into his belt and shook his head slowly from side to side. "Ah, God help us," he said. "The finest bloody County in the length and breadth of Ireland. A quiet, decent class of people, without any devilment or criminality in them. But great men for the greyhounds and horses, great men. I had a lovely little fawn bitch myself; the fastest thing that ever left a pair of slips." He paused, beset by worldless memories. "Ballywillan Princess. Glory be to God, but it was a grand life back in Ballywillan."

"It was the real Alley Daly," Guard Donohue said with fervor.

"Ah, God help us," the Sergeant said again. He roused himself and turned towards the stranger. "There we were, snug and secure, with everything going on lovely. I had my stripes only a few months at the time. Oh, we little knew what was in store for us that Tuesday evening when Long John Brady walked into the day room. I remember I was sitting at the table, filling in a form to enter the Princess for the Irish Cup. 'Sergeant,' says Long John. 'Will you come out to Nicky Reilly's place? His missus is stretched out on the kitchen floor.' Sure enough, when myself and Flanagan arrived, she was lying there as cold as a dog's nose."

"There was a contusion on the right temple," Guard Flanagan said.

"I made up my mind at once," said the Sergeant, "that Nicky was our man. A villainous-looking specimen, so he was. You'd nearly hang him on the view. Besides, he'd get the three hundred pounds she had on deposit in her own name. Well, I needn't tell you he had an alibi. According to himself, he was at a pig fair in Mullingar when it happened. But we kept him under observation. We didn't let him out of our sight for the next month."

"Every time he left the house," Guard Donohue said, "we'd write a report the length of your arm."

The Sergeant raised a restraining hand. "In the heel of the hunt," he said, "we had enough evidence to hang him half-a-dozen times. So we got the warrant and myself and Donohue took him to the barracks. I administered the Caution, but Nicky was advised to make no statement. The case for the defense, d'ye see, was that she fell and struck her head against the table. Well, the trial came off in the Criminal Court and I got into the box to give a complete account of Nicky's movements. When I was about half-way through it, his lawyer jumps up and says, very sarcastic: 'I submit, my Lord, that this evidence is completely irrelevant and immaterial.' These lawyers have the impudence of the devil. So, whatever trickery went on, Nicky was acquitted. Then there was talk of an action for unlawful arrest." He drew a long, saddened breath. "That was the ruination of us. We got the bad news shortly afterwards."

"It seems Headquarters took a very serious view," Guard Donohue said gloomily.

Nodding in mute sympathy, the stranger looked at each of them, and said: "It was certainly a bit of bad luck for all of you."

"Oh, but that wasn't the worst," the Sergeant said, fumbling in his breast pocket. "That wasn't all. The cursed investigation took up so much of my time that I didn't give the Princess enough exercise. I didn't get her altogether to my liking. With a little more training she'd have won the Irish Cup. Barely beaten in the Final, and she running two pounds heavy." He inclined himself towards the stranger, holding a photograph between finger and thumb. "There we are, myself and the Princess, taken on the day of the Final. The winner was sold for fifteen hundred pounds."

"Very unfortunate, indeed," the Englishman said, his puzzled gaze resting on the photograph.

The Sergeant sighed and put it back in his pocket. "You took the word out of my mouth," he said. "An unfortunate bloody business from beginning to end."

There was a short silence. The stranger rose from his chair and stood facing them in a formal attitude.

"Gentlemen," he said. "Before you deal with me officially I would like to say something personal. I know I've brought you a distasteful task. But I must tell you that I have never seen an unpleasant duty done with such courtesy and consideration. I shall help you as much as possible. I am ready to give you my statement."

Guard Flanagan gave an uneasy glance towards the Day-Book.

The Sergeant got to his feet nimbly, making a quick gesture of discouragement. With his hands in his trouser-pockets, he paced across the room and stood before the disused radio.

"You tell me that nobody knew you were on holidays with him," he said, without looking around.

"Absolutely nobody," the stranger said.

The Sergeant bent down and examined the radio with interest. "Did you mean to kill him when you left Killahogue that morning?" he asked.

"Good Heavens, no," the Englishman said. "It was a very sudden impulse."

"I see," the Sergeant said, straightening himself. "There was no premeditation." He came to the center of the room. "Tell me, now. Did he do anything to provoke you? These foreigners can be very hasty. He attacked you with a stick, of course."

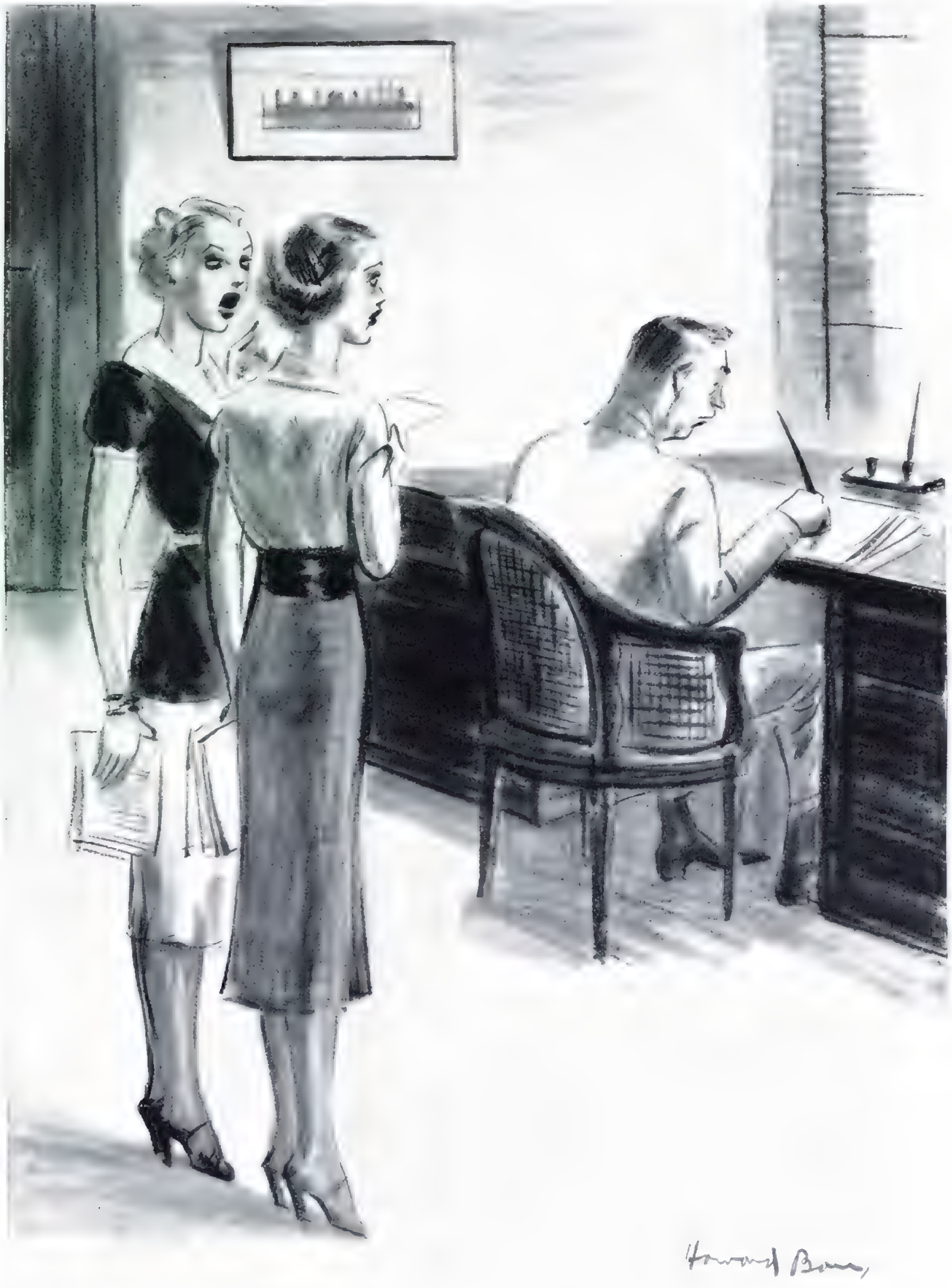
"Well, it was scarcely an attack," the stranger said. "He was jabbing me in the back."

"It would constitute a technical assault," the Sergeant said in a firm tone. He took a few paces across the room, puckering his brows in keen thought. As he turned on his heel, he looked full at the stranger. "Would there happen to be any bushes along the edge of the path?"

The Englishman, watching him with meek, hopeful eyes, nodded. "Yes," he said. "There is a row of stunted bushes right along the edge."

"A damn dangerous thing," the Sergeant said. "If a man didn't know his way he might meet with a serious accident." He stared for a brief moment at the floor, levering himself up and down on his

Continued at top of page 112



"Funny! Ever since Mr. Warren got back from Atlantic City he's been signing everything John Smith"

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Matter of Life and Death

Continued from pages 97-110

heels. Suddenly his face brightened. He came towards the stranger and took him by the arm. Leading him to the middle of the room, he stood back and gazed at him, almost with admiration.

"I'll give you my candid opinion," he said. "You're a very fortunate man to be alive at all. I wouldn't trust these foreigners as far as I'd throw them."

Together they moved towards the door. In silent ceremony Flanagan and Donohue rose from their seats. They remained standing while the stranger allowed himself to be guided from the room.

On the doorstep he turned, still without speaking, and stretched out his hand. The Sergeant gave him a firm, ample grip.

"Good-bye, now," he said. "And, take it from me, you're a bloody lucky man to be alive. These Frenchies would put a knife in you as quick as you'd wink." ⧻

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 87

ex-congressman from Texas, with *In Blood and Ink: The Life and Documents of American Democracy* (Modern Age, $.75), written in colloquial, down-to-earth American. This six-bits' worth of common sense on the sacred subject is a super-value. Here is a quote from Maverick that will give you an idea of his point of view:

"Democracy to me is liberty *plus* economic security. To put it in plain language, we Americans want to talk, think, pray as we please—and eat regular. I say this because there is a lot of nonsense in talk about liberty. You cannot fill the baby's bottle with liberty."

There isn't anything new in this, of course. Anatole France stated it forty years ago when he admitted that the rich as well as the poor were forbidden to sleep in gutters and under bridges. But it's always news.

How the other half lives never fails to be a big story when you have the facts. In *These Are Our Lives* (Chapel Hill, $2), the Federal Writers' Project has invented a form of non-fiction reportage that should produce successors. The bulky volume holds thirty-five chapters—thirty-five life stories told by the people themselves. The job of the Federal Writers was to record, select, edit. The resulting collection of sketches, mostly of lower class farmers and workers, reads like vivid fiction. Of the thirty-five, seven are of more or less well-to-do families or individuals. The majority are existing on the margin, starving slowly and quietly, helped along to the grave by overwork.

Fiction, no matter how brutal, can always be laughed off as fiction. This book holds something you can't get around. The social pattern of low living standards, little education and much sickness, is nothing new to sociologist or doctor. The Federal Writers' Project ties it up in a bundle and lays it on Joe Doaks' doorstep. If Joe will unwrap it, it may change that myth he has in his mind about people being poor because they want to be, or because they don't work hard enough.

For all its pathetic-tragic wallop, *These Are Our Lives* has plenty of laughs. When farm-worker John Easton got drunk once too often, his wife Sarah confesses: "I got a barrel stave and I turned him across the table bench and I blistered his rump." *It's a Christian Factory*, the story of a seventeen-year-old worker in a shoe plant, is a beautiful piece of irony. A Negro dentist is troubled because his patients insist on replacing perfectly sound teeth with gold. Small-town deputy Elmore Marshall, who gets paid by the number of cases he brings into court, haunts funerals: "Most usually they's a lot of drinking goes on at country funerals. The family drinks so's to drown their sadness. Them that comes out of respect for the deceased drinks so's they won't git too low in mind from watching the women folks carry on. And then they's lots of young bloods comes jist for the pure fun of it and gits lit up . . . You can't lose on a funeral."

In this dramatic, self-revelatory technique, the Writers' Project has used the methods of fiction to bring the facts home. It has hit on a mine of character and incident, accidentally handing us some homely truths. A fact—depressing or hopeful (your choice)—sticks out—that few of the up-against-it are bitter or rebellious. Whatever may be around the corner, it is not a revolution of the harried and the poor.

A typical product of the Big Boom holocaust plus the Bank Earthquake of 1933 is the popularization of economics: How It Works, in easy syllables. The latest of these is *Our Town's Business*, by Omar and Ryllis Goslin (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.50). The Goslins, authors of *Rich Man, Poor Man*, another excellent popularization, show how business operates in the village, the town, and the city, instead of dealing with the magic nouns and labels of the *status-quo* economics. It is an adult textbook capable of making things clearer to many citizens—among the things, the present administration's efforts to increase the size of the straws we have to grasp at. It assumes that The American Way is the only thinkable system, and avoids discussing alien issues.

* * *

In this period of world history when those of us who haven't been losing our shirts have had the pants beaten off us, Miss Elizabeth Hawes goes about abusing us (the males) because we wear collars, ties, hats, and vests. The scolding is merited but it comes late, for I think it is obvious to anyone that the more rigid conventions of dress are breaking down all over the place, even among the Better Clawses. *Men Can Take It* (Random House, $2) falls below the level of Miss Hawes' performance in *Fashion is Spinach.* It lacks the exuberance and inspiration of *Spinach* and shows signs of padding and of artificially worked-up wrath.

However, she will touch a responsive chord in many of us as she chides the Yale, Harvard, and Princeton elite, as she tells off Mr. Morgan and other pillars of correct dress in business, and especially as she takes vicious sideswipes at the respectable and conventional wives. Statistics, it seems, show that fifty-five per cent of American wives are spoiled. Sartorially, this means that they spend a disproportionate amount of the budget on their own clothes while they keep their men down to what Miss Hawes calls the conventional and uncomfortable uniforms into which the males have been regimented since the French and American Revolutions went out and Business came in.

Miss Hawes thinks that men should stage a counter-revolution and spend more on their own clothes. This is one of the few points in the book which will bring three hearty cheers from the Sartorial Forces behind this magazine, a magazine Miss Hawes tends to regard as a reactionary influence. She is strong for the slack suit, but I think she fails to see that in a slack suit every man looks like Heywood Broun, at least from the rear.

Finally, *Men Can Take It* does a good job of tying up clothing with civilization. Miss Hawes makes out the case that we wear the clothes we do because we live and work and share the wealth in a certain definite fashion. Spoiled Wives, for example, are not a willful or capricious or arbitrary fact. They are the natural flower of industrial capitalism. If we are to believe Miss Hawes' deeper stuff, we'll have to take her one-woman revolution with caution, for it would appear that nothing less than a social upheaval, wiping out Spoiled Wives as well as University Boys and Tie Manufacturers, could bring in the new culture of the Thousand and One Slacks.

* * *

On the American fiction side, there are some good if not great items. The outstanding value is Edward J. O'Brien's *50 Best American Short Stories, 1914 to 1939* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), which contains a tale by almost every American writer of consequence—Hemingway, Wolfe, Irvin Cobb, Suckow, Cather, Scott Fitzgerald, Steinbeck, Dorothy Parker, Caldwell, Farrell, etc. *Christ in Concrete*, Pietro di Donato's yarn which first appeared in this magazine, is included. (I think it's now a novel, but as the publishers withdrew it from my grasp after sending it for review, I wouldn't quite know—officially.) The influence of *Story Magazine* looms large in this collection.

50 Best American Short Stories, with its nearly 900 pages of entertainment, speaks well for the literary output of the last twenty-five years. I dare say Mr. O'Brien had a hard time narrowing down to the fifty he selected, and that another volume worth the money could easily be made. As an ex-lecturer on the American short story, I come out flatly and say that there never was a U. S. when as much excellent writing was done in this or other forms as in the last quarter-century. And I believe that the last ten years has been the best part of it.

It is possible that readers will take to *Conceived in Liberty*, the fictionized story of what really happened in the critical and terrible winter at Valley Forge, by Howard Fast (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). The novel is the fruit of close historical study—something that needs to be said, for a lot of Americans are going to get a shock, so different is this reality from the idealized stereotype of Valley Forge which has been sold us for a hundred years by well-meaning patriots. This is a bitter tale of the rank and file, how the war looked to the farmer and the artisan with the frozen feet and too little food in his belly. No galloping hoofs, flashing swords, flying capes, pretty faces at the window or other romantic muck.

Another Americana piece is Katherine Albert's *Remember Valerie March* (Simon & Schuster, $2.00), a very readable novel about a Hepburnish movie actress as told by the director who discovered and developed her. In addition to telling a good story in the authentic argot of Hollywood, Miss Albert instructs us in how the gigantic dream factory is run.

Weaker in story is John Herrmann's *The Salesman* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50), a novel which makes the commercial traveler a real and pathetic human being. Robert Crawford is a typical salesman, trying to support a wife and baby on $30 a week. For so long has the drummer been typed as a drinker, a teller of smutty stories, and a back-slapper, that Mr. Herrmann's story is almost revolutionary.

Still another Americana item is William Saroyan's first play, now in book form, the most remarkable thing about which is Saroyan's insistence that it's great. Maybe the lad is following Shaw's recipe for publicity. But Shaw really had something on the ball. *My Heart's in the Highlands* was produced on Broadway by the Group Theatre as an experimental venture, and proved unexpectedly popular. I missed the stage version, but reading it in print (Harcourt Brace, $2), I can see why it would be popular—without, however, being able to understand all the shouting, especially the approval of George Jean Nathan, a critic I respect.

My Heart's in the Highlands is a

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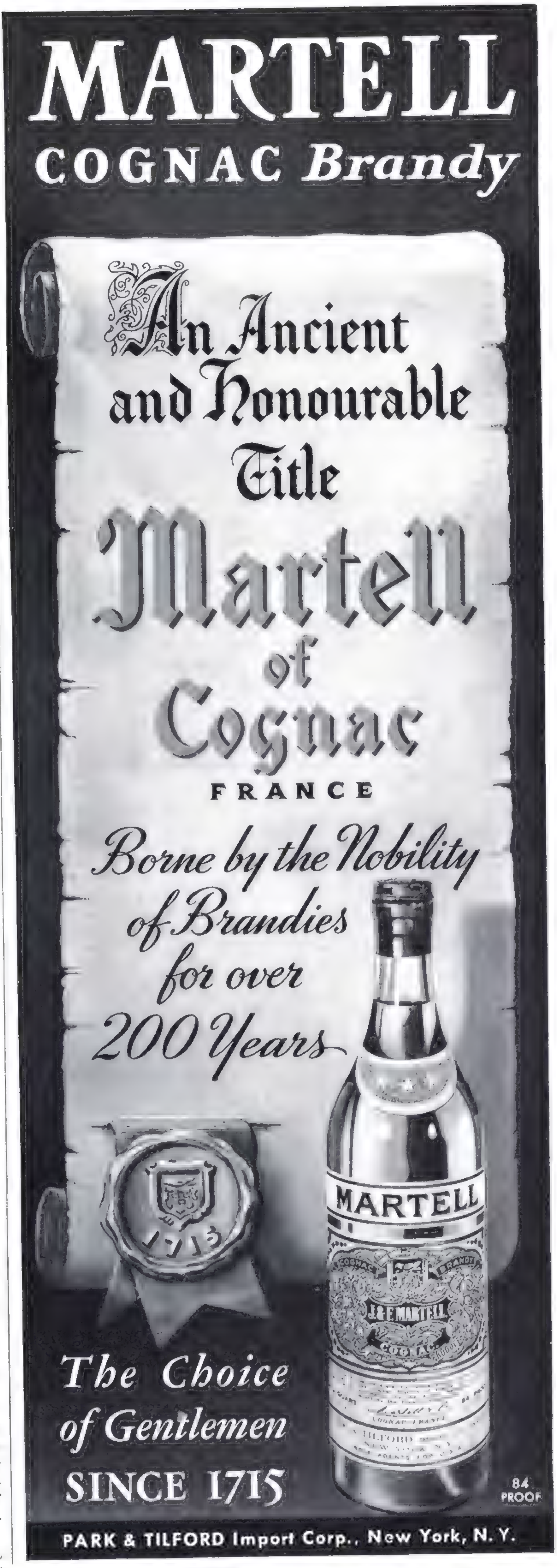
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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 87-113

bit of fancy, slight but fresh and whimsical. A poor poet and his son are living hungry and destitute. Man's search for beauty is brought up against a world that has other ends in view. The audience drops a tear for Man as Poet tragic and funny, petty and great.

A pretty, tender play, and with this Saroyan in his Introduction announces he is creating a new day for the theatre! The reactions of the Broadway critics, farsightedly included at the end of the play, are violently for and against, with no maybes. As the worst thing that can happen to an author is to be ignored, we can expect that Saroyan is on the make, for he is getting himself argued about on his own terms.

When I was a lad I read an inspirational book by the great wham-poo, Dr. Grenville Kleiser, which advised the timid not to be afraid. A daily course in self-confidence was mapped out, the first step of which had to be taken in the morning, when the self-distruster woke from his timorous sleep. He was to jump out of bed not fall out or ooze out—and standing before the mirror, slap his chest and cry in a voice from the abdomen, "I am a man! I will succeed!" Being at that time as mousy as they come, I tried it once, but I had to break down and laugh at what the mirror revealed.

Well, I wonder whether Saroyan read the same book but didn't laugh. If this escapist fable is what the theatre needs, then Billy Rose is in the tradition of Shakespeare.

In *Immortal Ease* (Dutton, $2.50), Kathleen Coyle tries hard to tell the story of Victoria Rising, poet, beauty, and intellectual. Victoria's is a daring, original mind, brought up among minds equally bold and keen. She does things which the world, not knowing her intimate reasons, condemns. From the highest motives of integrity she gives up her baby boy, deserts two husbands for a platonic lover who doesn't particularly want her, and pretends to commit suicide turning up two years later to the emotional disturbance of those who had lovingly consigned her to the eternal.

That's the frame of quite a story. Miss Coyle involves herself with extraordinary characters. All right—a one-armed paperhanger *might* be able to function. But when the guy decides to blindfold himself and do the room hanging from the scaffolding, it's a handicap. Miss Coyle pretends she is the biographer of Victoria Rising, but now and then she finds that she can't tell the whole story that way, and necessary pieces have to be tucked in on the excuse that the biographer has found some autobiographical data written by the subject.

Aside from the spectacle of the author playing both sides of the net and smashing back her own lobs, *Immortal Ease* is a good brain-teaser. Miss Coyle's writing is careful, and rich in observation. Even if the seams don't fit, she does get the room papered. From this able writer one might ask in the next novel a little less ambition and a little more plain, honest storytelling.

* * *

Two excellent books on what goes on in the Soviet Union are Ruth Gruber's *I Went to the Soviet Arctic* (Simon & Schuster, $3) and *We Didn't Ask Utopia* by Harry and Rebecca Timbres (Prentice-Hall, $2.50). Miss Gruber was the first foreign journalist to invade the Russian Far North. She sojourned in the new seaport of Igarka above the Arctic Circle and made the trip in the first ship to cross Asia and Europe in a single season. With no axe to grind, she gives the human side of her experiences and impressions, and presents a dramatic picture of these pioneers, how they live, and what they are making of a world which, until the Russians began colonizing and developing it, was generally left out of account as a possible human habitation.

The summer after Miss Gruber made the trip I was in Russia on a similar project, and met and talked with Prof. Schmidt, who, as head of the Northern Sea Route Administration, rules a land about the size of the U. S. That summer 1936—in the same third class hotel, the Novo-Moskovskaya, across the river from the Kremlin, where I was staying, Harry Timbres had a room. Probably I saw him, ate in the same dining room with him up on the top floor, possibly even spoke a word with him —I don't know. I wish our paths had crossed, for he was a very great man.

Quaker Harry Timbres and his wife Rebecca went to Russia to devote themselves to the fight against disease. They were experts in handling malaria. He was assigned to a post in the hinterlands, and this book tells the moving story of the couple's adjustment to a backward village, their domestic life, their shopping, their children's school experiences, their struggle against disease and red tape. Within a year Harry died of typhus. He was the wrong man to die, when there are so many of us pushers, swappers, careerists, and plain dopes still carrying on.

From a reading of *We Didn't Ask Utopia*, I got two things: an intimate picture of life in the remoter parts of Russia, and the conviction that so long as the human race can produce people like the Timbres it isn't altogether lousy.

* * *

There are three books in this month's lot for those who like adventure: *Cannibal Caravan* by Charles "Cannibal" Miller (Lee Furman, $2.75), *Outboard Cruising* by Don Waters (Sheridan House, $2.50), and *Wind, Sand and Stars* by Antoine de Saint Exupéry (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.75). Of these the Saint Exupéry is in a class all by itself—one of those rare books which combine a real man, a philosopher, and a poet. He is the author of *Night Flight*, and when I have said that his new book speaks of his and his comrades' adventures in flight over African and South American deserts, I have only said the most obvious thing. This Frenchman with the beautiful prose style is able to give meaning to events. Whether it is a storm over the Andes or dining with a strange family in a House-of-Usher mansion in Patagonia or a night spent on Moroccan sands, Saint Exupéry makes it universal, a part of the sky and of all human history, suffering and aspiration.

If you have both this book and the O'Brien *50 Best Short Stories*, you might try an experiment in criticism. Compare Saint Exupéry's account of the new freedom of the slave Bark with Irvin Cobb's *Boys Will be Boys*, the tale of the town nobody, who inherits a fortune. Cobb is good, but Saint Exupéry has more depth, breadth, and scope. This book may become a best-seller, although it seems too good to meet the mass taste. Still, Anne Lindbergh's *Listen! the Wind*, which was in the same tradition, made the wholesale list.

Compared with *Wind, Sand and Stars*, "Cannibal" Miller's exciting true-story of adventures (with a Park Avenue bride in tow) among the head-hunters of Dutch New Guinea is ordinary. *Cannibal Caravan* has excitement but no overtones. Also the yarn is hurt by the strenuous efforts of both author and publisher to make it as sensational as a series in Hearst's *American Weekly*. A little understatement would have helped a lot.

For those who do part-time adventuring beyond their hammocks and armchairs, H. A. Calahan, the indefatigable writer on the art of sailing, has a new guide, *So You're Going to Buy a Boat* (Macmillan, $3), a good investment for anyone who contemplates adding a boat to his other troubles.

* * *

The publishers have let me see three mystery stories. I regret to report that Timothy Brace's fourth Anthony Adams job, *Murder Goes to the World's Fair* (Dutton, $2) is floppo—unconvincing and lacks interest. Ngaio Marsh's *Overture to Death* (Lee Furman, $2) isn't up to her *Death in a White Tie*—takes too long to get to the murder. But this gal couldn't, in my opinion, write a bad book. *Overture to Death* is quite as much a study of character and intrigue as it is a detective story. *So Much Blood* by Bruno Fischer (Greystone, $2) is a racy murder thriller of the "modern" school. Meaning, keep it out of the kiddies' hands. It touches with some bitterness on the social aspect.

* * *

If you have a mind to improve, there is F. Sherwood Taylor's *The March of Mind: A Short History of Science* (MacMillan, $3), a conventional popularization, not up to what I'd want or what we have had. I'm tired of scientists of a certain school treating the subject as if only the "exact" sciences were worth writing about, and leaving anthropology, psychology, and sociology out of account. And after Hogben's books, the old run-of-the-mill rehash in easy paragraphs no longer rings the bell.

An odd and interesting item is *Who Was Socrates?* by Prof. Alban Winspear and Tom Silverberg (Cordon, $1.25). It's an important, and in its field a revolutionary book, which sets out to reinterpret Socrates. I think I'll save this for more extended notice next month—but not to keep you in suspense, old Socrates, who has been accepted for centuries as a fearless liberal martyred by the mob, turns out on closer examination to have been a reactionary, the leading fascist ideologist of his day against the Athenian democracy.

Another odd tidbit is the story of a couple of true Tovarisches Kyra Goritzina's *Service Entrance: Memoirs of a Park Avenue Cook*. Two White Russians—no princes or dukes this time—escape from the Soviets to cook and buttle for what passes in the U. S. as an elite. Intriguin' inside stuff on the life and times, it is undoubtedly causing many ears to burn at this moment.

Speaking of Park Avenoo, George Rector has done a "Personal Guide to Good Eating" in N.Y. restaurants of every type and price range—*Dining in New York with Rector* (Prentice-Hall, $2.50). The World's Fair continues to spill out N.Y. guides. New ones are *New York Advancing*, edited by Rebecca Rankin ($.50) and *New York City Guide*, authored by the Federal Writers' Project (Random House, $3). The latter is of course considerably more ambitious than the former; it has 39 maps, more than 175 photos, index, traffic directions, and a big map in a pocket —a lulu of a book, which deserves handclaps even if it should turn out that a nest of Communists worked on it. (Consulting the index, I find the Communist Party is treated on pages 199 and 200 in the section on Union Square very restrained play.)

Finally, the Pitman Games and Recreations Series has broken out a book on *Fencing*, by G. V. Hett, British International and Olympic fencer ($1.50), with pictures and diagrams. I have enjoyed mock battles with the rapier and the saber since I was a kid, but I'm beginning to think that this elaborately formalized version of hand to hand combat is out of joint with the times. New games should be invented featuring bayonet jabbing, hand grenade throwing, and shelter seeking. In the interests of survival we need to develop some new skills. #

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all other whiskies *need it!*"

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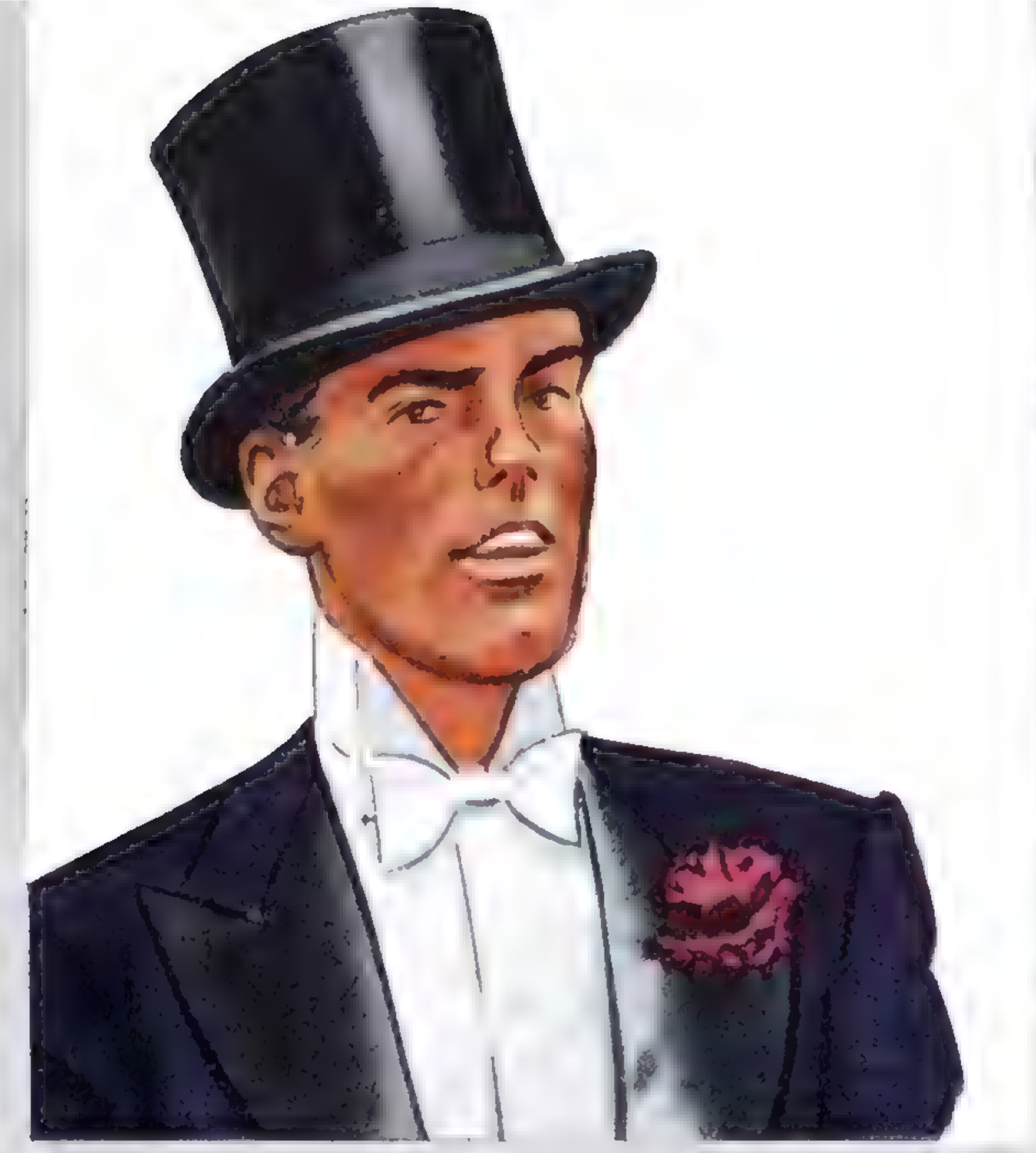
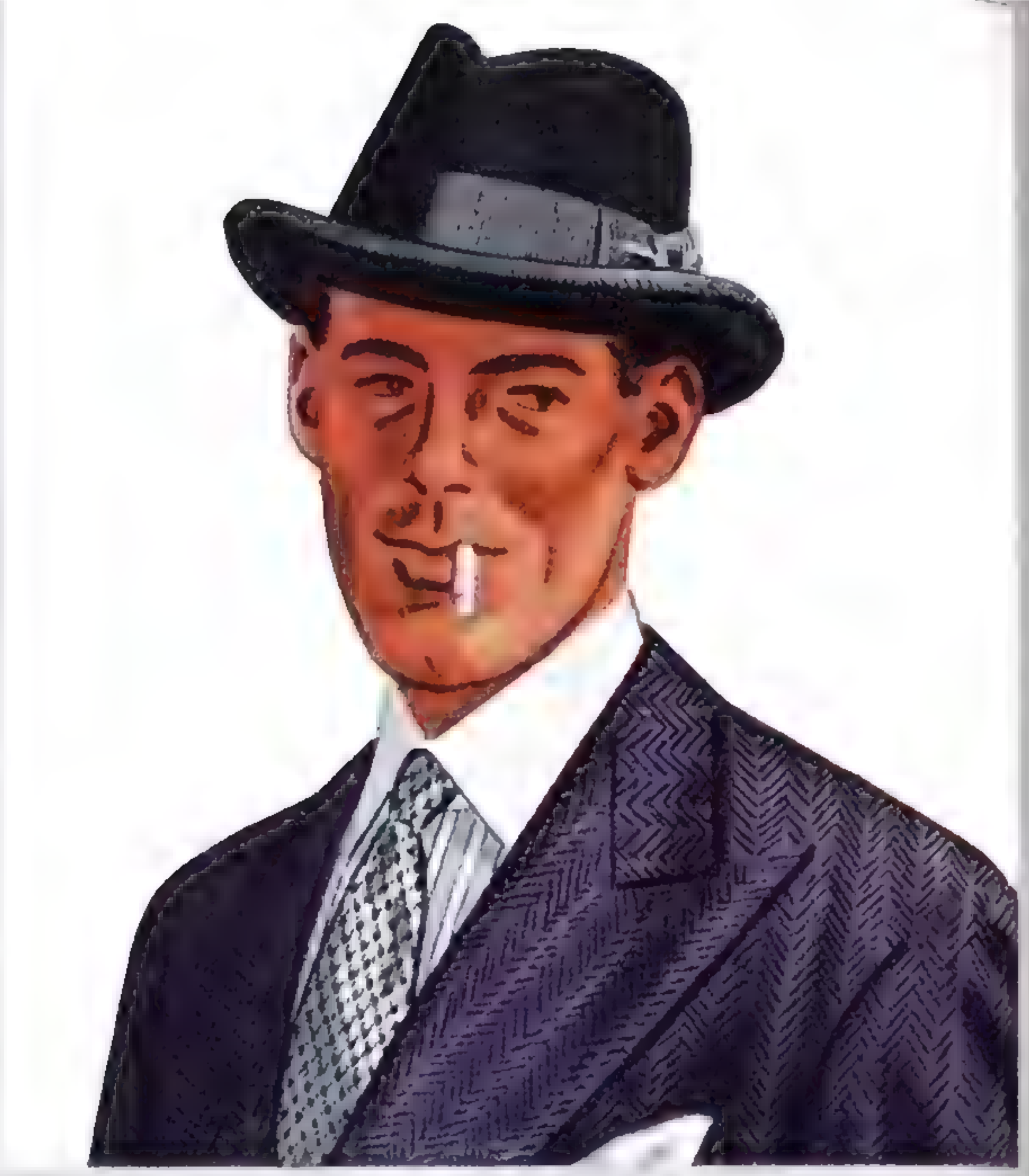
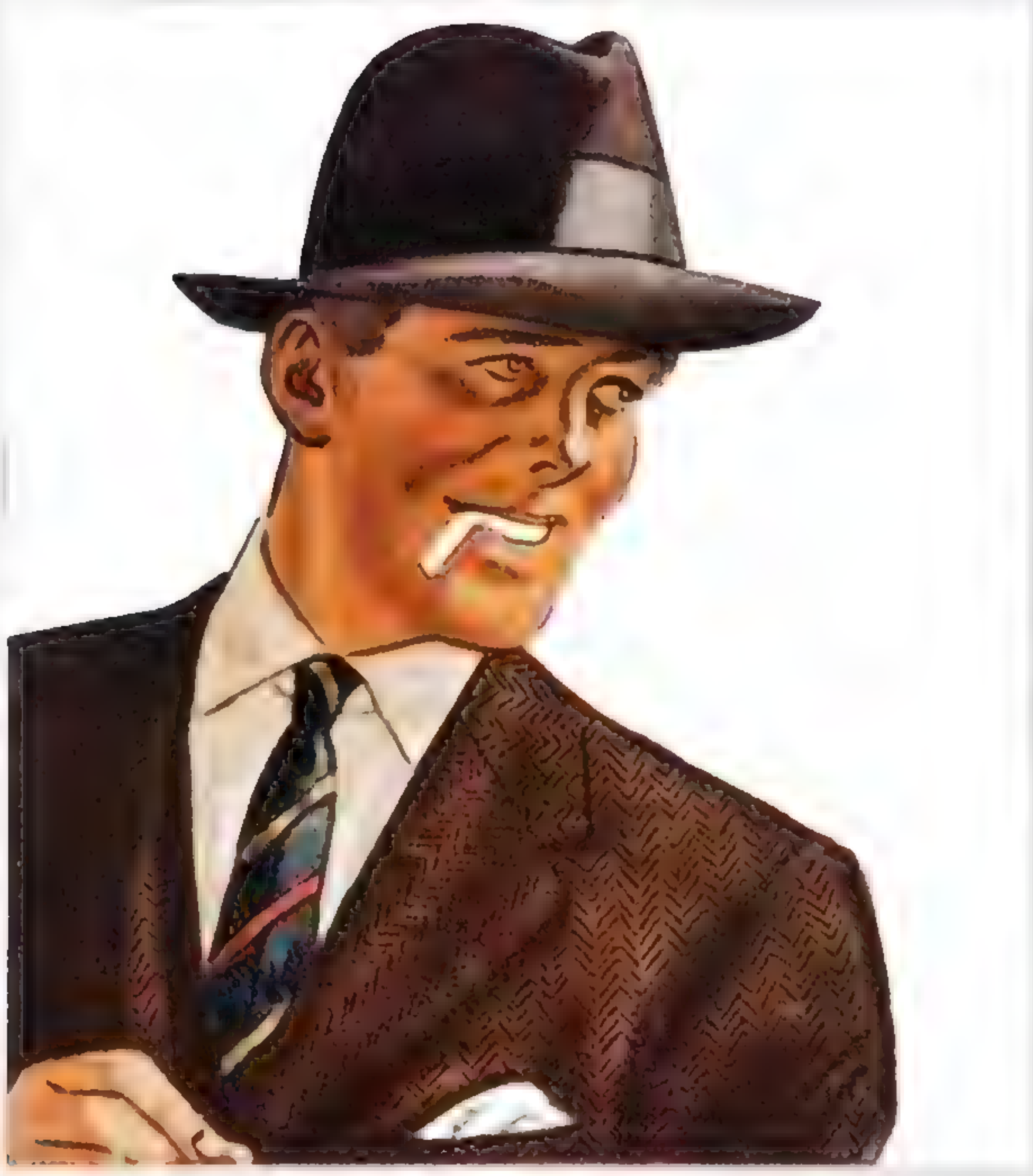


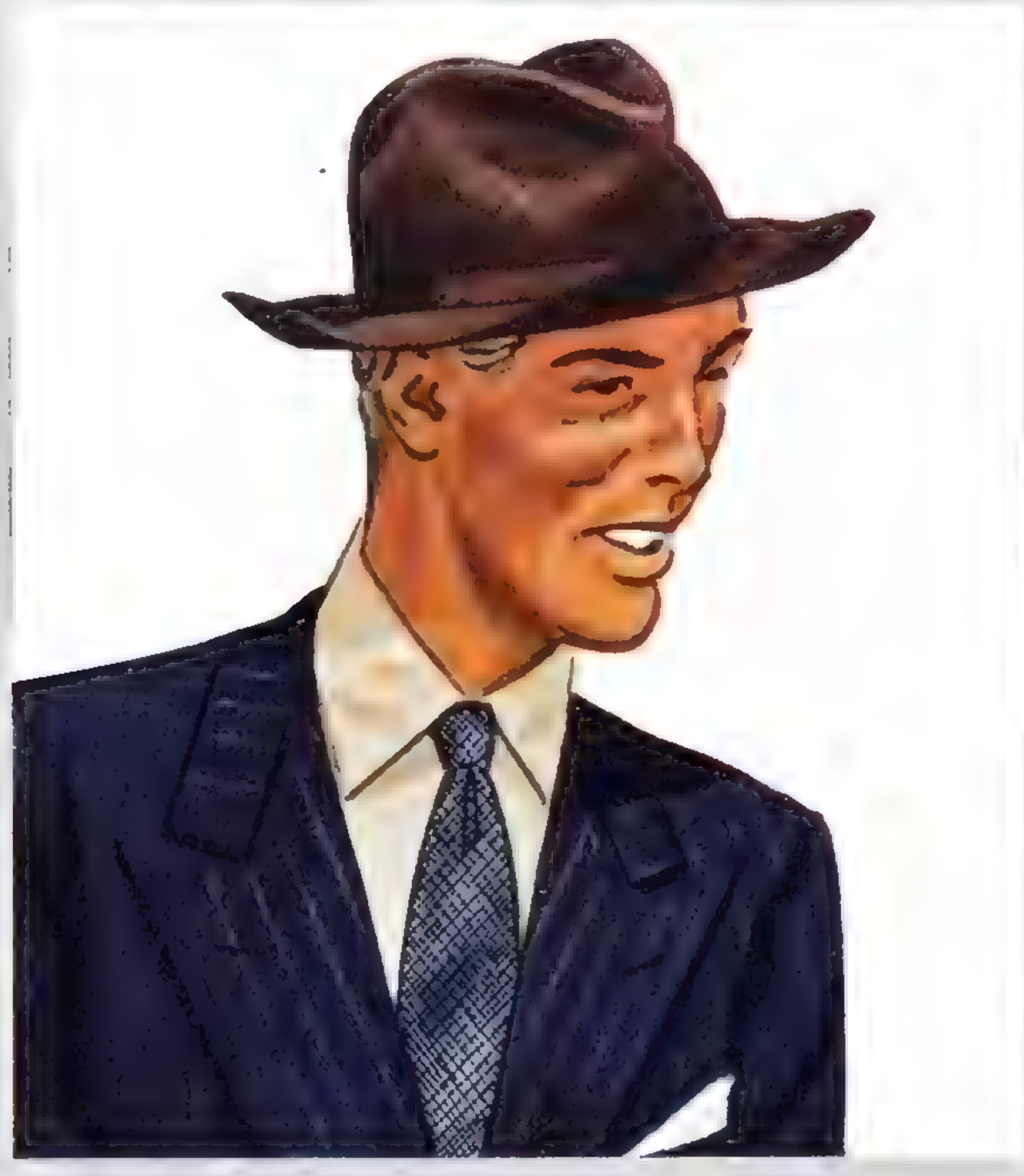
The silk top hat for wear with formal day and evening clothes. Correct for weddings, balls, state and other strictly formal occasions. Worn with full dress, wing collar and white tie.



The black Homburg with silk bound edge, correct for semi-formal evening and day wear. Worn with striped business suit, blue shirt, white starched collar, grey checked tie.

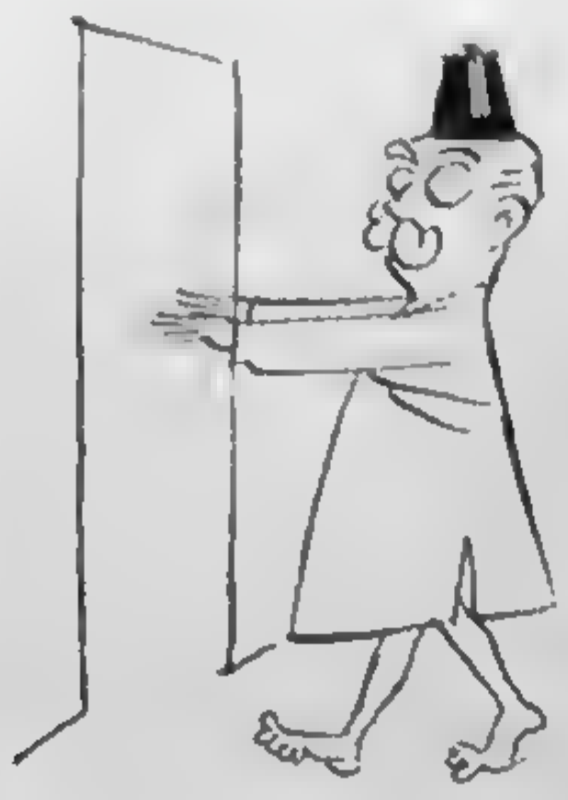


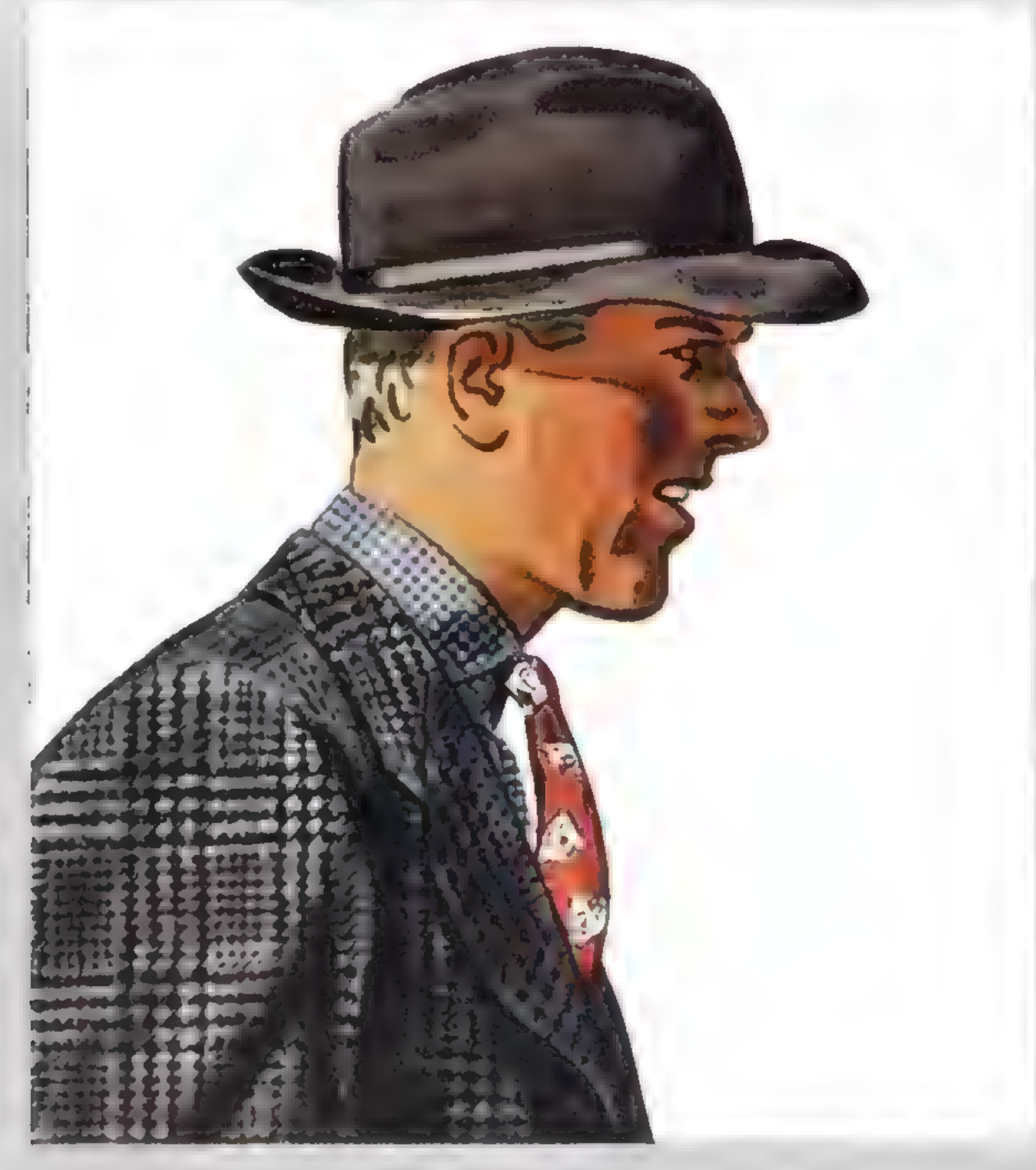
Brown snapbrim hat with tapered crown and medium wide raw edge brim, correct for town and semi-sports occasions. Worn with cheviot suit, ivory color shirt and striped tie.



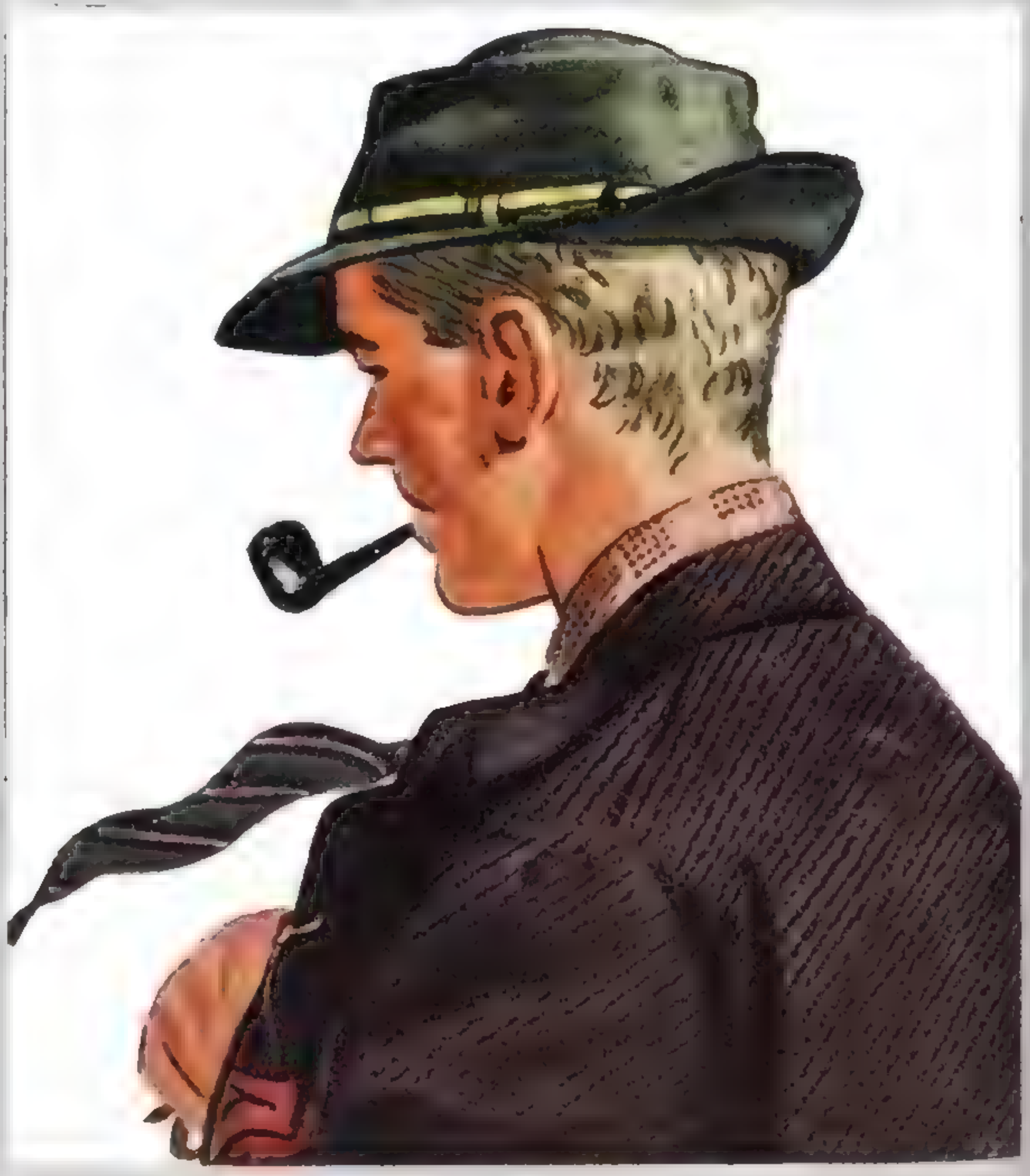
Lightweight brown Cavalier hat, worn in casual manner. Correct for town, semi-sports and travel. Worn with double breasted flannel suit, ivory color shirt and checked tie.

Esquire's Wardrob For You

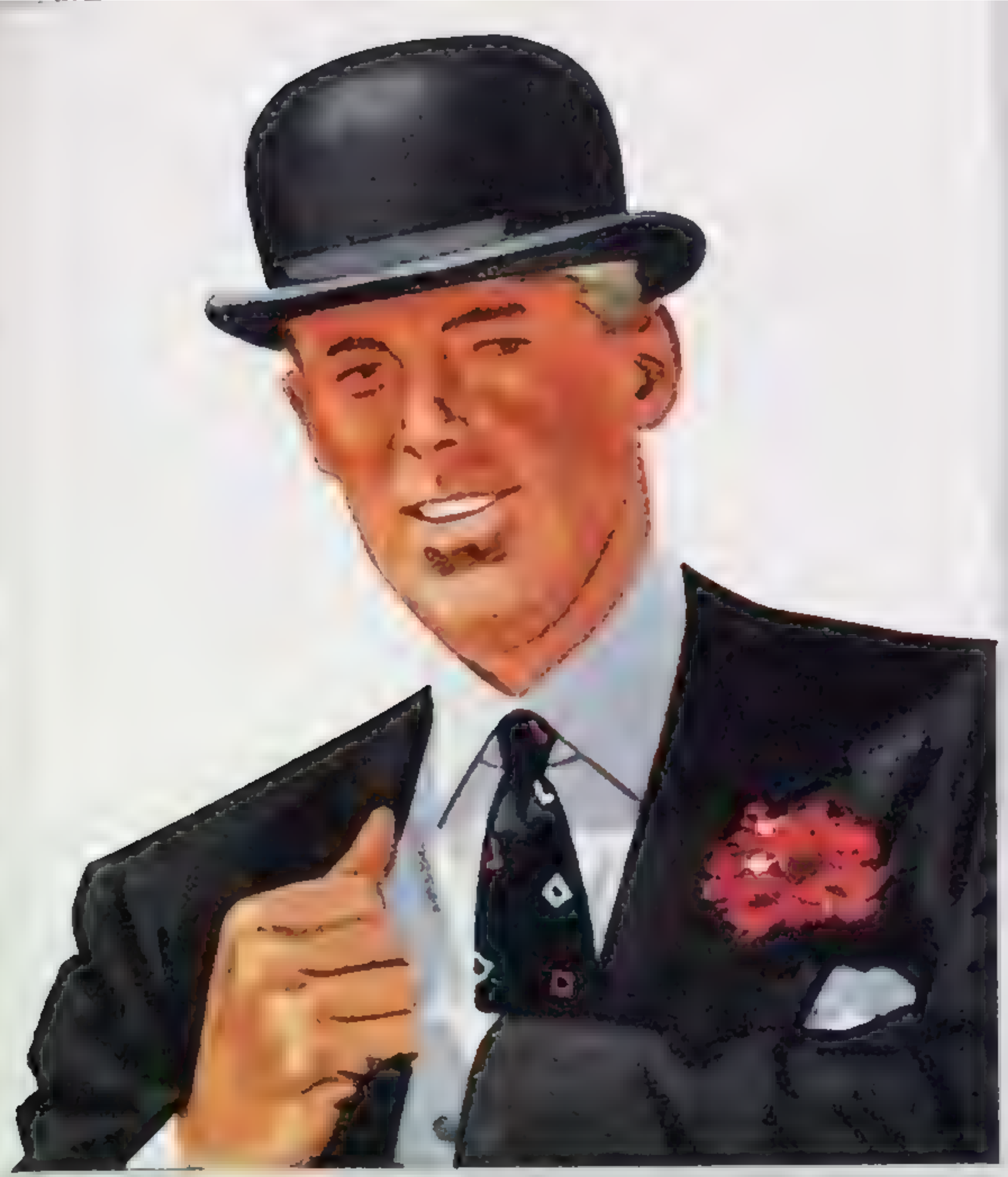




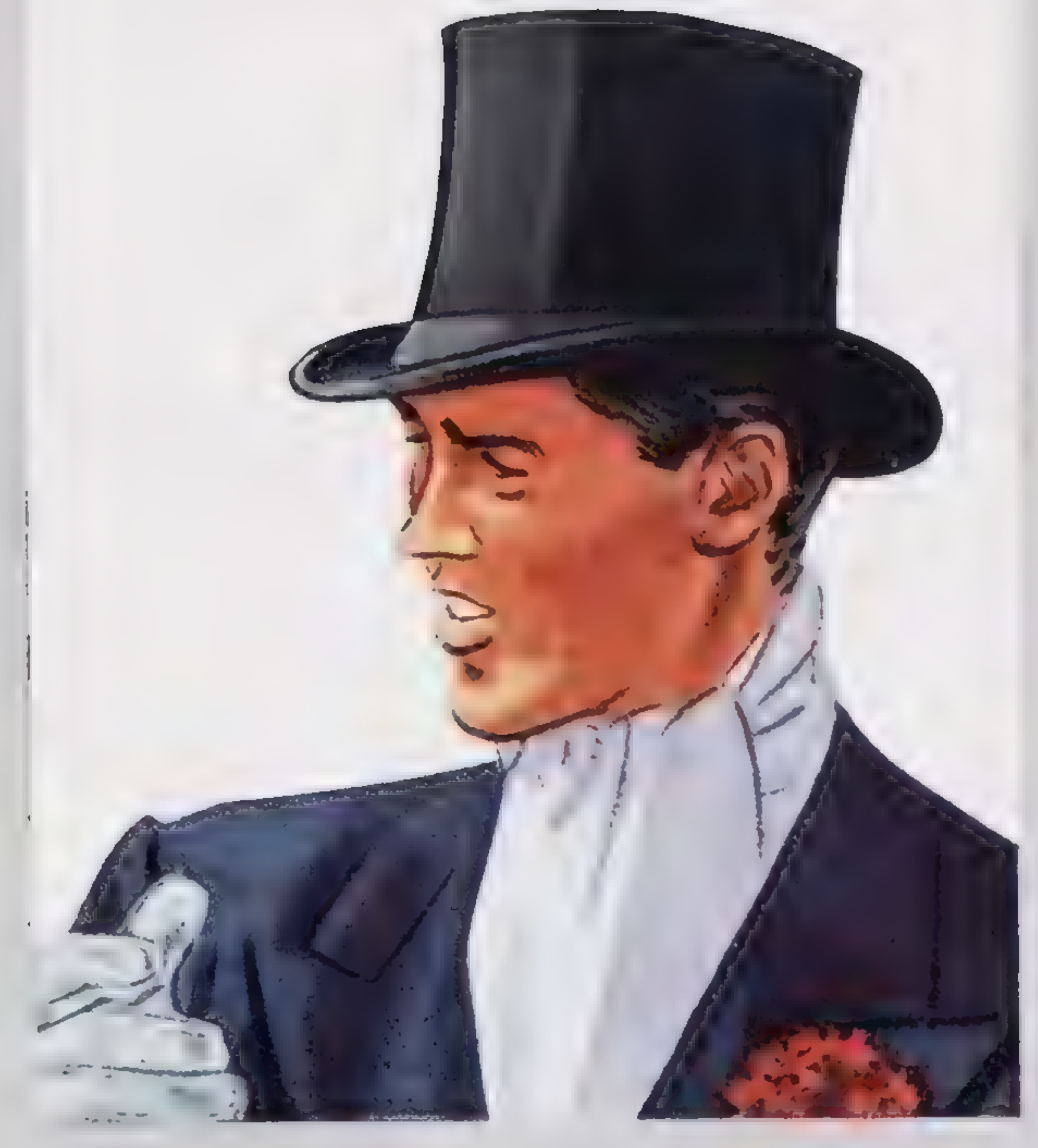
Rough finish semi-sports hat with low crown, medium wide brim, narrow silk band. Correct for semi-sports and country. Worn with Glen tweed suit, grey check shirt and wool tie.



Green rough finish pork pie hat, the narrow club striped band striking a new note. Correct for semi-sports and country. Worn with brown sport jacket, plaid shirt, striped tie.



Rough finish yeoman style bowler, correct for town or spectator wear but not with dinner jacket. Worn with double breasted suit, white shirt, starched collar, spaced figure tie.

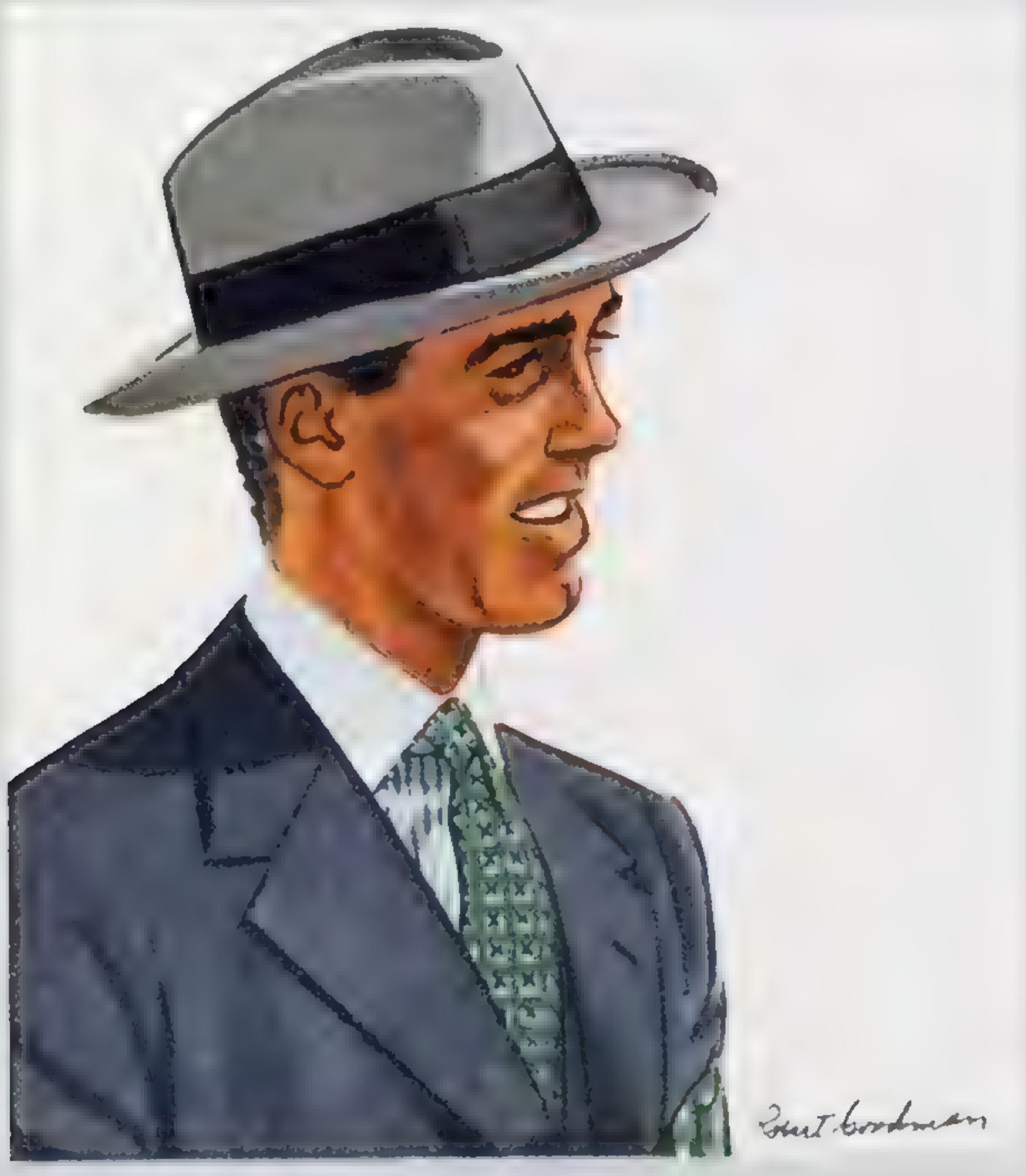


Collapsible silk grosgrain opera hat, for wear with dinner jacket or full dress. Correct for theatre or night club. Worn with white silk muffler and blue double breasted overcoat.

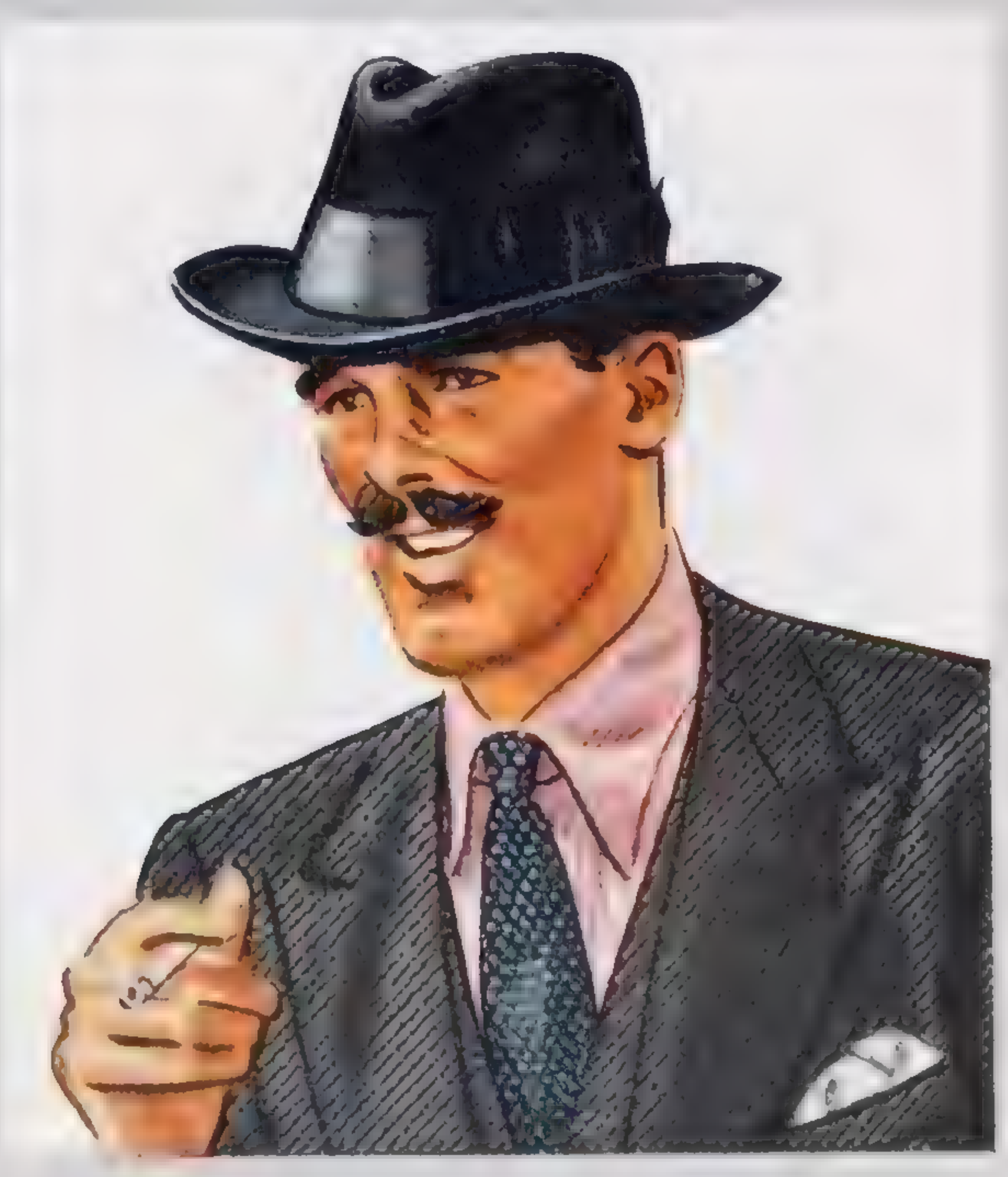
old Spanish costume

lanners

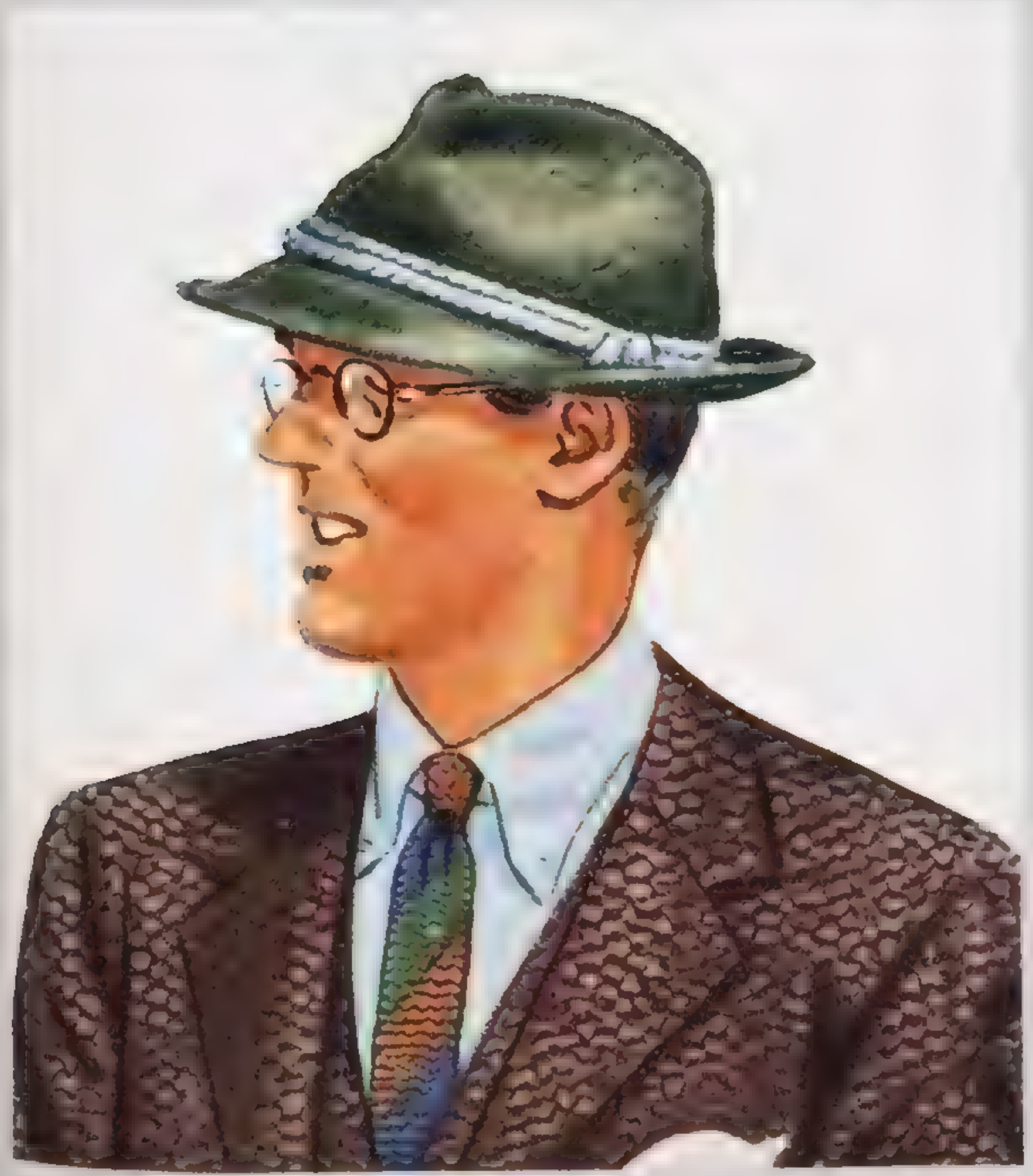
lats



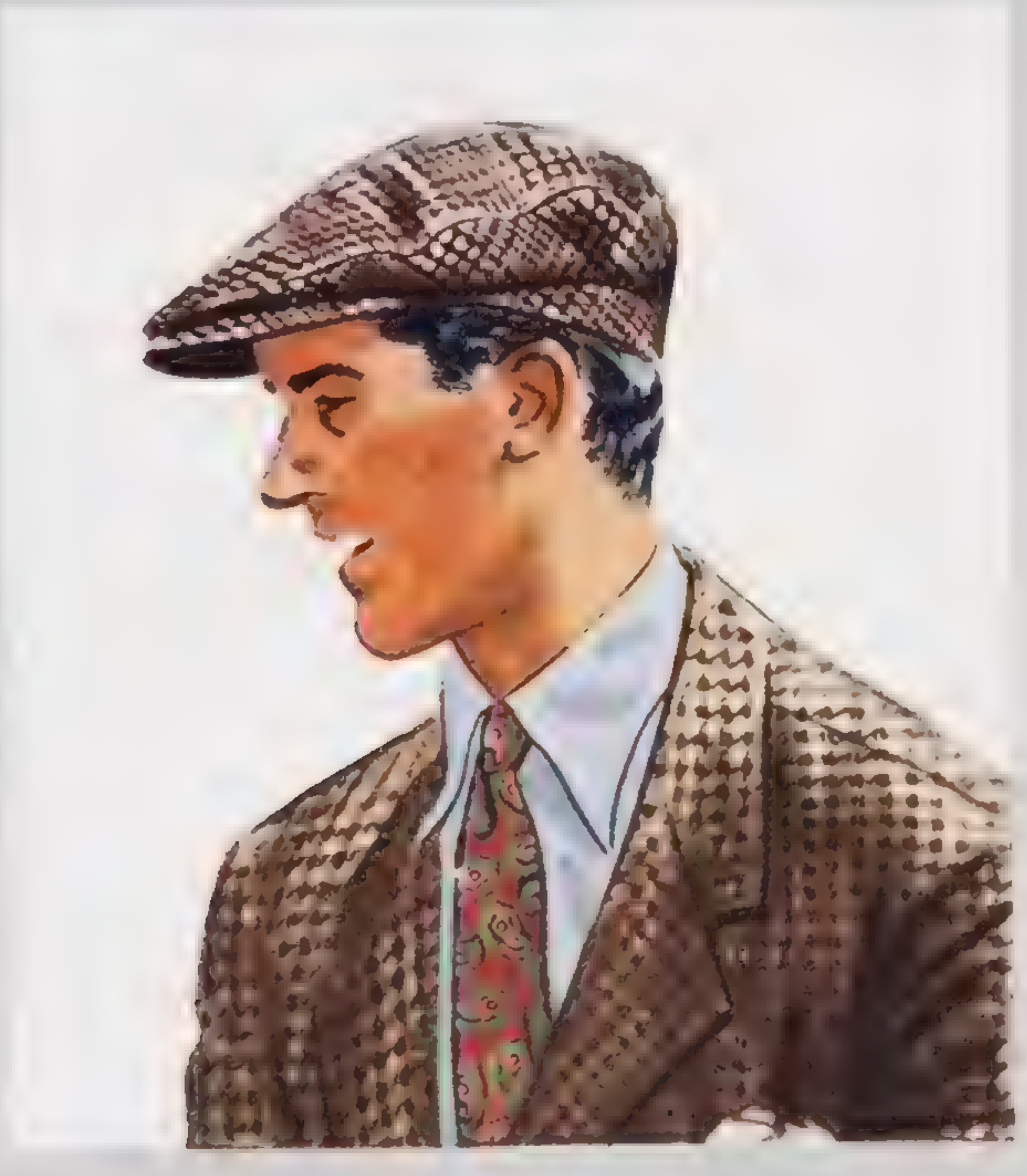
Grey felt hat with welt edge and upturned brim, correct with town clothing. Worn with Lovat color suit, grey broadcloth striped shirt, white starched collar, Macclesfield tie.



Black Lord's hat with upturned raw edge brim and pinched crown. Correct for business, semi-formal day and evening wear. Worn with sharkskin suit, striped shirt, foulard tie.



Green rough finish Tyrolean hat with white cord band, correct for spectator sports, travel and country. Worn with Shetland tweed suit, Eton blue shirt and crochet tie.

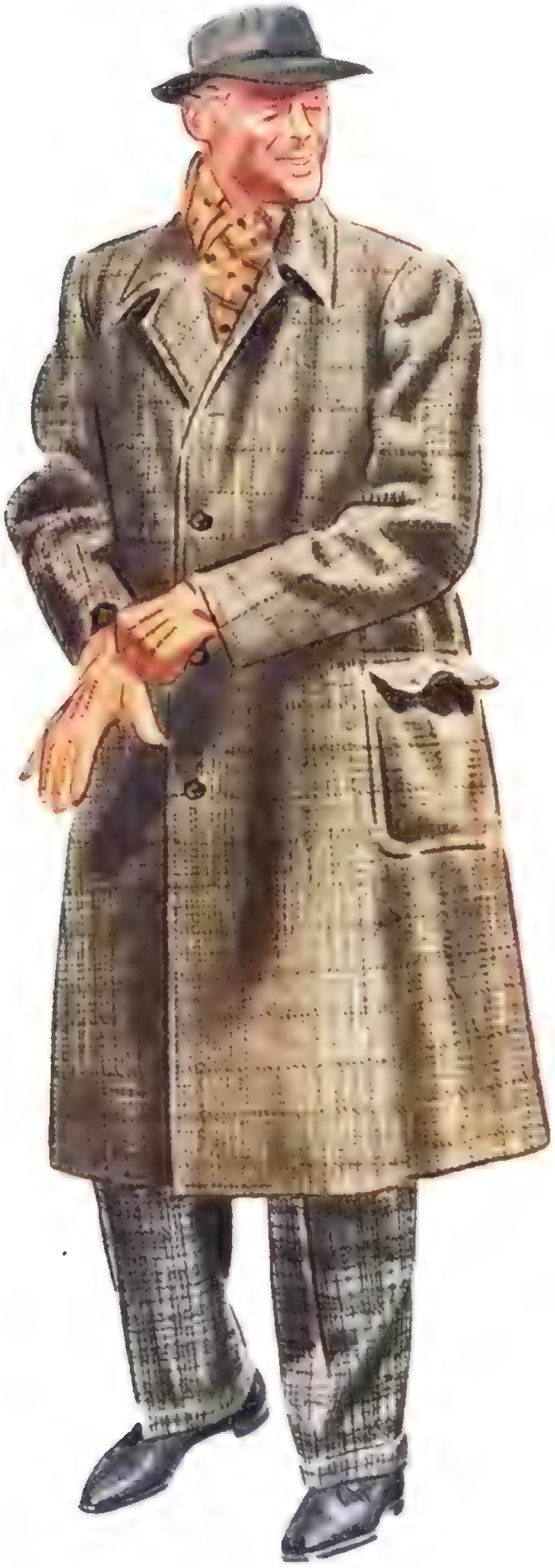


Plaid tweed cap with flat one-piece top, correct for country, motoring and active sports. Worn with checked tweed sport jacket, flannel shirt with soft lounge collar, foulard tie.

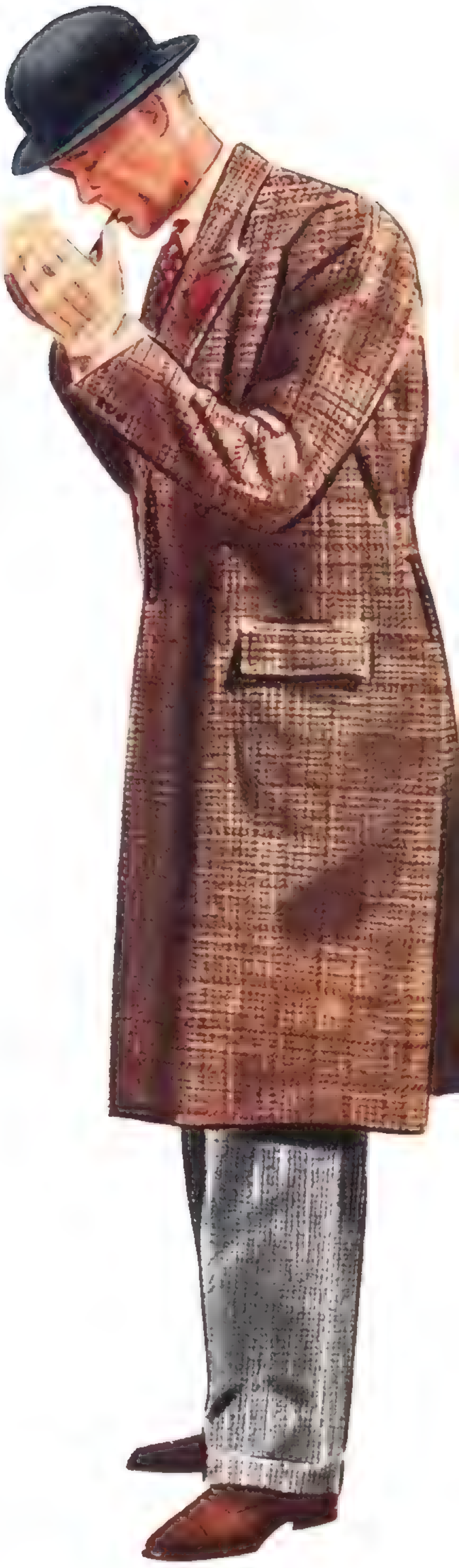
"Care of Hats," an illustrated Esquire-prepared guide, is available upon receipt of 10c to cover cost of postage and handling. Address Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

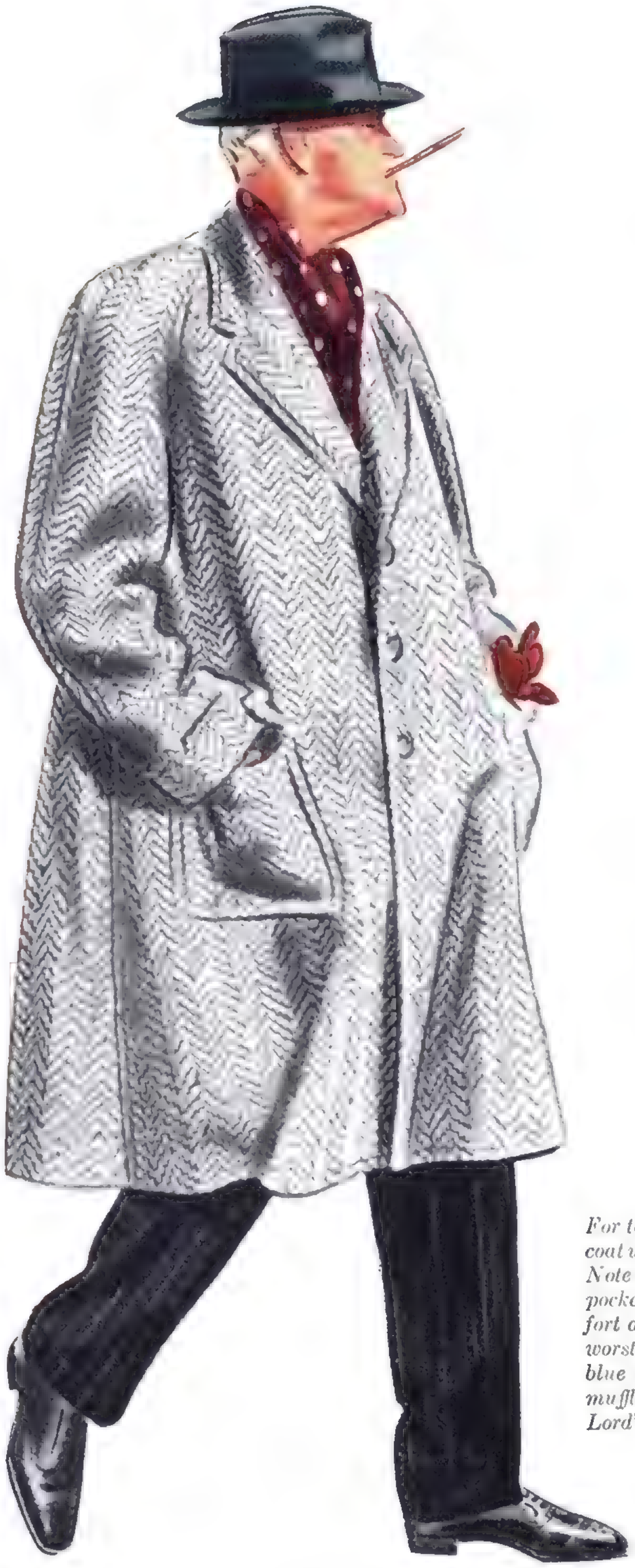
Sporting Topcoats

Informal town wear, travel or spectator sports: Scotch tweed Lovat color topcoat, button through style, with set-in sleeves, large patch pockets and military collar; Fair Isle pattern knitted muffler; green semi-porkpie hat; grey Glen Urquhart worsted suit with blue overplaid; black calf monk front shoes; yellow peccary pigskin gloves.



Semi-sports for town, travel or spectator sports: double breasted Shetland tweed topcoat in tan check with rust color overplaid, two-button front, lapel rolled to lower button and half belt in back; natural Shetland color cheviot tweed suit with self stripe; biscuit color broadcloth shirt, cutaway collar attached; plain color tie with spaced figures; rough finish bowler; yellow buckskin gloves; brown reverse calf shoes.





For town wear: grey Irish homespun tweed topcoat with raglan shoulders, button through model. Note the low placement of buttons and full patch pockets as well as the wide flare, allowing comfort and freedom in walking. Black unfinished worsted suit with alternating grey, white and blue stripes; black quarter brogue shoes; silk muffler in wine color with white spots; black Lord's hat; red capeskin gauntlet gloves.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Goblets in the Gloaming

Continued from page 89

Vermouth Cassis wherein 2 ounces dry and 1 ounce Crême de Cassis (black currants) are 'balled up.

Naturally, all such doings seem irrelevant to the army of the rye-minded who have voted the straight Manhattan ticket for years. They have every regard for vermouth, but strictly as the companion of their favorite whiskey. The more discriminating of them like to give it its rightful 50-50 status instead of letting it be submerged almost as completely as the cherry. Their recipe for a Manhattan is:

½ Rye, of unimpeachable bouquet
½ Italian Vermouth, drinker's pet brand
2 dashes orange bitters or Angostura according to individual preference

Stir actively with cracked ice in mixing glass. (Never shake.) Pour onto waiting cherry.

In the South it's bourbon, suh—as though the traditions of the Manhattan Club (Madison Square, New York) where this cocktail was invented didn't stipulate rye. With either whiskey the ⅔ proportion to ⅓ vermouth, which some mixers are addicted to, strikes me as excessive.

That muddlers' delight, the Old-Fashioned, involves a routine bordering on the ritualistic. First a lump of sugar, saturated with three squirts of Angostura (keynote of the drink), is crushed officiously. Next a splash of seltzer, and the glass is shaken around till its interior is well coated with the dissolved sugar and Angostura. Then a cube of ice, slice of orange, ruddy cherry, and (optional) chunk of fresh or canned pineapple. Consumer dumps in his 1½ ounces of bourbon or rye, depending on the locality of his upbringing; muddles the daylights out of the fruit *con amore*. And probably the nearest gal puts in a beg for his pineapple or cherry or both.

Speaking of Angostura, no slight revelation awaits anyone who has not yet tasted a Tom Collins prepared in the usual manner—jigger of dry gin, juice of 1 lemon, barspoon of sugar, fizzed in Collins glass—but with several lusty shots of this Bitters pinked into it.

I so state feelingly, for I have recently been indulging in the exploratory pastime of poking Angostura into all sorts of concoctions whose recipes don't list it as a charter ingredient, and some of the findings, such as the above-mentioned Collins, have been immense. Indeed, this little Mixture's Helper is a mighty fascinating toy to be turned loose with.

Actually, of course, it is considerably more than a toy. Wholesome and so on. The historic Dr. J. G. B. Siegert who, having helped lick Napoleon and liberate South America, decided to invent something that would make life in the Tropics salubrious, apparently did not envisage cocktail use. And now the good doctor has patients by the millions, all remembering to take their medicine, no matter whether it's with whiskey, gin, or rum. Heir Frank Morgan could tell us, sometime when he's at the mike, what the contents of the prescription are. Up to now he hasn't. So all I am able to pass along to you about the manufacture of Angostura is what I gather by grapevine from Trinidad and the Virgin Islands, namely, that the stuff is put up during eclipses of the moon, with all approaches guarded by drawn cutlasses.

The West Indies Rum traffic, nowadays known affectionately as Caribbean Cruises, brings down tourists impatient to find out whether island enchantment is up to sample; and brings them home ready to display their proudly acquired proficiency at Daiquiris, Cuba Libres, and punches of the Planter. Thusly:

DAIQUIRI—*the Easy Way*

Juice of half a lime
1 barspoonful of sugar
1 jigger Bacardi

Mix thoroughly, then shake well in cracked ice. Serve either strained or unstrained.

(Jack Quigley, maître de Bar at the Admiral Hotel, Cape May, amends his Daiquiris by replacing the sugar with a shot of Parfait d'Amour liqueur which confers a purplish tinge. Calls it an Admiral. But in the winter at the Royal Worth in Palm Beach, versatile Jack does the same thing under the name of The Sailfish.)

DAIQUIRI—the Hard Way:
West Indies Style

Using same ingredients as above, place them in an electric mixer. Fill shaker with fine ice. Mix well, pour through large-mesh strainer into a saucer-style champagne glass, allowing a good deal of the fine ice to float in the finished drink. The size necessitates larger portions than those of the simpler version.

CUBA LIBRE

Jigger of Bacardi in Collins glass
Fill with iced Coca-Cola. Some people add juice of half a lime.

Serve with a stirrer.

PLANTER'S PUNCH

Juice of 1 lime
Barspoonful of sugar or the equivalent in sugar syrup
Jigger of bouquet Rum (the Jamaica type is especially suitable)

Shake well, strain into large goblet or Collins glass with fine ice. Decorate with fruit and mint. Serve with straw. An interesting variant of this has 1 oz. Curaçao and dash of Grenadine as added features. Another incorporates a teaspoonful of Angostura.

FURTHER RUMMINGS

An Old-Fashioned, made with Rum instead of Whiskey, is a mighty pleasurable affair. Agreeable also is a Rum Collins, which, with the addition of fresh mint, bears the name of Mohito.

As for France, never to be forgotten in reckoning our blessings, the outstanding cocktail of that country is the Sidecar, made with ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ Cointreau, and ⅓ cognac. American butters-in add an equal part of Cuban rum, designating the result as a Between-the-Sheets. And there's a happy heresy entitled Queen Elizabeth wherein 2 parts French Vermouth are offset by single parts of lemon juice and Bénédictine.

In general, though, the French don't go in for much shaking and stirring at the Apéritif Hour.

Continued at top of page 120

..a minikin middle!

FASHION PREVIEWS
Edited by Ruth Stone Stylist for
HICKORY
The Foundation of Loveliness

THAT PHRASE "BACK-FULLNESS" will haunt you all Fall. Even when you're "unlaxing" you'll have to guard against a dumpy look. Like Autumn frocks, the new hostess robes and housecoats place drapes, bustle-like fullness, and shirring where it isn't always flattering, re-emphasizing the need for slim smooth hips, a minikin middle and a tummy that's flat as a plate. You can have all this—and boudoir comfort, too!—in Hickory Foundations of Loveliness.

"LURANET" FOUNDATION
Styled by HICKORY

"LURANET" FOUNDATION styled by Hickory. Your hips are firmly controlled by power-net sides. Satin Lastex panels hold in your tummy and back. The lace-and-Lastex uplift bra is youthfully divided. Adjustable shoulder straps, fagotted seams, InvizaGrip garters. 32-38. $10.*

"MULTICONTROL" FOUNDATION styled by Hickory. You're sleek and smooth from the batiste undersection of the alluring lace uplift, clear down to the self-edged bottom of this all-in-one. The figured cloth-panel keeps you pancake-flat in front, batiste Lastex forms the back panel. Extra hip-control is woven in. Twin gussets ease the thighline, the gusset back simplifies stepping in. Fagotted seams; adjustable shoulder straps; InvizaGrip garters. 32-40. $10.*

"DURANET" PANTIE styled by Hickory. Fall suits and this free-stride pantie are popular team-mates. Slim hips are yours because of the woven Lastex sides. Smoothness fore and aft is assured by the fagotted satin Lastex panel that merges into the most comfortable seamless crotch you've ever worn. Detachable garters. 25-32. $5.*

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"MULTICONTROL" FOUNDATION
Styled by HICKORY

"DURANET" PANTIE
Styled by HICKORY

For the Select Few
Seagram's Ancient Bottle distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin the first to be distilled in America a gin of rare mellowness and fine bouquet..distilled and bottled by Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Inc. Lawrenceburg Indiana
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Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

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Seagram's Ancient Bottle Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

AT AMERICA'S FINEST BARS AND PACKAGE STORES

Goblets in the Gloaming

Continued from pages 89-119

Their most used solaces come ready prepared—notably Dubonnet, Byrrh, and St. Raphael. They supplement these with *vin de Xeres*, *vin de Madère*, and *vin de Porto* alias Sherry, Madeira, and Port; and therein their tastes parallel those of the British. Except that the British have a tendency to go larky on cucumber-rinded Gin Slings elicited from a bottle labeled Pimm's No. 1 Cup. And the French resort to sleight-of-hand with Amer Picon and Pernod.

The most popular cocktails (at least six different kinds) come in bottles ready-mixed. It isn't always convenient to mix up several different drinks to fit individual tastes of droppers-in. Some shy from the mixing job altogether. It's simpler to let the icebox be bartender. And just as satisfactory, if we can be sure that the ingredients warrant our trust and that we can depend on the way they've been mixed—both of which, fortunately, we can in certain well established brands.

Ready-blended bottled cocktails are as fine as those served by expert barmen in the best bars. The old belief that cocktails to be good must be freshly mixed has apparently been exploded.

There's no kitchen muss and clutter. You just take the bottled cocktails out of the icebox, pour and serve. And you amaze your guests who are just settling down for the usual ten (or more) minute wait they've learned to expect when the host disappears to mix some drinks.

As regards food preparedness for impromptu sip-fests, I can testify in praise of the Escoffier boxed set of little jars of spreads, which smite the spot neatly when dabbed onto Ryvika Crispbread of the caraway-seedy sort. And those no less crunchy, mothball-sized spheres from Holland that contain Edam. And ham of Smithfield, upon British biscuits.

Of course, a smoked turkey is very nice—provided you're planning to do that much drinking. ⧺

Judgment of Orestes

Continued from page 72

her face and looked helplessly at the old man. "You always had such exaggerated ideas . . . George," she whispered.

"All these years, these many years, you have heard nothing from me. Perhaps you thought, because I lived over there, in another world, that I had forgotten you and my poor brother and my oath and your son? I forgot nothing. I remember everything as though it had happened yesterday. You hoped perhaps that I had died? I did not die. I cannot die until my task is accomplished. Now I am here, and now I shall speak to Francis."

"No!" cried Albertine.

"I shall tell him how his father died. I shall tell him how your husband loved you—his father—and how he discovered you with your fine count—you, the wife he adored, the young mother of his child. I shall tell him how his father was found in the Neuwaldegger Forest—how I found him that very day, shot and disfigured and dead. I shall read him the letter his father left for you . . ."

"George, George!" Frau Albertine had risen, she staggered and snatched at the air with her hands. "I beg you, George . . . I beg you."

The old man cut off her words sharply with his own: "That letter is in my possession, as you know. I did not give it to you. You would have destroyed it. But your son shall read it now. He shall hear his father's voice. And what a voice! This letter sentences you, blots you out of your child's heart."

Albertine had burst into loud weeping.

"At that time," said the old man, "no one discovered why my poor brother died. I remained silent, because the child he left behind had only you, and for the child's sake your position in the world had to be safeguarded. I was silent, and I was sure that you would be silent, you and the count, your lover—both of you. But now I shall speak."

Albertine staggered toward the old man with arms uplifted as though to embrace him, but she did not dare to touch him. It did not even occur to her that it was possible to touch this pale, rigid figure. Always she had been helpless in the face of open hostility.

"Don't do it, George," she implored, sobbing. "I beg you, don't do it! What good will it do you? What good will it do any of us? You will make us unhappy."

"Did you think I wanted to make you happy—you and your son?"

Albertine looked at him and her eyes sought for help. "It's all so long ago," she stammered.

"That may be a reason for you," said the old man. "You did not love my brother. But I loved him. You did not see him as he lay there dead, crushed by you."

He turned and went. At the door he said: "Your son is in the government offices. I know. In ten minutes I'll be with him."

Albertine did not stir. She had given up all hope.

* * *

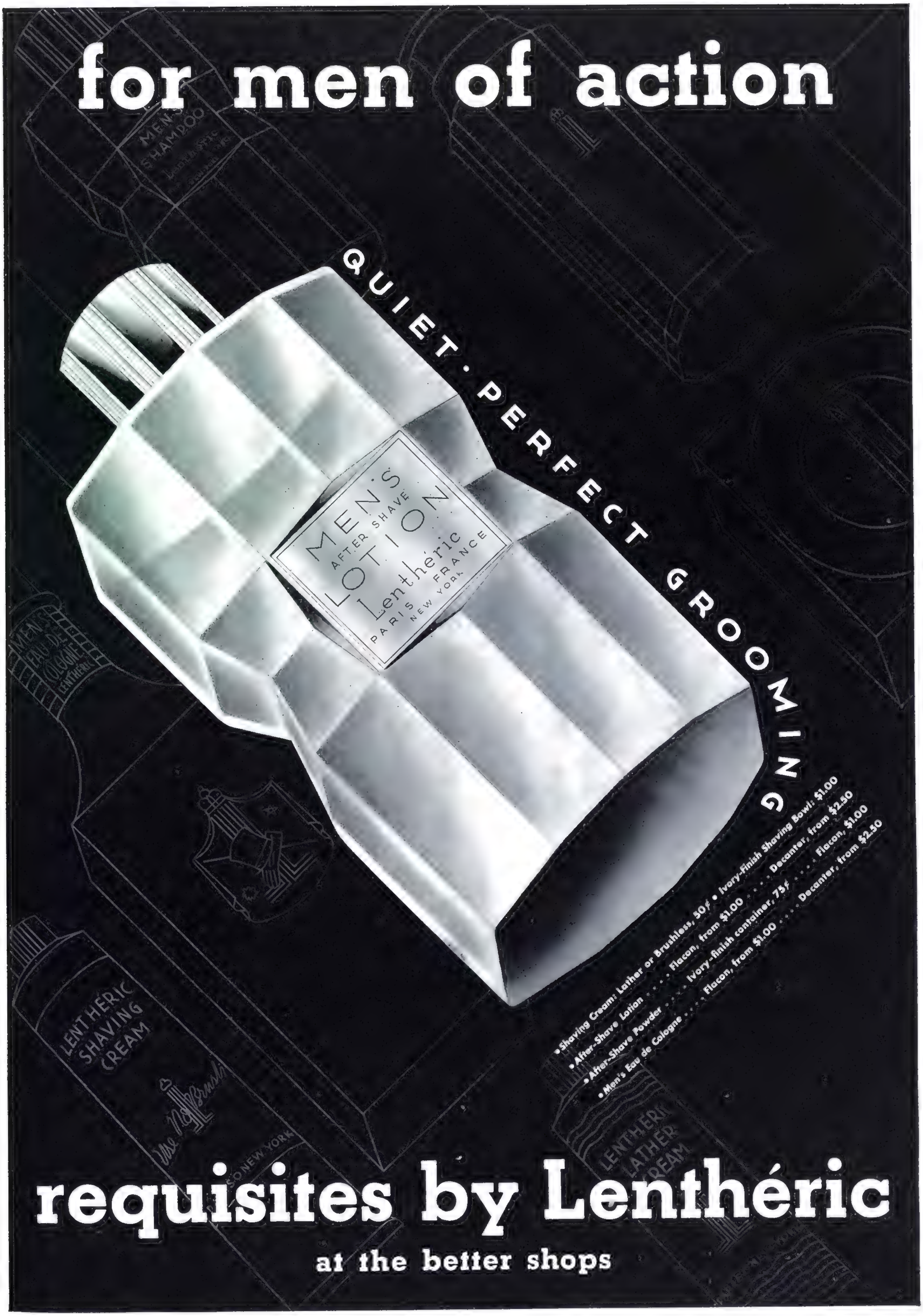
Francis sat pale and erect at the desk, and looked over the head of the old man at the portrait of the Kaiser which hung on the wall.

"So," said the old man, "now you know all, and here is your father's letter. Read it!" He held out the withered sheet.

"One moment, please," Francis said in his elegant, impenetrable voice. "One moment, uncle. May I ask whether this letter is addressed to me?"

The old man answered brusquely:

Continued on page 122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Judgment of Orestes

Continued from pages 72-120

"I have been keeping it for you."

"You, uncle?" said Francis. "But as nearly as I can discover from your account you did not write the letter; my father wrote it."

"I wish you to read it."

"I beg your pardon, but to whom is this letter directed?"

"To your mother."

Francis gestured courteously. "Permit me, uncle, I must decline to read this letter. No, please don't interrupt me. I allowed you to speak to the end. Permit me to explain my point of view. You have no right to hand over to me a letter that was written to my mother. And I have no right to read a letter that belongs to my mother. May I ask where this letter was found?"

"In your dead father's vest pocket."

"Who found it?"

"I."

"Permit me again, uncle—was the letter unsealed, or . . ."

"It was sealed."

"And you opened it?"

"In the presence of your dead father, my brother, who lay on the ground before me—yes. Anyone would have done that."

"Forgive me," said Francis, "but I hardly believe that. Anyone would have delivered this letter unopened to my mother, as was his duty. Pardon me, you acted improperly in this matter."

"Improper—" The old gentleman's eyes died.

Francis continued in his elegant voice: "I must confess, uncle, that I do not quite understand what you wish of me. It is most indelicate of you to tell me this deplorable story. Very indelicate. I can permit myself no opinion either of my late father or of my mother. That would not be fitting. I am deeply affected by your disclosures, deeply. But it is my duty to make every effort to forget what you have told me."

"What!" cried the old man, and now his iron tone was weakened by withheld tears, was yielding under the thrust of a monstrous disappointment. "What? Forget? And in the future you and your mother —"

Francis cut off his words: "My mother reared me, cherished and protected me. My mother under all circumstances is—my mother. It is not fitting for me to criticize her actions, nor can I permit others to criticize her."

"But your father, your poor, murdered father!"

"Pardon me!" Francis rose politely. "I did not know my poor father. He died when I was but three years old. And you—to my regret, uncle, I did not know you either until now."

He bowed courteously. He went to the door, allowed the old gentleman to pass in front of him and then accompanied him to the stairway.

As he reached the street the old man mumbled to himself: "It was in vain. He's like his father—too kind, too emotional. He will suffer and will not stop adoring his mother."

* * *

When Francis reached home his mother, utterly broken and despairing, flung herself stormily at his breast. "My child! . . . Do not leave me, my child!"

Francis gently pushed her away, kissed her hand as usual and said, politely amazed and with a hint of reproach in his voice: "But mother! What ails you? You are making a scene. I beg you, mother!"

At table he sat calmly beside her, ate as usual and chatted as he always did about the government offices, about his colleagues, about his chief. He gave her the accustomed cigarette and they smoked together, quietly and comfortably.

Only once she asked him anxiously whether perhaps . . . whether someone . . . ? And he replied calmly: "Oh, you mean Uncle George? Yes, he was with me for a few minutes." After a pause he added, "Odd fellow!"

As so often before in her life, Frau Albertine had a sense of having escaped. She drew a breath of relief. She felt freed, soothed.

Before he went to bed Francis said certain things to his mother. He spoke energetically, and concluded: ". . . You must do this for me. Count Lehnbach's influence is decisive. Do you comprehend? I shall be grateful to you. He can't refuse you."

She felt that it was impossible for her to object.

* * *

The next day Frau Albertine sat in Count Lehnbach's office. She was exhausted by her long story, fatigued and bowed down by reason of the reception she had encountered, paralyzed with fear of her son. She trembled.

"Calm yourself, my dear," said the count. "You see, at first I really could not understand how you—well, let us say how you could find the courage to come to me. You hurt me very much, Albertine, when you deceived me that time, and I suffered a great deal on your account. God, we had been together for so many years! That affects one . . . Don't! After all I didn't shoot myself like—I beg your pardon!"

The count walked back and forth. "Now of course I understand that you had to come to me. Your revengeful brother-in-law had put you in a ticklish position —as mother, let us say. Yes, that's something women cannot stand."

He halted before her. "Well, Albertine," he said, "your son shall be appointed. Calm yourself. And so this old story will be ended at last—very decently and not at all expensively, it seems to me. And of course I am doing it also because your son impresses me. A young man like him ought to be pushed wherever possible. He has the stuff for a great career in him —he strides across corpses." #

The Happy Land Without a Sky

Continued from page 55

quite neatly. "In the old days," he said, "we lived on the crust of the globe and dug in only in wartime. Now we live all dug in and the top crust is free and clear for war."

And another gentleman told me that the people of France are truly happy now, for security and happiness go hand in hand. All this, he said, was once prophesied in the Bible and he quoted the lines about the birds of the air having their nests and the foxes their holes in the ground but the son of man hath not where to lay his head. "Yes," he concluded, "that is the world we have not given up forever. The world of sky and bad weather is gone. And even good weather," he exclaimed, "is not to be compared to our manufactured springtime!"

I must tell you also that the express services to Berlin and Rome are now running. The Berlin line has the fastest service and runs entirely underground. The Rome line, except for a few miles through the Alps, is also war and bombproof. The Vienna connection is soon to be completed as well as the chrome steel tubes now being finished under the English Channel. The ride from Paris to London will be done in two-and-a-half hours. Arrangements are now being made for the opening of this project. One train with members of Parliament will ride out from London and the Paris train will carry members of the Chamber as well as members of the French Academy. A banquet will be held in the customs rooms midway under the Channel.

I would like to take this opportunity to deny a certain malicious rumor that has been spread about for a number of years. Ever since the beginning of this great European project it has been whispered in America and in other countries also that Europe is digging in and is certain to become a living tomb. The words "Europe, the living tomb," have poisoned our whole conception of the true life over here. This is a falsehood that is spiteful and wholly untrue.

If you could now be here with me and see the happy faces and the beautifully vaulted tiled heavens, the great blue arches of steel and ceramic, the masses of colored lights that flood the whole and give it all a fairyland appearance, then you would know that the accusation is unfair and untrue. If you could see all these beautiful underground wonders and experience the deep dark magic of the great spiritual life that is evident here, then you too would cry out, "It's a lie! Europe is not a living tomb. Europe and the great cultures have been saved!"#

The Navajo Justice

Continued from page 61

said. What was he doing here? Why did he come? You know I don't like him, don't want him around. What did he do to you? Tell me. That is what I said to her."

"And she said?"

"For a while she said he was not there, but I kept after her and then she told me the truth. She was ashamed. He had been there. He seized her, he held her. She fought, but he was too strong. That is why we have jails—for men like him. So I say, you punish him, you send him to jail, you make him—"

"You don't have to tell me what to do if he is guilty," John cut in. "I will take care of that." He glanced at Roan Horse sternly; now he was holding his baby in his arms; the child was asleep and the father was giving it all his attention. The mother leaned over and pulled its little velveteen shirt around it.

"Roan Horse!" John said sharply. "You are on trial here. You pay attention. This is no occasion for—"

"*Yah-teh, hosteen,*" Roan Horse said, with great meekness.

John glared at him; but when the stockman leaned over to whisper something, John grunted. As his gaze swept the circle of faces, he saw the young white woman looking at Roan Horse with amusement. He hid a smile. He had never known it to fail: women always admired the kind of audacity Roan Horse had, they always liked men with some devil in them. See how Roan Horse's wife was sticking to him.

"You, Many Goats' Daughter, now you talk," John said.

The woman was slow to speak. Her husband had to nudge her.

Then, without lifting her head, she said: "It is true. That man came there. I told him to go away. He wouldn't do it. When I knew why he had come, I tried to run away. He caught me. I fought against him. But he is strong. I It is as my husband says."

As unconcerned as though he were merely a spectator at some-one else's trial, Roan Horse passed his sleeping child to his wife, took out a cigarette and lit it. Then he lay back, looking up at the sky, blowing smoke upwards.

"Roan Horse! Sit up straight!" John said. "This is a trial. I am the judge. You are lucky that I am handling it. If I take you to the agency for trial, you will see how these things are done. The superintendent will not stand for—"

"*Yah-teh, hosteen,*" Roan Horse said. "I will sit up then. But I got up early this morning. I am tired."

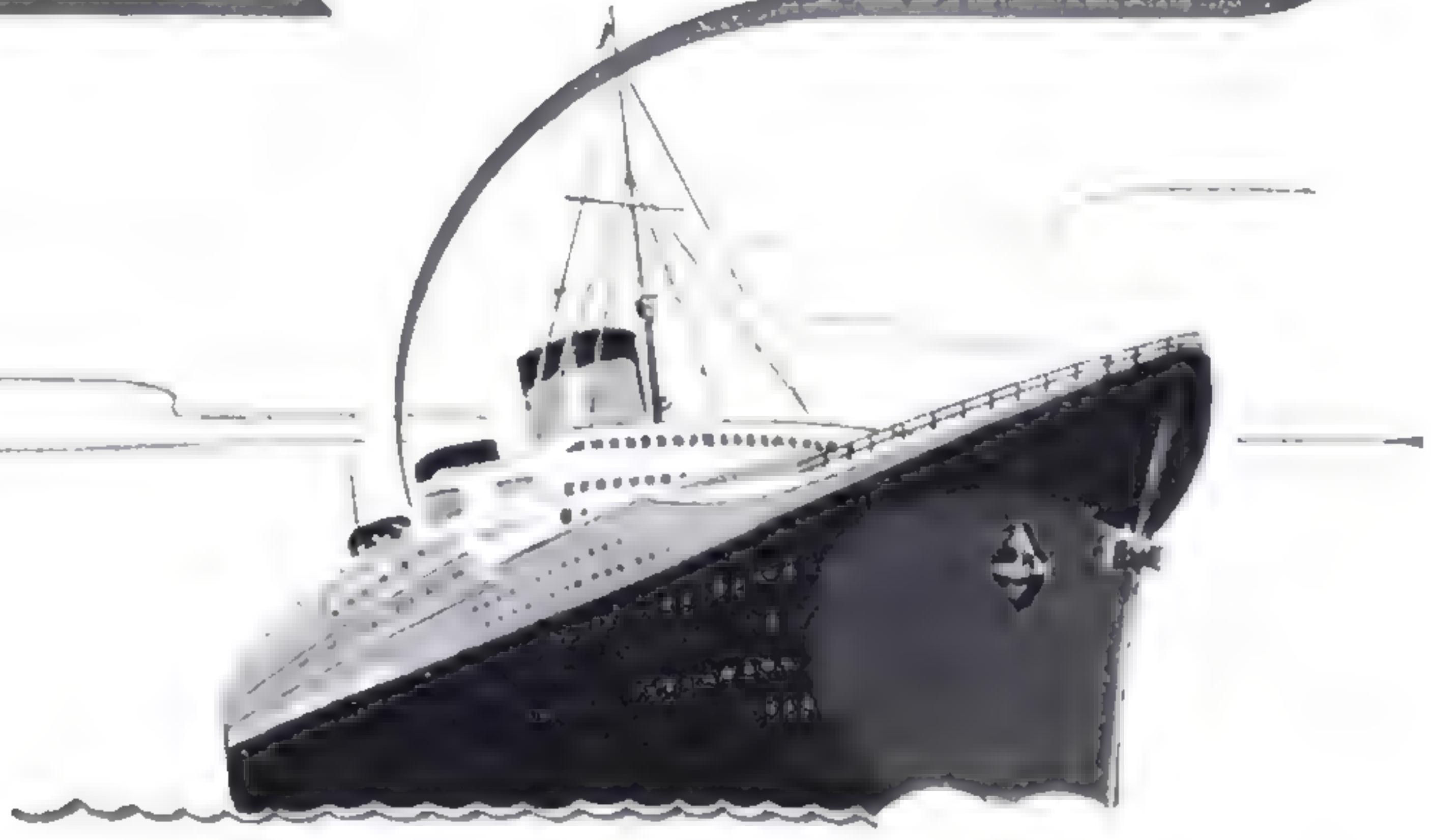
The trader had translated the proceedings to his visitors. The pompous older man observed that John was a good judge, but he was sure Roan Horse was guilty.

"The fellow is a scamp!" he declared. "If he isn't punished, he will get into more trouble. I know 'em."

"But he's very fond of his baby,"

Continued on page 124

"THEY HOLD THEIR NEW-SHOE TRIMNESS FOR A LONGER TIME"



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The Navajo Justice

Continued from pages 61-123

the younger woman said. "And it's a sweet baby."

"That's irrelevant," the old judge told her.

"I suppose so," she admitted.

"Now you, Roan Horse," John said, "what have you to say for yourself? You have heard what this woman says, what her husband says. What kind of man are you? Do you go around when men are away, annoying women? You know better than that. Washington does not like it, the superintendent does not like it. And before Washington told us how we were to live, the Navajos knew what to do with men like you! Is there anything you can say? Or shall I send you to jail?"

Roan Horse yawned, perhaps because as he said he was tired.

"Well," he said, "I do not want to go to jail. I have corn to plant and I am very busy. I am not like those Navajos who go away to work for white men and leave their women to herd sheep and plant corn and haul water. I—"

"Never mind all that," John said. "It is no use to talk about William McKinley going away to work. You are accused of a very bad thing. What about that? Did you do as they say?"

Roan Horse spat in the peculiar, expressive way of the Navajo.

"*Dolah,*" he said. "No."

"What?" demanded John very sternly. "Do you mean to deny everything? William McKinley saw your moccasin tracks, saw the hoofprints of your horse, trailed you to your home. Do you deny that you were at Many Goats' Daughter's hogahn?"

"Oh, no, I do not deny that," the defendant said, marking the sand with a stick. "I was there."

"You were there when William McKinley was away! You knew he was away working, yet you went over there. Why? What did you want over there?"

"I wanted to see Many Goats' Daughter. She asked me to come."

"She asked you! Now are you trying to blame this woman?"

"I am not blaming anyone," Roan Horse shrugged. "I will tell you how it was. I was out looking for my horse, halfway between her hogahn and mine. I met her with her sheep. This happened several times. She told me that her husband was away and she was lonesome. I said that was too bad. She said yes. We talked like that. I said she had better have some children because then if her husband wanted to go away and work like a white man she would not be so lonesome. Well, we talked some more. I was looking for my horse; I thought maybe she had seen it. This happened several times. I would go looking for my horse and she would be out there."

"Why didn't you hobble your horse if he strayed like that?"

"Yes, that would be a good idea," Roan Horse admitted with a smile. "Only the feed is not good close to my hogahn, and I like to keep my horse fat."

"Well, then?"

"Well, you know how it goes," Roan Horse shrugged. "We talked and we joked. I said, I will come to your hogahn and keep you from being lonesome. She laughed and went away with her sheep. I said, I will come tomorrow. She said no, but she laughed. So then I went over—"

"And seized her, attacked her!" John pronounced. "You admit—"

"No," Roan Horse said reasonably, "I did not do that. We just—"

"He's lying!" William McKinley said angrily.

"Yes, he's lying!" Many Goats' Daughter chimed in.

Roan Horse shrugged and smiled, glancing at his wife.

His wife spoke for the first time. "Ask her then," she said, "why she herded her sheep that way, where the feed is poor and there is no water—unless she wanted to meet my husband there?"

"I did not," Many Goats' Daughter claimed. "They strayed over there. I was so busy—"

"Then why, some times when there were no sheep tracks," demanded Roan Horse's wife, "did I find your moccasin print there, closer to my hogahn every day?"

"She is lying, too," cried Many Goats' Daughter. "He has made her stick up for him!"

"Yes, that's it!" said William McKinley.

"That's right," the stockman whispered to John. "You'd better give him at least thirty days in jail or we'll have a lot more of this same trouble."

"How am I to learn the truth if everybody says everybody else is lying?" John asked. "Well, I'll tell you. I will consider this for a time." The odor of broiled mutton and coffee was in the air. "We will eat something," he announced, "and I will decide later."

George Hartwell protested. "Let's get it over with! I want to go over to the agency this afternoon. I could take Roan Horse over and throw him in the can."

John smiled at him. "No, the superintendent told me to take time to do things right. He told me to be fair. Let's eat something."

He knew what was bothering George. That nurse at the agency. Maybe she had asked him to come over today. He chuckled and walked over to the trader and the white visitors. He invited them all

Continued on page 126

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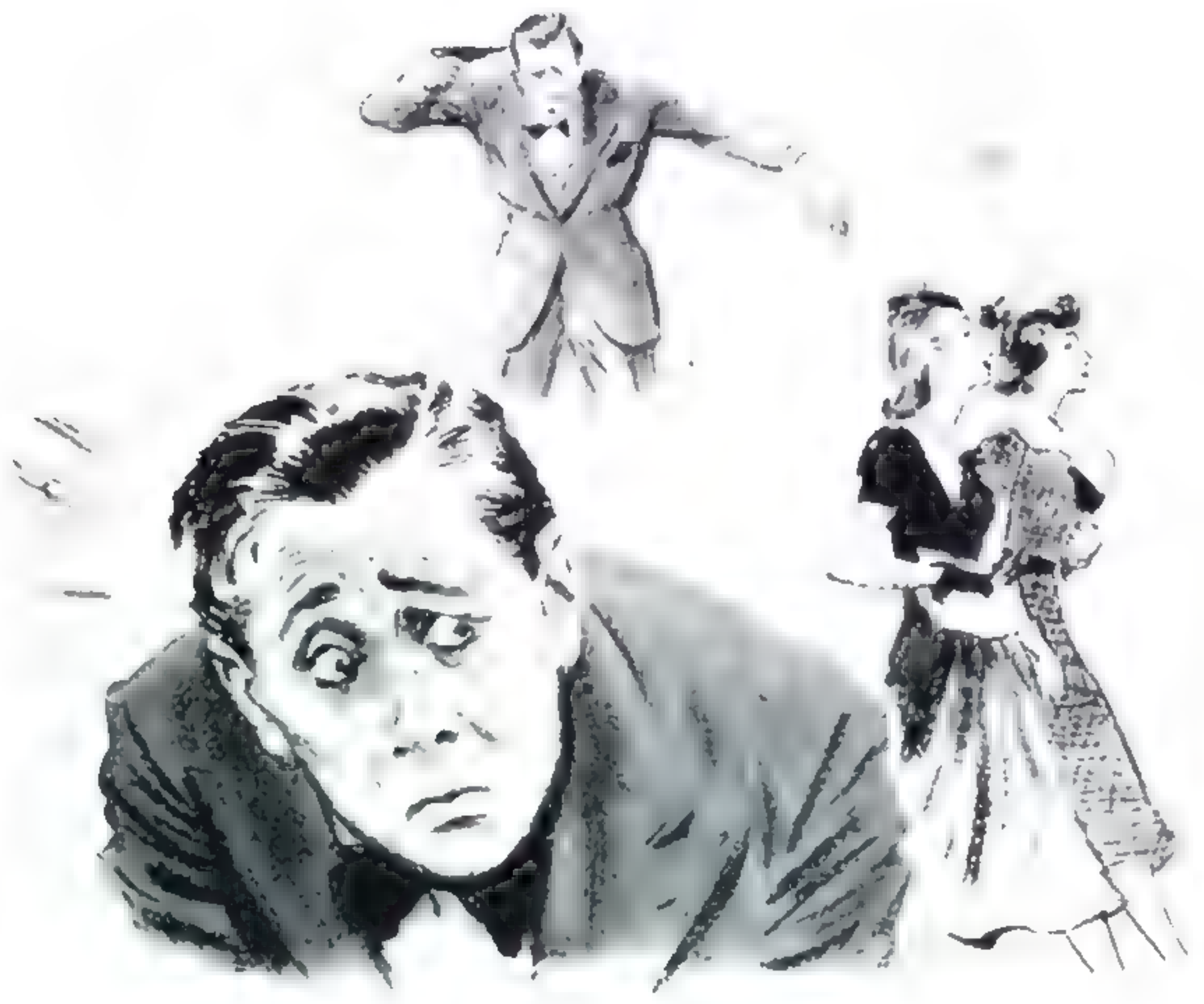
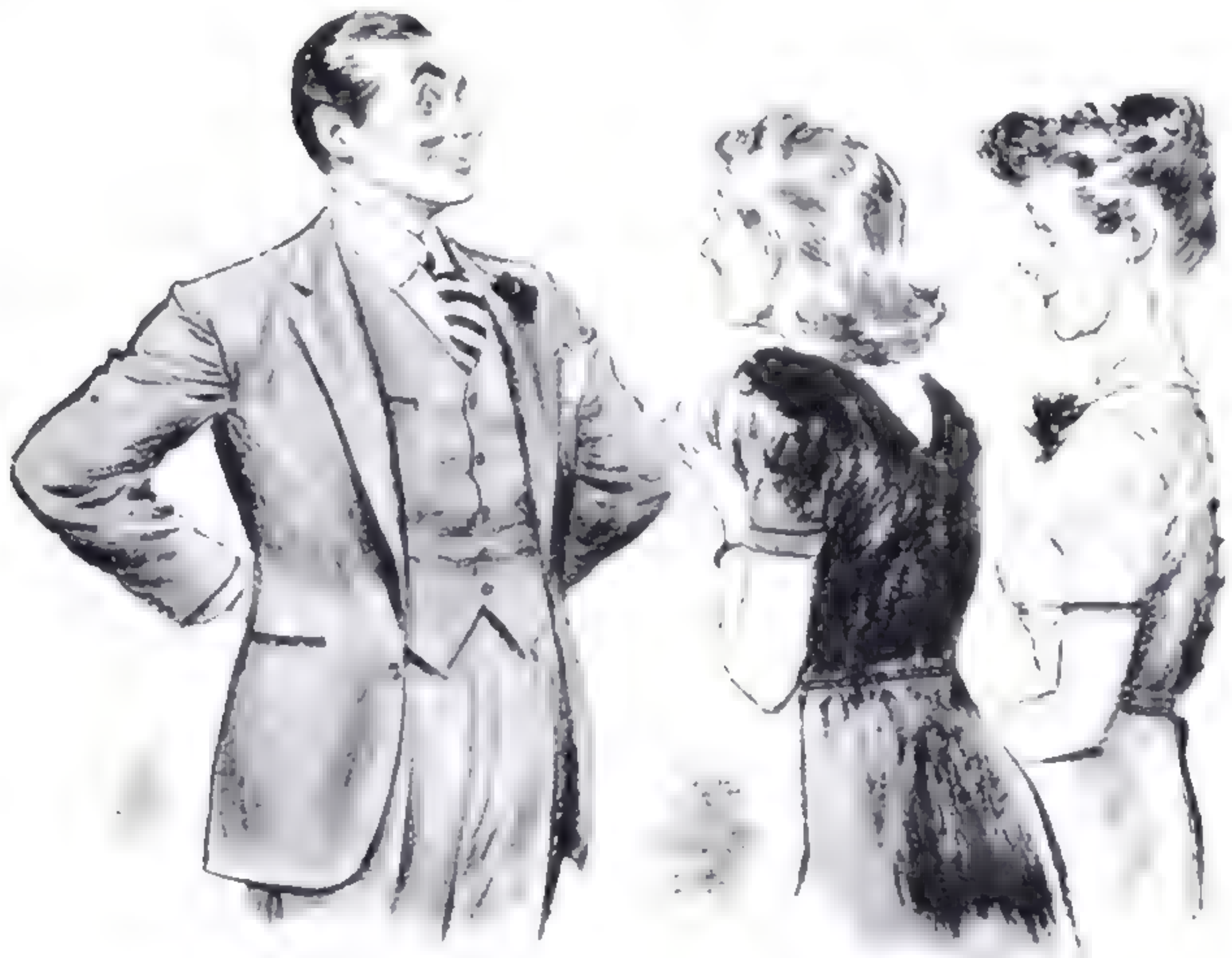
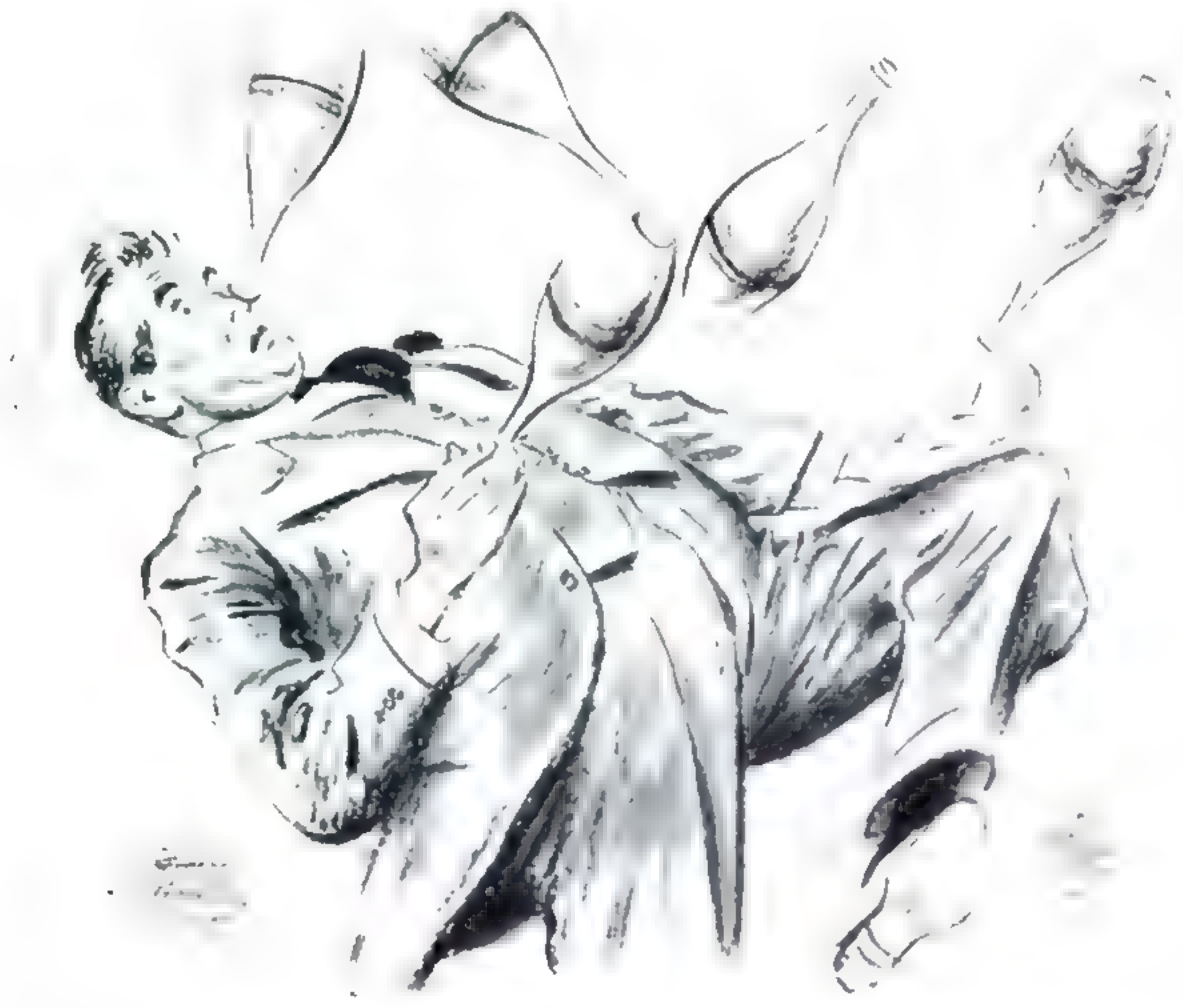


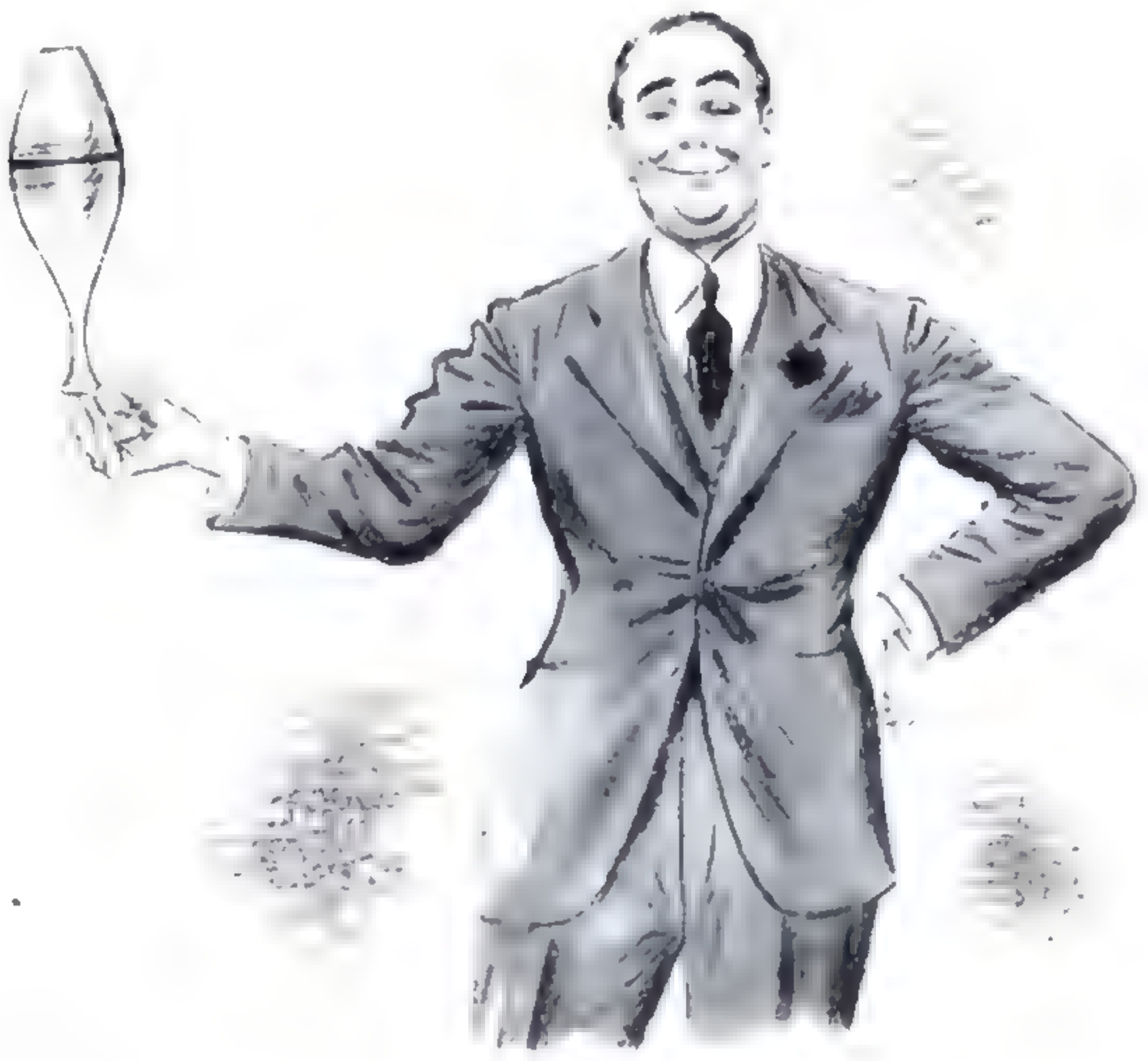
1. Look at the new Fall suits. Are the pants closed with old-fashioned fastenings? You know—the kind that often come open by accident—put you out on a "social limb"?



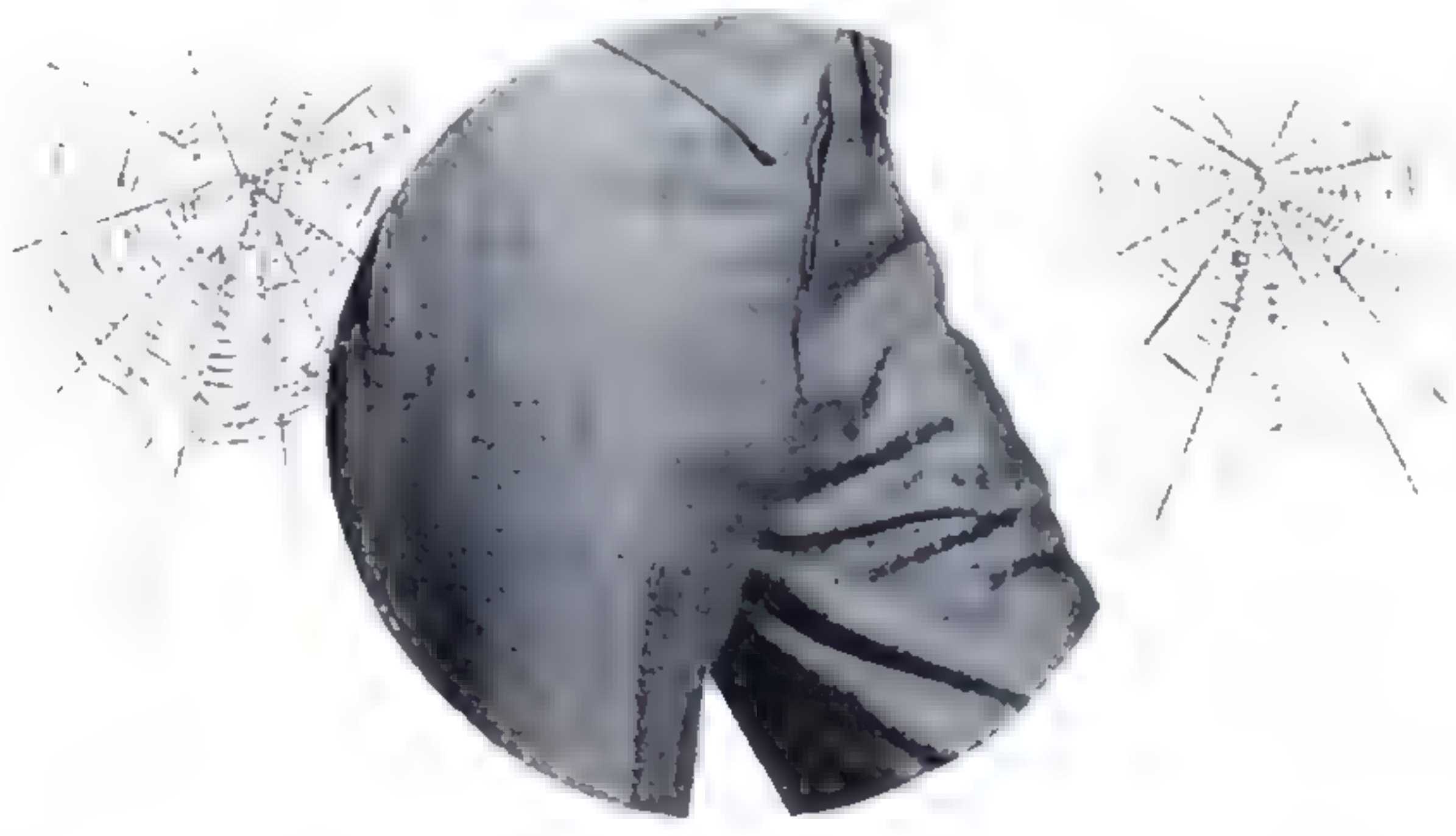
2. Not on your life. Today, you get the modern Talon slide fastener. Now you can *know* your trousers are properly closed. For the Talon fastener *locks* securely at the top.



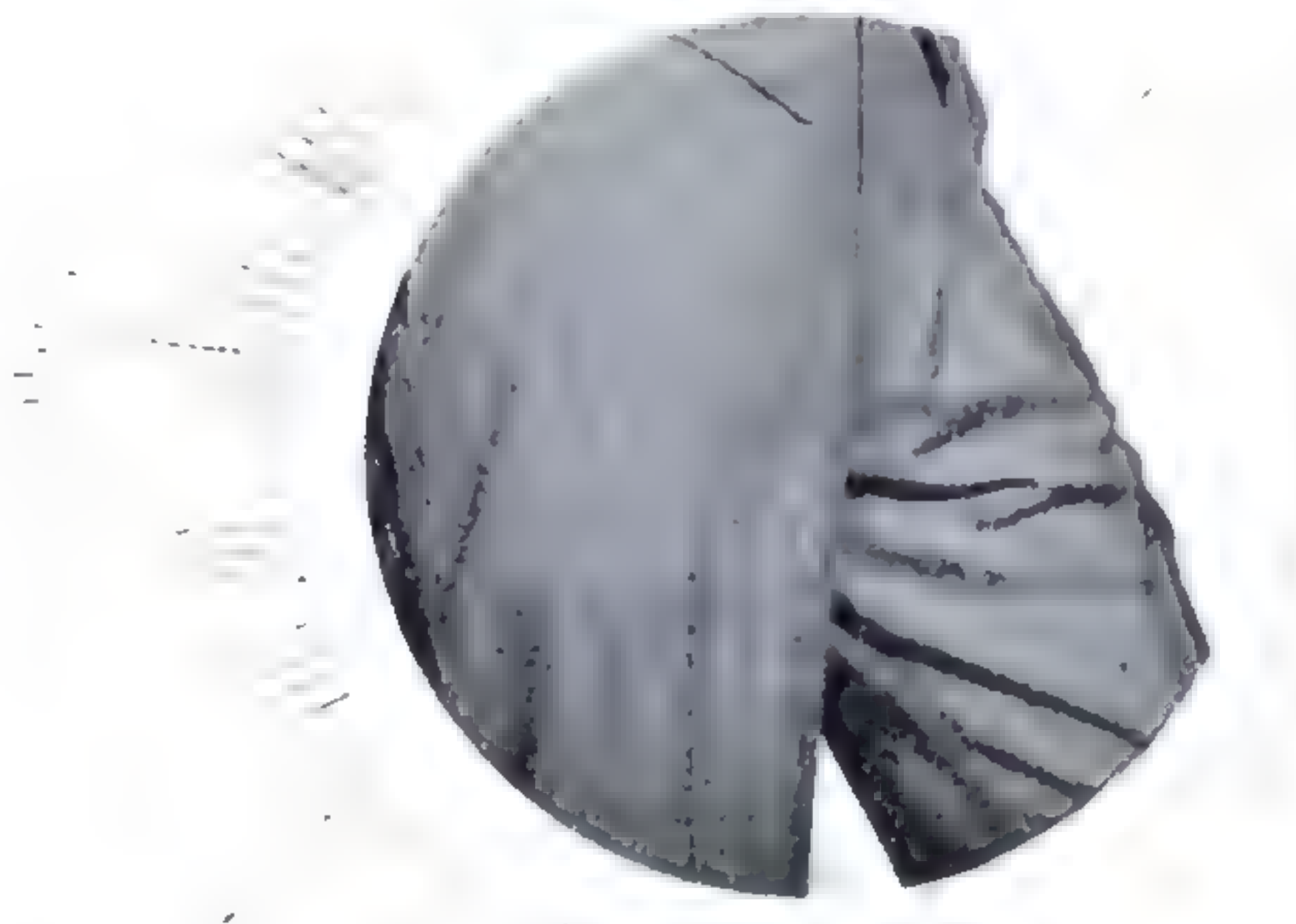
1. When you climb into your next new suit, will you have to juggle *five* clumsy fastenings to close the pants?



2. Not if the suit's *really* new. For then it will have the Talon slide fastener. Quick. Easy. More sensible.



1. Are you going to accept a suit that may gap conspicuously at the *one* place where you want to be inconspicuous?



2. Certainly not! Today the old style "ruffle fly" is taboo. See that *your* next suit has the seam-smooth Talon fastener!

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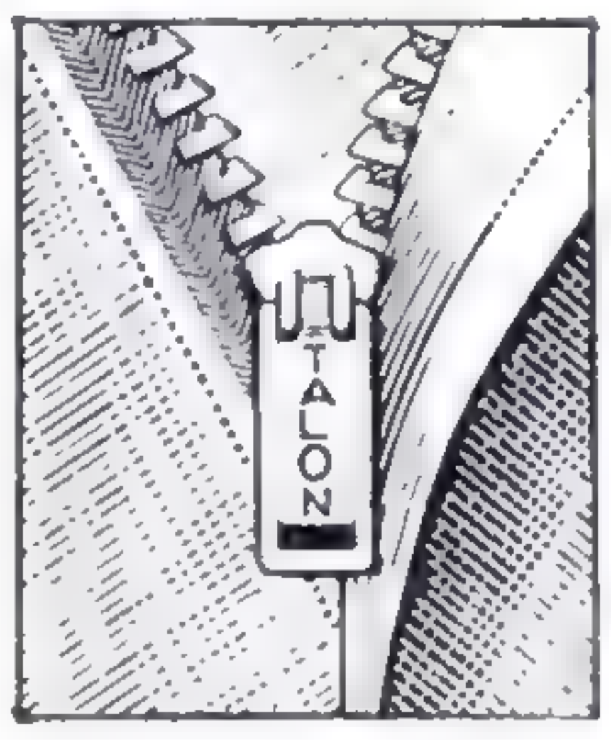

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for men and women

The Navajo Justice

Continued from pages 61-123-124

to have some mutton and squaw bread and coffee.

But before he began to eat he walked over to a slim, long-haired, bright-eyed boy who was standing beside a swift pony. He spoke quietly to the boy for a time, his hand on his shoulder. The lad vaulted to the bare back of the pony and kicked its flanks. He rode swiftly across the dry lake bed. Soon he was out of sight. John smiled and sat down to eat and talk.

It was a long recess and the stockman was very much annoyed. He repeatedly urged John to resume the trial, sentence Roan Horse. Roan Horse ate, then slept peacefully under his wagon.

The white judge said, "His wife is sticking by him because of the baby. She knows he's guilty. I've had women in my court do the same thing."

But the younger white man objected, "I think Roan Horse told the truth. What do you think, Joe?" he asked the trader.

"I've only been here thirty years," Gallagher replied. "Don't ask me about the Navajos."

"But Mrs. Roan Horse," the younger woman said, "I wonder what she really thinks about it. She knows her husband has been unfaithful and yet—"

"I'll ask her," Gallagher said, "for your information."

He walked over to the woman, sat down and took a piece of mutton. He talked to her for a time in Navajo. When he joined the others, he said with a shrug: "She says he's a man. He did what a man would do. If Many Goats' Daughter had let him alone, he wouldn't have done it. He can't help being a man."

"Bless my soul!" the judge said, and coughed.

In spite of the stockman's urging, John Daw did not resume the trial for two hours. By that time, the slim, bright-eyed boy had ridden back and John had talked to him for a moment.

Roan Horse awoke, yawning, and picked up his baby.

"All right now," John said. "Everybody sit in the same place. I have considered everything carefully, just as the superintendent told me to do. Besides that, I have sent my nephew, Billy Peshlakai, to get some facts for me. What did you see, Billy?"

The boy stepped forward shyly, but spoke with assurance.

"It is exactly as the wife of Roan Horse said. There has been no rain, no wind. So in the wash between the two hogahns the moccasin prints of Many Goats' Daughter are plain. She went often from her hogahn over towards Roan Horse's. Often without her sheep. She met him there between the two. He did not go to her place until after that. So much I saw."

There was a gasp of surprised admiration. John Daw looked around proudly. He was a good policeman, a good judge. He used his head. He waited a moment, then spoke with judicial gravity.

"It seems, then," he said, "that Many Goats' Daughter was lonesome. Her husband was away. It seems that she went out to meet Roan Horse, talked with him, smiled and joked. That is not a thing for a woman to do. It leads to trouble. So Roan Horse went to her hogahn; it is the way of a man. If he had gone there without those previous meetings, he should be punished. But the way it stands, how can we punish him alone? No. We would have to put Many Goats' Daughter in jail, too, and maybe William McKinley for letting his wife get lonesome. We don't want to fill up the jail. The superintendent told me to be fair. Roan Horse is not guilty. He did not attack—"

John had more to say, but William McKinley was on his feet, angry, shaking his fist.

"He did this to my wife! He's got to pay me!"

The white visitors were shocked by that demand. As though payment would make anything right. Even the stockman considered that a savage, immoral attitude. But Gallagher reflected that it had always been the custom of the people.

"Yes," John said. "Roan Horse, you give him three ewes. Let him pick them out of your flock. Now you two shake hands. This is all over, settled. No more trouble or I will take you both to jail!"

Roan Horse got up, his baby held in one arm, and strolled over to McKinley. He smiled and put out his hand. Sullenly, slowly, McKinley took it.

"Maybe," John concluded, "you'd better stay home, McKinley. And let your wife take her sheep where the feed and water are. *Yah-teh*, it is finished."

The stockman, annoyed by the delay and perhaps by the outcome—he thought it was always well to make an example of somebody—hurried over to his house, climbed into his flivver and headed off towards the agency. He had promised the nurse that he would come.

John thought of his wives. A man who neglected his women deserved what he got. Neither of his wives would make him a cuckold.

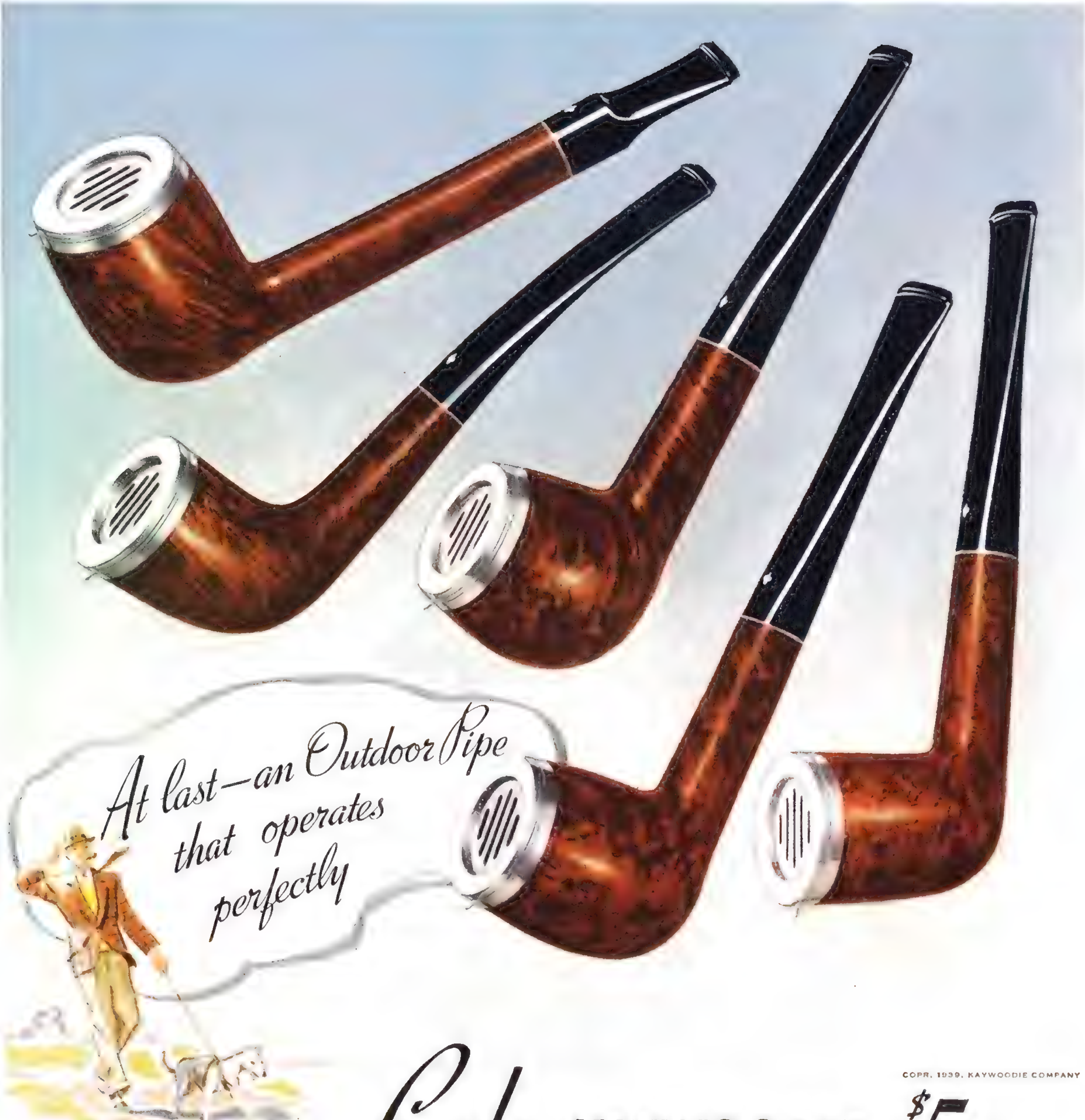
He went up to the trading post, bought the things his wives wanted and added a number of surprises that would be sure to please them.

Joe Gallagher gave him a word of praise for his conduct of the trial, and the white visitors shook his hand. Yes, he was a good judge, shrewd, wise and just.

He rode towards home.

He wished he was as young as Roan Horse. Well, he was young enough. As he neared his hogahn, he took up that ribald squaw dance song, just to let his wives know how he felt.

Women liked men with some devil in them . . . Men like Roan Horse, like himself.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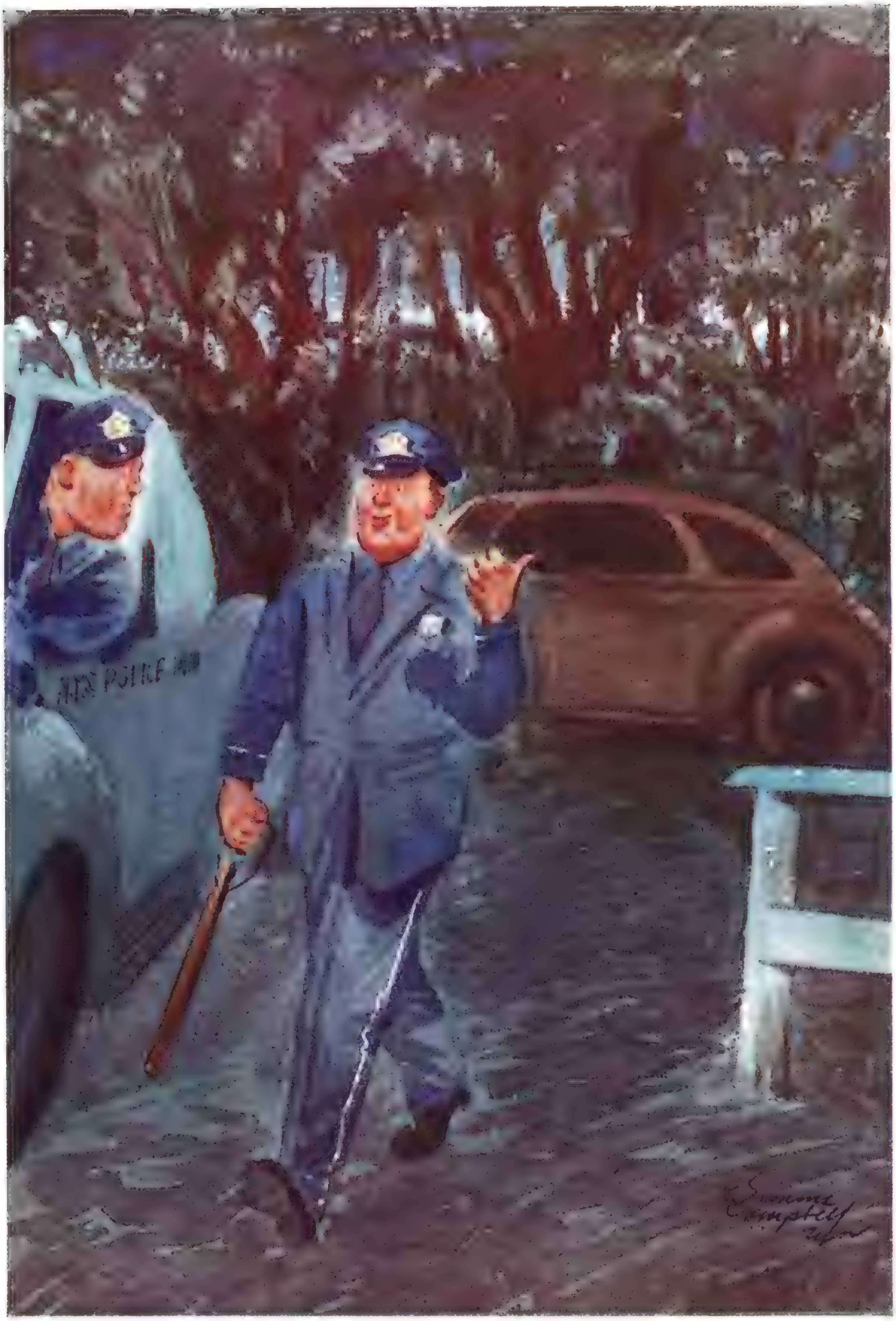
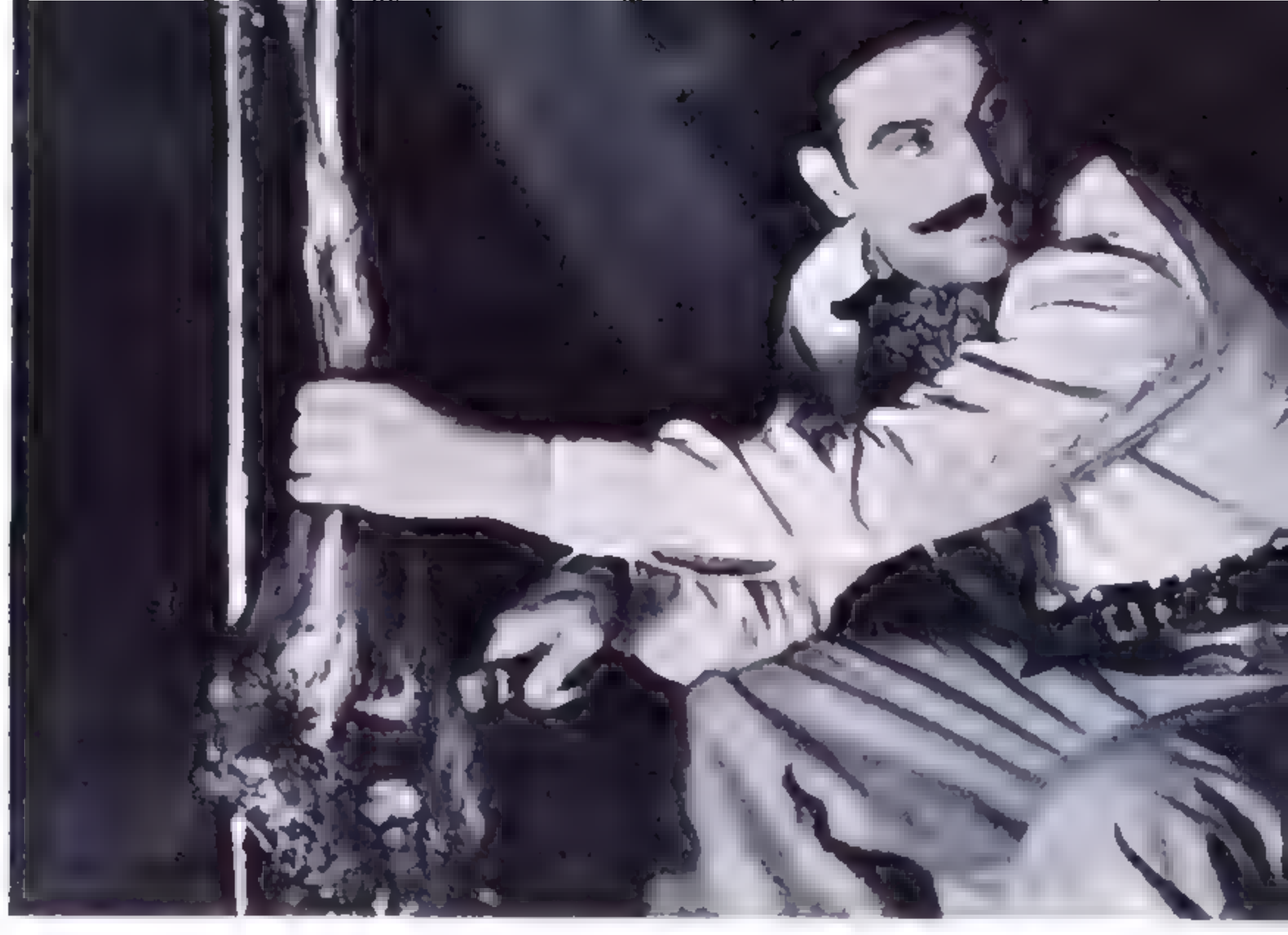


"They said they were developing some film"

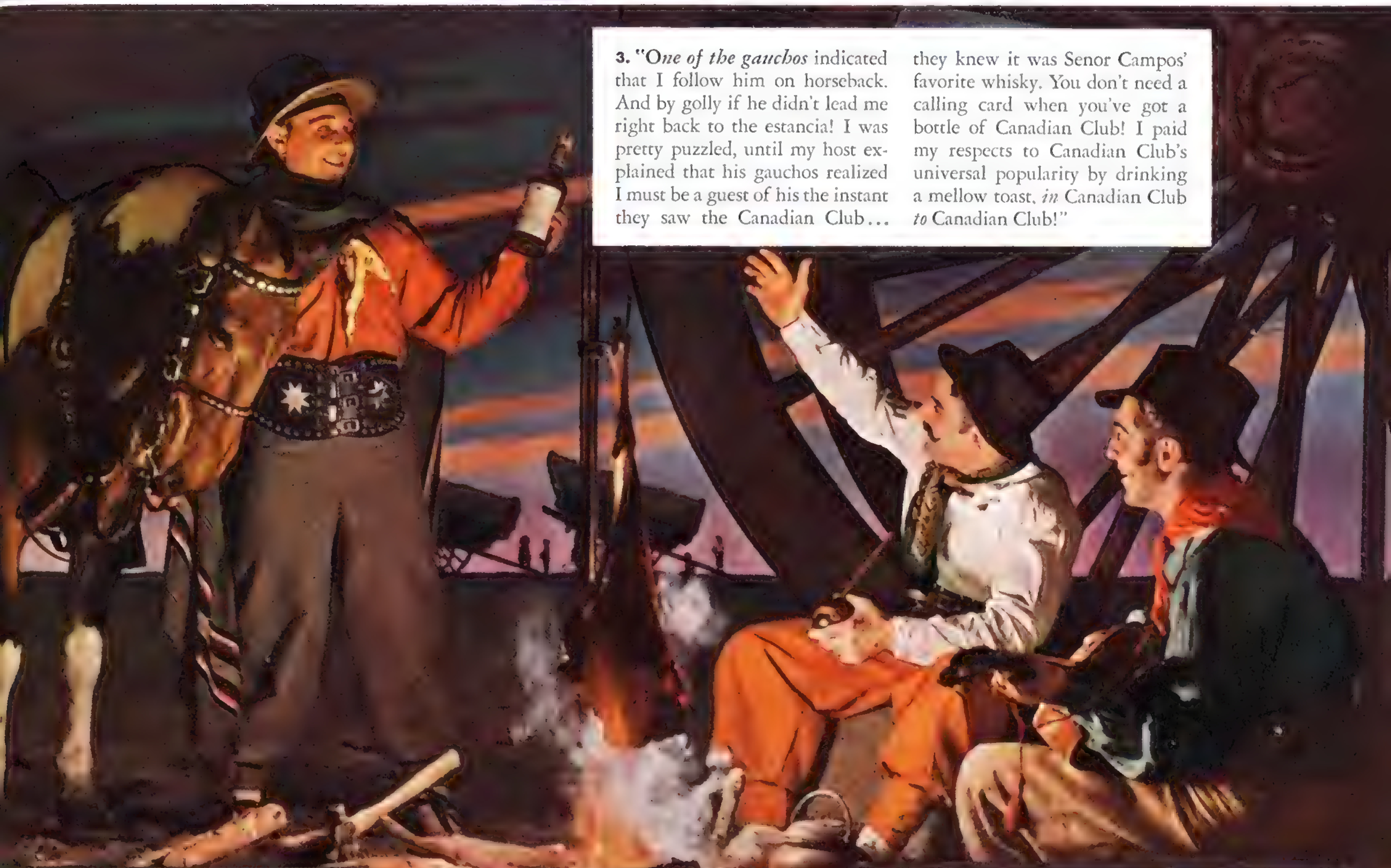
LOST SOMEWHERE IN ARGENTINA

LOST
SOMEWHERE
IN
ARGENTINA

1. "*Recently I went for a ride* on my friend's ranch in Argentina—a little hideaway about the size of Massachusetts!—and toward dusk made the unpleasant discovery that I was lost!



2. "*I was panicky* until I spied a gaucho campfire. I asked the way to my host's estancia, but they didn't speak English. Hoping at least to get some dinner, I offered them a drink from a bottle of Canadian Club I had in my saddle-bag. At the sight of that bottle, they became very excited.



3. "*One of the gauchos* indicated that I follow him on horseback. And by golly if he didn't lead me right back to the estancia! I was pretty puzzled, until my host explained that his gauchos realized I must be a guest of his the instant they saw the Canadian Club... they knew it was Senor Campos' favorite whisky. You don't need a calling card when you've got a bottle of Canadian Club! I paid my respects to Canadian Club's universal popularity by drinking a mellow toast, *in* Canadian Club *to* Canadian Club!"

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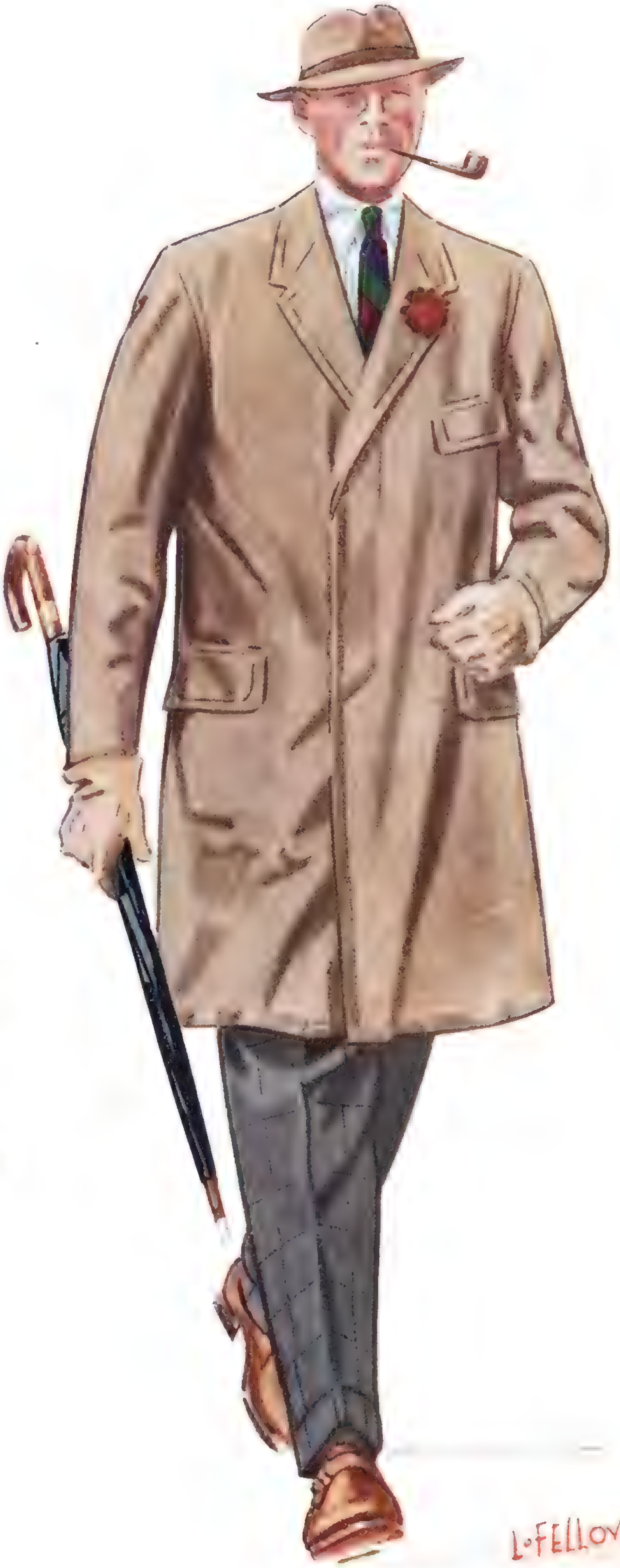
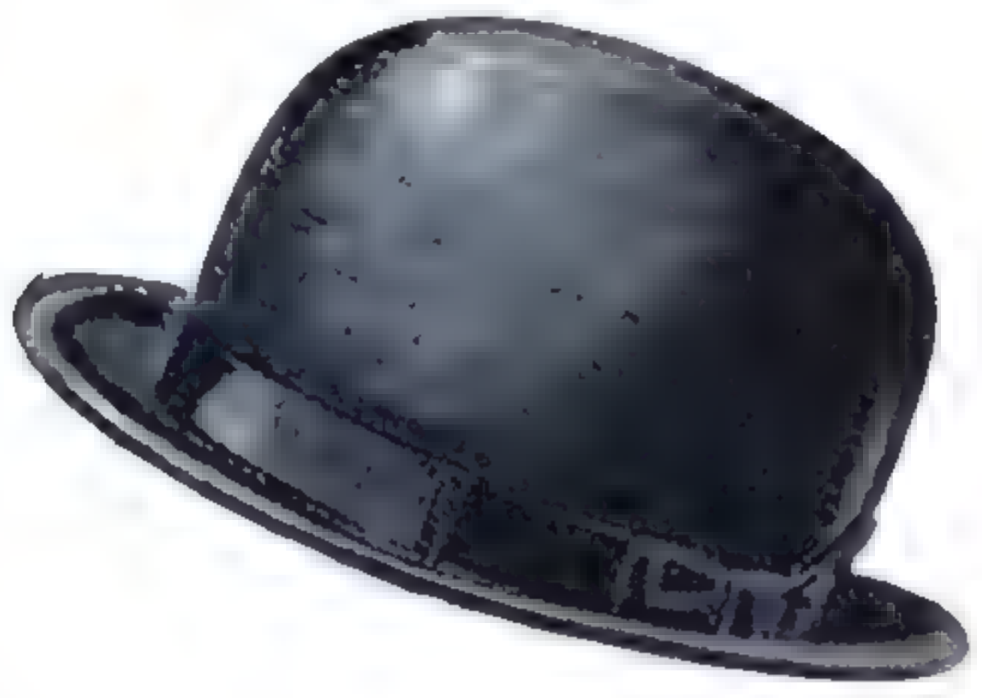
1939

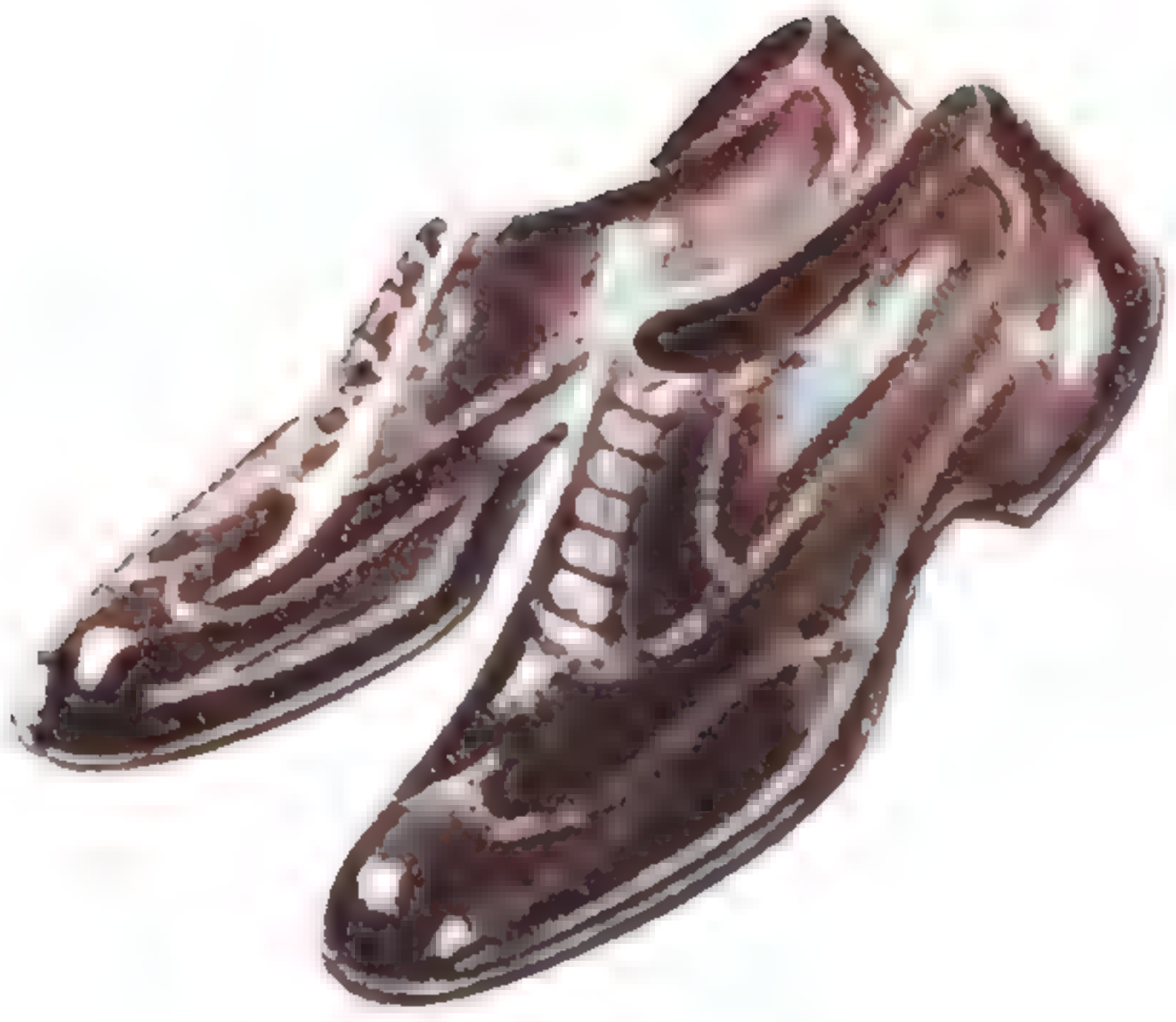
Greatest of ease . . .

The *St. Louis Blues* will probably wail on and on as long as there are bands left to play it; but, in the remote event that anybody wants to know, one of its lines is becoming exceedingly antiquated from a sartorial point of view. It's the one that goes, "St. Louis man with your store-bought clothes." Men still buy their clothes at stores, all right, but the "store-bought" look, with its sausage casing lines, is each year becoming more a thing of the past. The covert topcoat shown on this page is a case in point. For years this garment has maintained a dual personality in the form of a fitted town model and a loose-fitting country model. Today, however, with informality on the way up and tight-fitting effects on the way down, the country model is taking over even for town wear. This knee-length coat, with large flapped pockets, is accordingly correct for town, country and travel occasions. The suit is a Lovat color Saxony with blue overplaid, worn with striped broadcloth shirt with lounge collar to match and regimental striped tie. The fawn color semi-sports hat has a rather low crown, medium wide brim and tweed hatband. Other accessories are the Russian reindeer gauntlet gloves, reverse calf monk front shoes and racing umbrella with leather handle, gold pencil and band. Alternates for wet weather wear are the rough finish yeoman style bowler and the rubbers in a guise that gives the appearance of brogue shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)







On Buying a Horse

Continued from page 62

buy a horse with these glands swollen.

The neck ought to be muscular and not too long; it should have a slightly curving tendency. The shoulders should be oblique, or slanting, for only a horse with such shoulders can have high and forward action and keep the saddle in its proper place. A long and muscular forearm is important because it assures of a strong action; the knee should be broad and not bending since that is often a sign of overwork. The part below the knee must be short, and the feet (the hoofs) must be neither long, nor too short. A long-footed horse would canter on its heels, while a short-footed one would tire you soon and jerk you out of the saddle. The hoofs must not be too dry; some hoofs have a tendency to crack and horses with such feet ought to be avoided. After all, one buys a horse for its feet, so I cannot impress on you too strongly the importance of examining the hoofs and heels with care, and while you are doing that, see that the animal stands on level ground, since he shows to much better advantage when his fores are higher. Dealers sometimes take advantage, placing him on a slight slope.

The chest should be deep but not too wide since extra width interferes with speed, the horse being unable to thrust forth his forelegs properly. But always remember that the chest does not tell you about the dimensions of the horse's lungs, and therefore indirectly of his stamina, as so many people believe. It is the measurement of the girth—the circumference of the horse, around which the saddle is fastened—that reveals the size of the lungs and an inquiry concerning this is all-important. The girth should measure about seventy-five to eighty inches. The back—the space between the withers and the loins—should be short, but the underside, between the elbow and the stifle-joint, or the flank—between the fore and hind legs—ought to be long. The hind-quarters must be muscular and the hind legs long.

Squat down behind the horse you want to buy and make sure that there is no hollow between the two quarters. A strong-boned, loftily carried tail is desirable since the horse not only uses it to brush away flies, but in some instances even balances himself with it, as in taking a high jump. Also a tail carried high in the air, at all times, speaks of noble ancestors and youth. An old horse's tail bone sinks in and he cannot curve it and lift it high any more. Some dealers, wishing to pass off an aged horse, help matters by salting and peppering at a certain spot and the spices make the horse carry the tail high, thus serving a triple purpose; testifying to good parents, reducing his age, and cutting a pretty picture. An experienced buyer can see through this trick at once though, because the salted and peppered horse looks back often—of course, he is puzzled as to what is happening to his stern—and he acts as though he has taken a generous amount of Epsom salts.

You must examine the horse for diseases; for even if you are not a vet, it is quite easy to determine a few visible ones. *Saddle gall*, a tumorous wound, caused by friction due to faulty saddling, is frequent in horses and heals only if attended to very patiently. Of course horses cannot be used in the meanwhile. *Splint* is a disease of the bones of the legs and makes the horse appear more or less lame. *Fistula of the withers*, which again comes from the saddle, can be also detected easily: the withers become extremely sensitive to touch, being hot and tender. This ailment also causes shoulder lameness. If a horse's mouth is constantly watering, look for an ulcer in the mouth, no doubt caused by the bits.

The skin and coat of the horse ought to be examined too, since thick, shiny, short hair is another indication of good health. But remember that in the winter horses have an abundant coat which thins out during the summer.

There are countless other diseases and injuries, many of which only a vet can detect. However, above all don't buy a dead horse. This is not as crazy as it sounds. Once a dead horse was actually sold down in the South. It appears that a horseman in Kentucky wanted to buy a famous hunter for months, but the owner would not sell the marvelous animal for any amount. The horseman, using his best Southern eloquence (and Bourbon whiskey) made one last attempt to persuade the man to sell. The owner finally gave in and agreed to part with the precious animal for the sum of two thousand dollars. The price was paid willingly and the new owner went happily to the stables to saddle the nag and ride him home in triumph. A terrible sight greeted him and he almost fell into the water buckets. The famous hunter lay in his box stone-dead. But the horseman didn't say a word. He swallowed whatever was on the tip of his tongue, carted away the dead horse in great secrecy, and buried him sadly. Then he issued a thousand lottery tickets at five dollars each, offering the famous hunter as the prize. Everybody in the whole countryside knew of the horse, and everybody wanted to own him, so the thousand tickets were sold with ease in a few days. The drawing was held and the hunter was won by a neighboring farmer of modest circumstances. The man readily understood the death of the horse which—so the tricked owner put it—occurred a few hours before the draw, when he saw five one-hundred-dollar bills. Net profit of the clever horseman, who helped himself instead of complaining: two thousand, five hundred dollars.

By a cruel but ingenious trick

Continued on page 132

Wherever you go

PARIS means

Style

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There's a loose easy swing to a Dewbury topcoat that means smartness of style and freedom of motion. Its comfort comes from its warm yet not weighty **Scotch wool** soft but durable. In Dewbury topcoats you'll find the custom features of much more expensive coats, such as the inside zipper pocket, metal chain hanger and storm throat tab. See Dewbury topcoats at your local dealer, or write to Stratbury, Galion, Ohio, for the nearest dealer address $25

BRITISH ISLES
Dewbury
IMPORTED
SCOTCH WOOL

Dewbury topcoats are definitely a part of the correct Fall wardrobe. We see here a loval green with rust overplaid model worn with a loval semi-sports suit, brown calf blucher shoes, snapbrim sports hat, ivory shirt, green foulard figured tie, yellow string gloves. This outfit is perfect for Fall in town or for football Saturdays. Other hats that would be equally correct are the Tyrolean, the Cavalier, the Derby

BY STRATBURY

On Buying a Horse

Continued from pages 62-131

some dealers manufacture high spirit in a lazy horse. The animal is allowed to rest for a number of weeks before being shown to the prospective buyer, but every second day he is securely tied up in his box and the dealer calls him by name. After each call the poor horse is beaten severely. On the day of the showing the dealer simply has to softly utter the horse's name and the animal rears and prances, exhibiting an apparently tremendous amount of spirit, because he fears that the usual beating will follow. The inexperienced buyer is impressed by the "spirited" horse and often buys it. This trick is known to horsemen and dealers as: "Teaching the horse its name."

Now and then a horse is faultily sterilized and naturally is worth less than either a stallion or a gelding; he cannot be a father on the one hand, and he does not possess the good qualities of a gelding on the other. It is not easy to ascertain whether a horse is well sterilized or not, and the imperfection of the operation is merely manifested by an unquiet disposition and an interest in mares if there are any around. Tricky dealers know of a remedy to counteract this ruffled temperament and the undue interest in females: they smear hogs' offal in the nostrils of the animal before showing him, and the horse loses interest in everything around him, being occupied with the foul odor on his mucous membrane. I saw such a horse once, and he really looked as though he were trying to figure out the way the strange smell got into his nostrils. He must have arrived at the right conclusion, because he would never again let a man get near his nose.

The age of the horse can be determined by the formation of the teeth, as everybody knows. With a skillful grasp of the hands the mouth may be opened for a few seconds, which should suffice for a quick inspection, without the least danger of the animal biting.

When the horse reaches the age of five, the dentition is complete and you will see forty teeth; twelve incisors, four canines and twenty-four molars. In horseman's language they are called *nippers*, *tushes*, and *grinders*, respectively. As the teeth are grinding away on the hard grain and grass, they present a different appearance each year and the changes in the dentition give away the horse's age. After nine years of age it is difficult to know precisely how old a horse is by examining the teeth. However, an aged horse's teeth are yellow, and the canines, or tushes, wear down to a very small size, or drop out altogether.

Naturally, the horse intended for purchase must be seen working at all gaits; he should have a long, swinging walk; he should not lift his legs too high when trotting, but neither should he stumble; in gallop he should appear to spring from all the four legs uniformly and should be lightly and effortlessly speedy but should not attempt to run away. The horse buyer should see the horse in every action. He should watch the animal trotting towards him and trotting away from him, since lameness cannot be hidden when this gait is used. Galloping should be observed from the side and the buyer should stand in the rear to watch the horse jump an obstacle.

Hunters ought to be bought in the winter, when they may be seen working; polo ponies in the late summer, after the season, if anything is left of them after a strenuous year. Two gentlemen, both excellent polo players, make a business of selling their ponies after the season on Long Island, and they bring in addition a string of about thirty ponies with them from their farm in Texas. But there are no Tattersall's in America as in England, an establishment where you may buy any kind of horse on a moment's notice. In this country you must largely depend upon individual horsemen who want to sell their horses, livery stables, hunt clubs, and dealers.

A seven- or eight-year-old horse, which is well schooled (the meaning of this word is different in Europe, where horses are *really* schooled to perfection) should cost about three to six hundred dollars. If you have enough confidence in your ability, buy a young, unschooled horse and train him with great patience to your own individual taste and requirements. These young horses may be bought in Virginia or Kentucky, or in the far western states. Individuals rarely go to auctions, which are attended mostly by dealers. In some cases racehorses which do not prove to be fast enough on the track and are sold inexpensively, make wonderful all around mounts: a thoroughbred, if not temperamental, will give you the best ride.

On the way home, as you lead your newly acquired mount to his new quarters, do not forget to stop in and buy the following utensils: a body brush, to clean the horse's coat; a currycomb, to clean the body brush; a dandy brush, to brush off mud and sweat; another brush to clean the dandy brush; a water brush, to wash the hoofs; grease for the hoofs; four sponges to clean the horse's eyes, nostrils, other parts of his body, and his saddle. In addition you have to purchase hoof-picks, buckets, baskets, brooms, hayforks and feed. Oats and hay should be a year old, and the mixture of linseed mash and bran must be on the daily menu as this is the equine orange juice. Also the horse should be re-shod once every month, or else he will develop corns.

I do not wish to discourage you completely, but horses like to have their breakfast at five o'clock in the morning.

Good luck, and good night... #

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The ATLANTIC

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THE STETSON SHOE CO., INC., So. Weymouth, Mass.

LONGER ON THE LAST

Stetson

WALKS THE FIRST TEN MILES

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 84

Stephens, H. G. Wells, W. S. Maugham, Ellen Glasgow, Theodore Dreiser and James Branch Cabell. And, since you would include music, also such modern composers as Massenet, Humperdinck and Richard Strauss. And what is still more, Spitzbub, you would have deprived your own self of your own pleasure in the two plays you voted for as candidates for the Critics' Circle prize, *High Tor* and *Our Town*. So, I repeat, what the hell kind of criticism are you dispensing?

But, not content to stop there, our Lieutenant-Colonel of the *Times* goes on thus: "What is the point of taking a stand in art that you would never dream of taking in your workaday life? The plain, useful truths are always so much more engrossing."

This philosophy, my men, would restrict the purple flight of the arts solely to the contemplation of everyday's prosaic humdrum. It argues that such plain, useful truths as the efficacy of castor oil and the nutritious quality of spinach are much more spiritually engrossing than the wild, unpragmatic and mystical imagination of a cherubim-painting Botticelli, a *Damnation of Faust*-composing Berlioz or an Ariel-writing Shakespeare. It would convert artists into business men and dubious dramatic critics.

6. Do not, as some of you also do, consider it undignified and lowering of the critical standard to let go in the case of a particularly pretty and provocative girl. You go the limit in your admiration of beautiful scenery, beautiful lights and beautiful costumes, but you are—some of you—apparently scared to death of saying as much about a beautiful young woman. What are you afraid of? It never in the least diminished the dignity of Bernard Shaw, or Max Beerbohm, or A. B. Walkley, or Henri Béraud, or James Huneker, or any other critic worth a hoot. In point of fact, it raised them in the estimation of all intelligent men. And, certainly, in the estimation of their wives and all other intelligent women. Shaw, indeed, supported the merit of the critical contention by personally falling in love with two of the beauties, Ellen Terry and Beatrice Stella Tanner (Mrs. Pat Campbell); the incomparable Max married one of them, Florence Kahn; and the noble Jim Huneker, eternal flowers to his grave!, was wobbled by and wobbled in turn one-third of the lovely feminine American dramatic theatre of his day, to say nothing, on the side, of the entire Metropolitan Opera House.

7. Do not exercise an arbitrary politesse in the case of foreign stars. If art knows no boundaries, the histrionic practitioners of art should not be regarded as guests and treated to an especial critical consideration and hospitality. You insult our native mimes by any such attitude. A square deal for all and credit where credit is due, but no undue bowing at the waist in the reception of foreigners, with the coincidental unavoidable projection of the rear at American actors in the background.

8. Don't sneer, as you often do, at fashionable opening-night audiences. Your idea that any man in a white tie and tails is *ipso facto* an idiot, and in all probability under the influence of spirituous liquors, is the mark of the hayseed. Furthermore, so many of our theatres are drab and dirty that a decorative audience, whatever its cerebral competence and measure of sobriety, helps a lot.

9. Criticize your fellow critics all you wish to—it sometimes is valuable—but do not, as I periodically observe among you, derogate dramatic criticism itself by way of spuriously making yourself out to be superior to your craft. None of you, and certainly not myself, is yet within hailing distance of the top reaches of the critical art. So let none deliberately make a fool of himself. That job is often accomplished without the slightest personal effort.

10. One of my valued staff, Major John Mason Brown, of the *Post*, during my term of military command permitted himself to be suckered into paying tribute to the eminence of Miss Rachel Crothers, a writer of Broadway box-office plays, at some kind of laymen's theatrical doings in the White House. At a private court-martial conducted between the two of us in Jack and Charlie's barroom, I denounced the Major for leaving off his otherwise honorable critical judgment and pride in going so far as to eulogize one for whom he himself had no lush esteem simply because the White House was provided as the scene. "But sir," he interposed, "I thought it would be a fine idea at last to bring the theatre, in whatever way, into the White House." I said no more, but drank my drink in silence, and meditated upon my sword.

Ah me, I thought, can it be that a critic believes to honor our theatre and drama by indicating a proud niche for such a playwright as this Crothers? Ah me, I thought further, while trying to extricate my left leg from both my sword and the Major, does not a critic drolly realize that the White House had already been so chock-a-block with people of the theatre that occasionally there wasn't room enough left for Cordell Hull's tea cup, Louis B. Mayer's and Ginger Rogers' hats, or any slightest portion of Hendrik Willem van Loon? The day that Eddie Cantor still doesn't happen to be there, you'll surely find Kate Smith. And if Eddie Dowling isn't in Lincoln's old bed, you'll find Katharine Cornell or Helen Hayes in Abe's quondam hay.

The issue, I reflected, checking my sword with the hat-room boy, propping the Major against the bar, and ordering up another drink for him and two for myself, was not bringing the theatre to the White House but bringing the White House to the theatre. You can bring all the theatrical people in America to the White House, but if the White House doesn't go to the theatre it will not do the theatre the faintest good. And the sad fact is that, while the present First Lady does patronize the theatre, there hasn't been a First Lady or a President since Taft who has indicated by her or his attendance the least real interest in the theatre. They have now and again gone to vaudeville shows, like Woodrow Wilson; maybe one or two of them have seen one or two showy popular plays during their occupancy of the White House; but if a President of the United States or his wife (Mrs. Roosevelt as the sole honorable exception) has gone to see a first-rate American or first-rate European drama since Taft's remote day, the records do not disclose it.

* * *

And now, my fellow soldiers of the Circle, I pass my sword as your General on to another and bid you a fond executive adieu. I kiss each of you on the cheek, and thank you for your loyal service, and wish you God-speed. I return to the wars once again single-handed and alone. ⌗

Money Is Everything

Continued from page 35

we never looked upon them as extravagances . . ."

And finally there is fresh air. "Free as air," they say. So fresh air is free? Certainly not in the big cities, nor the smaller ones, nor the factory towns. In any city which produces enough goods to give its citizens jobs there is a great deal of bad air, the nice fresh air being distinctly reserved for those on the right side of the railroad tracks who can pay plenty of money for it. In most large cities fresh air is amost sold by the cubic foot. The modern apartment house reduces fresh air and sunshine to very simple terms. The higher you go the more fresh air and sunlight you get and the more you pay.

"After all, we have each other," is such a sad little whistling in the dark that it hardly seems fair to stick pins in it. But I ask you, my dear young friends, how are you going to have each other without enough money, first to live together, and secondly to be sufficiently free from money troubles not to nag or irritate each other to the point where your marriage becomes a ghastly burden?

Recently we have had an orgy of very, very sad stories concerning the trials of the rich. They have to pay taxes and servants and lawyers. In Hollywood they also have to pay agents and chiseling relatives, and business managers, etc., etc. One such account estimated that a poor, miserable film star was actually losing money at $6,000 a week. Yes, sir, her living expenses, etc., came to $6,050, so that the poor girl was desperate. The whole thing seemed cockeyed until you ran across a little item on her weekly "expense" sheet; "Investments: $3,000."

The total effect of these silly confections is, of course, to prove that money is a bad thing, and that you and I, taking back milk bottles and saving on carfare, borrowing old newspapers and eating cheap, are lucky citizens not to be plagued with any $6,000 a week.

Always with us, of course, is the story of the man who was getting along fine until he came into money. After this he was worried and unhappy. He could always pay his debts with $25 a week, but when he began getting $500 he went to pieces and couldn't sleep.

Frankly, I don't believe this. What such people are trying to say is that finally, at last, the horrible pressure of worry over their lack of money has been taken off so that for the first time in their lives they are conscious of their other worries. For the first time in their lives these minor worries have not been overshadowed and forgotten by the appallingly more urgent worry—their need for money. For the first time they have been able to see what was really happening. Before this they had been too numb to feel the minor troubles. To even pretend that money is not the most important thing in life is to be both hypocritical and foolish.

Since money is so all-important, the giver of all good gifts including fresh air to breathe, freedom from worry and sufficient leisure to collect one's wits into a psychic entity which passes among most people for a soul, let's be honest in recognizing its importance.

Furthermore, let's stop the fatuous and pompous nonsense with which we befuddle the young. Why not tell them right off that money is everything? Why do we teach them that the desire for money is coarse, vulgar, dull and stupid, when money alone will bring them the fine and beautiful things of life? Why do we waste their time with sentimental ice cream sodas about the spiritual values when they are to be shoved out in a few years to solve urgent problems of rent, food, clothes and doctors' bills? Before they can afford the luxury of a spiritual value or a quiet hour they must first rustle up sufficient income to give them peace of mind.

Our present system is to instill a deep distrust and disrespect for business men and all others who concentrate on money. Business itself is represented as a degrading enterprise and money the last thing in which a decent young person should show an interest.

In any event I don't want to hear any more of this anti-money talk. I've had enough of the blessedness of poverty and I'm quite certain that nothing, absolutely nothing, in this world is free. ⌗

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THANKS to the isolation of the Outer Hebrides the art of weaving Harris Tweed by hand still flourishes. On these rocky islands 60 miles from the mainland of Scotland, the making of Harris Tweed is the chief means of support. Nowhere else in the world can this cloth be made.

It is a common sight to see three generations of one family busily absorbed in producing Harris Tweed. With this background of heredity and tradition it is no wonder that so much time, skill and pride are lavished on each yard of this fine fabric made from the virgin wool of Scottish sheep. It explains why this cloth looks so well and lasts so long!

This season your favorite stores will show the traditionally famous Harris Tweed patterns and colors but in addition you will enjoy seeing the many handsome new ones, too.

Harris Tweed apparel is famous throughout the English-speaking world. Look for the Harris Tweed label in the garment. Look for the Harris Tweed registered trade mark stamped on the cloth—it may only be applied to tweed woven by hand at the homes of the crofters and made entirely in the Outer Hebrides.

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This Will Go Down in History

Continued from page 70

and spill a nice breezy line of hokum to Isabella and get all outfitted again for a couple more cruises, the way I hear he done with the king of Portugal. After all, a fellow's got to make a living.

August 6, 1492. They're having trouble over on the *Pinta*. Their rudder busted loose, and I heard the admiral swearing like a muleskinner, cursing out a couple of guys named Rascon and Quintero, who I understand Captain Colon had a run-in with before we pushed off on this expedition. He said something about Pinzon, the captain of the *Pinta*, being an okay guy who could handle a hundred muggs like Rascon and Quintero, but he was sure sore not being able to lend any assistance to the *Pinta*. They patched up the rudder, but it busted loose again, and we all had to slow up and we didn't get into Grand Canary till the eighth.

August 9, 1492. Horsing around. Left the *Pinta* in Grand Canary and shoved off for the island of Gomera. Fooled around there, the Old Man having a long talk with the Count of Gomera, who says there's land laying west somewheres off the Canaries. I think this is all a lot of propaganda, myself, because it looks like the admiral really means to windjam west and thinks he will sort of sell the idea to the crew. Anyway, we goes back and helps repair the *Pinta*, takes on some more water and wood and meat and so forth, picks up the *Niña* again in Gomera, and on the morning of Sept. 6 we takes off with the tide. West it is, and no fooling. This Captain Colon is got me a little worried again. I keep figuring maybe I'd just as lieve be back there in that nice quiet dungeon, with nothing on my mind.

Sept. 8, 1492. Spoke a vessel from the island of Fero yesterday. They told the Old Man this expedition of his was beginning to get a lot of publicity. In fact, they reported three Portuguese caravels nosing around these parts trying to pick up some hot news for the king of Portugal, who figures maybe he is missing something. He can have my place if he wants it.

Sept. 12, 1492. Been out of sight of land four days. I am beginning to get the willies. Man and boy I've sailed the seas manys the year, but I never been on no voyage where at least the captain didn't know where he was going. I mean, maybe it's okay to sit around the stove in a vino joint and take up sides on this question about the earth being round like a ball or flat as a pancake, and whether, if it's round like a ball, it makes any sense to sail a ship west in order to get some place in the east, for instance India. In a case like that, when you get sick of arguing, why you can go home and roll up comfortable in bed and forget all about it, and the next morning you know you're going to wake up in the same place you corked off the night before. But take a guy out into the Atlantic Ocean and start putting the same argument into actual practice and what you are heading for in a situation like that is a nice snappy case of the jitters. The Old Man gave us hell the last couple of days, claimed we been steering the vessel like we was trying to catch the brass ring on the merry-go-round. Yesterday we caught sight of a ship's mast floating on our lee. This didn't exactly make us feel good. In fact there is two guys in the second watch that are beginning to see things which nobody else does.

Sept. 13, 1492. Like I said, I been sailing around on ships, on and off, man and boy, for quite a while. Now maybe the admiral can fool those Spic jabberwockies but he isn't fooling little Joe-Joe. The minute he reports the day's sailing distance as twenty-four leagues I smells a nigger in the woodpile. Myself, I figures we makes between thirty and thirty-five. The truth of the matter is that for the last week the old boy has been phonying the run. It's okay by me. Whatever we're in for, there's nothing we can do about it now. Me, I keeps my trap shut and my ideas to myself.

Sept. 14, 1492. Crew plenty nervous. They don't kid around much like they used to. To give you an idea the kind of stuff these appleknockers talk about, I'm splicing rope near one of these off-watch groups and they are arguing over what's going to happen when we run out of ocean. As soon as we reach the edge of the horizon, zowie! and over the ship goes, flying off into space. "I theeng everybody she's very unhoppy when these hoppen, Señores."

"Is terrible!" says another.

"I filling very worry," says someone else. "So wot's hoppen when these sheeps drop off the worlds?"

All this hooey is giving me the pip, so I pipes up and I says, "Look. You guys know as much about it as I do, but you ain't using your common sense. Everybody's wise to the fact that falling off a tall building never hurt anybody; it's landing that does the damage. Well, why worry if the ship goes shooting off into space? There isn't anything to land up against, is there?" I walks away and leaves them standing there

Continued on page 138

Pepsodent Antiseptic

THE PROBLEM:
Not a Girl in Any Port
THE REASON:
Unpleasant Breath
THE ANSWER:
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

No Other Leading Brand Can Match This:

1. **BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL,** sensational, safe Germ-Killer, Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in seconds even when diluted with 2 parts water. *No other leading brand can do this!*

2. **BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL** tests show these results. Gargling with Pepsodent Antiseptic diluted with 2 parts water immediately reduces the bacterial count in the mouth by as much as 97%. *No other leading brand can do this!*

3. **BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL** Pepsodent Antiseptic makes your money go 3 times as far. When diluted with 2 parts of water, it is as effective as other leading brands used full strength. *No other leading brand can match this!*

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
keeps your breath sweeter for Critical Close-ups!

A Campus Favorite!

AT COLLEGES in and near New York, The Sun is just about as much a part of the curriculum as Math or English. Young college men and women today are keenly aware of the world beyond the campus and demand a newspaper that gives them complete, accurate, undistorted news of it. They like The Sun because it not only keeps them reliably informed on serious topics of the day, but also provides dozens of the most interesting newspaper features for their entertainment. A daily reading of The New York Sun is a valuable contribution to any well-balanced education. In fact, it has long been one of the most popular "courses" at leading Eastern colleges and universities!

The Sun
NEW YORK

THIS YEAR THE SUN WAS VOTED THE FAVORITE NEW YORK EVENING NEWSPAPER AT YALE · PRINCETON · FORDHAM · MANHATTAN · PENNSYLVANIA · CONNECTICUT LAFAYETTE · VASSAR · ST. JOSEPH · LEHIGH · BROWN · NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

TRIMS DOWN WAISTLINE
OFFSETS FATIGUE
IMPROVES POSTURE

ADD snap to your appearance. Feel fit as a fiddle. You've never known such comfort in an undergarment, such firm, gentle support as its washable, two-way stretch fabric provides. *Only* Support-"U" *has a completely detachable pouch* — a convenience you'll appreciate. Great for sports as well as daily dress. $2 and $3.

SUPPORT-"U" is Featured by These **NATIONAL SHIRT SHOPS**

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DALLAS, TEXAS, 1600 Main St.
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FRESNO, CALIF., 1049 Fulton St.
HARTFORD, CONN., 9 Asylum St.
HOLLYWOOD, CAL., 6370 Hollywood Blvd.
" " 6566 Hollywood Blvd.
HOUSTON, TEXAS, 612 Main St.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., 4 E. Washington St.
JACKSON, MISS., 167 E. Capitol St.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1112-1114 Main St.
KNOXVILLE, TENN., 500 S. Gay St.
LITTLE ROCK, ARK., 424 Main St.
LONG BEACH, CALIF., 41 Pine Ave.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF., 506 S. Broadway
" " " 548 S. Broadway
" " " 628 S. Broadway
" " " 627 S. Hill St.
LOUISVILLE, KY., 451 S. Fourth St.
MEMPHIS, TENN., 91 S. Main St.
MOBILE, ALA., 153 Dauphin St.
MONTGOMERY. ALA., 2 Dexter Ave.
NASHVILLE, TENN., 428 Church St.
NEWARK, N. J., 819 Broad St.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., 141 St. Charles St.
" " " 916 Canal St.
" " " 110 S. Rampart St.
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., 1495 Broadway
" " " " 737 Lex'ton Av.
NORFOLK, VA., 335 Granby St.
OAKLAND, CALIF., 1900 Telegraph Ave.
" " 1202 Washington St.
" " 1440 San Pablo Ave.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., 124 W. Main St.
PASADENA, CALIF., 336 E. Colorado St.
PATERSON, N. J., 157 Main St.
RICHMOND, VA., 225 E. Broad St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., 67 Main St., E.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF., 813 "K" St.
ST. LOUIS, MO., 503 Olive St.
" " " 708 Olive St.
" " " 718 Washington Ave.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, 223 S. Main St.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, 120 E. Houston St.
" " " 319 Alamo Plaza
SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF., 408 "E" St.
SAN DIEGO, CALIF., 519 Broadway
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., 768 Market St.
" " " 1001 Market St.
" " " 2540 Mission St.
" " " 164 Powell St.
SAN JOSE, CALIF., 95 S. First St.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF., 1334 Third St.
SCRANTON, PENNA., 439 Spruce St.
SHREVEPORT, LA., 500 Texas St.
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SUPPORT-"U"

The Only Supporter Short with a Completely Detachable Pouch

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LITTLE CORPORAL SUPPORTING SHORTS
Market Harborough, England

This Will Go Down in History

Continued from pages 70-136

with their mouths open staring after me. I don't think they've wised up yet that I was handing them the rib.

Sept. 19, 1492. What a guy! No wonder the admiral was able to sell Queen Isabella a bill of goods. Here's the whole crew with as fine a case of jitteritus as the doctor could order, and here's the admiral—calm, confident, smiling, standing there on the poop strong and straight as an arrow, and as each day passes by his smile is wider and his expression more confident than ever. He stands, and when he sees a bird he tells us it's a land bird; when he sees a piece of driftwood he says it's a sign of land. When we notice some rockweed he tells us it never appears far offshore. We raise a whale and he tells us whales always keep near the coast. A pelican comes on board and he assures us these birds never sleep overnight at sea. We catch a *grajao* and he says it's a river and not a marine bird. Then we falls into a calm, and now the crew is glad to have something else to worry about, running up to the Old Man and complaining that we won't have wind enough to blow us back to Spain even if we do reach the Indies. Well, the old boy takes it all in his stride. He assumes full responsibility for everything that happens, even this hunk of doldrums we run into. Something goes wrong with the compass needle, varying a whole point to N.W., and woops, they're off again until the admiral takes the sights once more and shows them the star has shifted and not the compass because we've come a degree of westing.

Sept. 25, 1492. All about us is a strange kind of magic. We float through heavy ground swells in masses of sea weed, high skies overhead, queer birds flying in our wake. The days are curiously calm. It is as though we had at last sailed out of the sphere of gravity into a new kind of world. I don't know how to put it, I ain't never been much of a hand for descriptions, but everybody sees it and feels it. Time has lost its meaning. All the awful fear inside us seems to have eaten itself up, and we're sort of numb and hypnotized. Maybe we've all gone goofy and don't know it. Suspended as we are in time and space, we are sure of only one thing. Our captain is magnificent.

Captain Alonzo Pinzon, of the *Pinta*, thought he saw land at sunset. The admiral thought he saw it too, and ordered the course changed. There is a great reward to be given by the king and queen of Spain to the first man who sights land. We sailed all night in the direction where the land appeared to lie. And still another day. But all our hopes were disappointed. What we thought was land turned out to be a turkey, just a heavy bank of clouds on the horizon.

October 1, 1492. Seas calm. Sailing west. Always west, dead west . . . It is both terrible and wonderful. I think I am a little nuts. Hour after hour I suffer agonies of suspense, then a kind of an ecstasy socks me a whack. We do not know how the crews of the other vessels are standing the gaff, but we are physically shot to hell. It is nothing to see men sitting around crying like babies. Sometimes I think this isn't happening at all, and that I am back in the hoosegow in Palos having a wopping big nightmare. Whenever I figure the time has come for me to bust apart and fall into little pieces I take a gander at the Old Man, courageous and serene, and I get ashamed of myself and snap out of my hop.

October 5, 1492. Where the last five days went to I don't know. Sea as smooth as glass. Flying fish flashing in the sun as our prow disturbs the schools before us.

October 7, 1492. The *Niña*, which sails ahead because of her swiftness, ran up the flag which is the signal that land is sighted. We sailed all day, but only clouds appeared on the horizon. According to the best charts this locality should be full of little islands. How the devil we've avoided banging into one of them is another of those little mysteries that make life the thing it is. And what a thing it is!

October 9, 1492. After conferences with Pinzon, today the admiral changed course from W. to W.S.W. in attempts to correct errors in navigation. I hope the old man knows what he's doing. He looks haggard and worn. I'm fed up with this cockeyed diary. When we go to the bottom the fish will get it, so what's the use?

October 11, 1492. Heavy seas. Somebody saw a log, and a plant that grows on land. Sure there's land. Land, land, land—nobody knows what the word means any more. I bet if I ever get my dogs on land again the steady feeling under foot will make me seasick.

Somebody saw land again. The admiral says he sees a light. Well, if it makes him happy, let him think he sees a light. We're all screwy, so what's the difference? I thought I saw land myself there once, but I'm trying hard not to kid myself. I think I'll go above and take another look-see. Maybe it is land. The *Pinta* has her flag up again, out to claim the reward no doubt, but she's cried wolf so many times nobody pays no attention to her anymore.

Look. The hell with this. I've been above and it *is* land. Read about it in your local newspapers. I've got business some place else. It's India, all right, and the admiral says he can see naked Indians running around on the island.

October 12, 1492. This place we've discovered is a barren looking dump. But it's paradise to us. Maybe, like our admiral, Christoval Colon, says, this voyage will go down in history. ⌗

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE SIGN OF AUTHORITY

Every mogul, no matter what his rank, has a sign of authority. The remaining members of European nobility have their coronets, and the cop on the corner has his badge. Belatedly pondering the recent Father's Day situation, we realized that Pop is a mogul in his own right. After all, he's head of the house, and deserves a symbol of sovereignty for his honorable position. But evolution beat us to the punch quite some time ago, for the cane, or walking stick, has come to be the sign of authority for "the lord of the mansion." And who else might that be but his eminence—the old man?

Looking at the matter historically, we found that the first mention of the cane concerned the one that the Lord gave Adam. This was handed down through eight generations, and when it finally got to Moses, he turned the neat trick of opening the Red Sea with it. Somewhere along in the 16th century the cane became a mark of fashion, and in the Tudor days was a companion of the sword. In the 17th century it was occasionally gold-headed and made of rare woods, but as a rule there was little variety in the material used. The "oaken towel," as it was pleasantly called when an enemy was about to be "rubbed down," shared its popularity with the "crabtree cudgel." In the heyday of the dandies the cane became a very ornate affair, suspended from the jacket button by a fancy ribbon. At the turn of the 19th century the cane was adopted for general use in the British Army. Officers and noncoms carried them to denote rank. Nowadays in America, our boys "Join the navy and see the world." In England they get "four meals a day and a cane."

DISCS FOR DIRTY FACES

Another traveling aid, and a new one on us, is the compressed disc that pops up into a full-sized wash cloth when immersed in water. These discs are thrown away after use and thus carrying damp (or any other kind) wash cloths is unnecessary. If you've adopted the commendable habit of a fresh wash cloth a day at home, you can now travel, with no trouble at all, in the state of cleanliness to which you are accustomed.

FILL YOUR TUB WITH A PICK-ME-UP

Not long ago we reported a hangover bath designed to relieve the sinner of the just rewards of his over-indulgence (nice word, over-indulgence). Now there's a pick-me-up that's okay for use any time of day or night. Purpose is to wake you up with unusual dispatch and supply a lift for more cheerfully meeting the day's routine. Or better yet, we think, the bath would be, after a day at the office—especially if you're faced with a long evening. There's just enough ammonia in the base to turn the trick, the ammonia being disguised by a shot of red carnation odor.

BON VOYAGE BY PROXY

A young maid of Manhattan, Nancy Levering by name, recently established a business of flourishing proportions that's based on one question: "What can I do for people that they, for one reason or another, are not able to do for themselves?" The answer is a personal service that takes care of travelers and other assorted individuals in every conceivable way. If you have an old school chum coming in on the Normandie, she will meet him with a thermos bottle of drinks to while away the tedious moments of customs inspection. Arranging deck chairs, chaperoning children, last-minute shopping are all in her day's work at the waterfront. She's fully prepared, she said, to supply bon voyage gifts for diplomat, debutante, or dilettante.

Ranger

The Nation's Great Style Leader

PRESENTS

THE Tailored Hat

TAILORED CROWN
Higher in front — rounder in back. This gives a streamlined appearance.

TAILORED EDGE
New style idea. The stitching is drawn through as with the finest hand tailoring.

TAILORED BRIM
Cut narrower in front to give correct custom appearance and smartest lines.

The Hat with a REASON WHY!

C&K, the famous hatter who has successfully pioneered many style-firsts, now brings you *The Tailored Hat.*

This means that the Knapp-Felt hat of today is as neatly and accurately proportioned as fine custom-clothing . . . Streamlined in other words!

This new hat has been years in the making. It remained for a company with the quality background of C&K to produce a *fine* hat at the amazing price of four dollars. And only because the resources of the greatest organization in the world for the manufacture of fine hats were applied to the problem has it been possible to solve it.

Try on one of these new C&K's at your first opportunity! As little as four dollars will buy it!

$4

Other C & K and KNAPP-FELT HATS
$4, $5, $7.50 and $10

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THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
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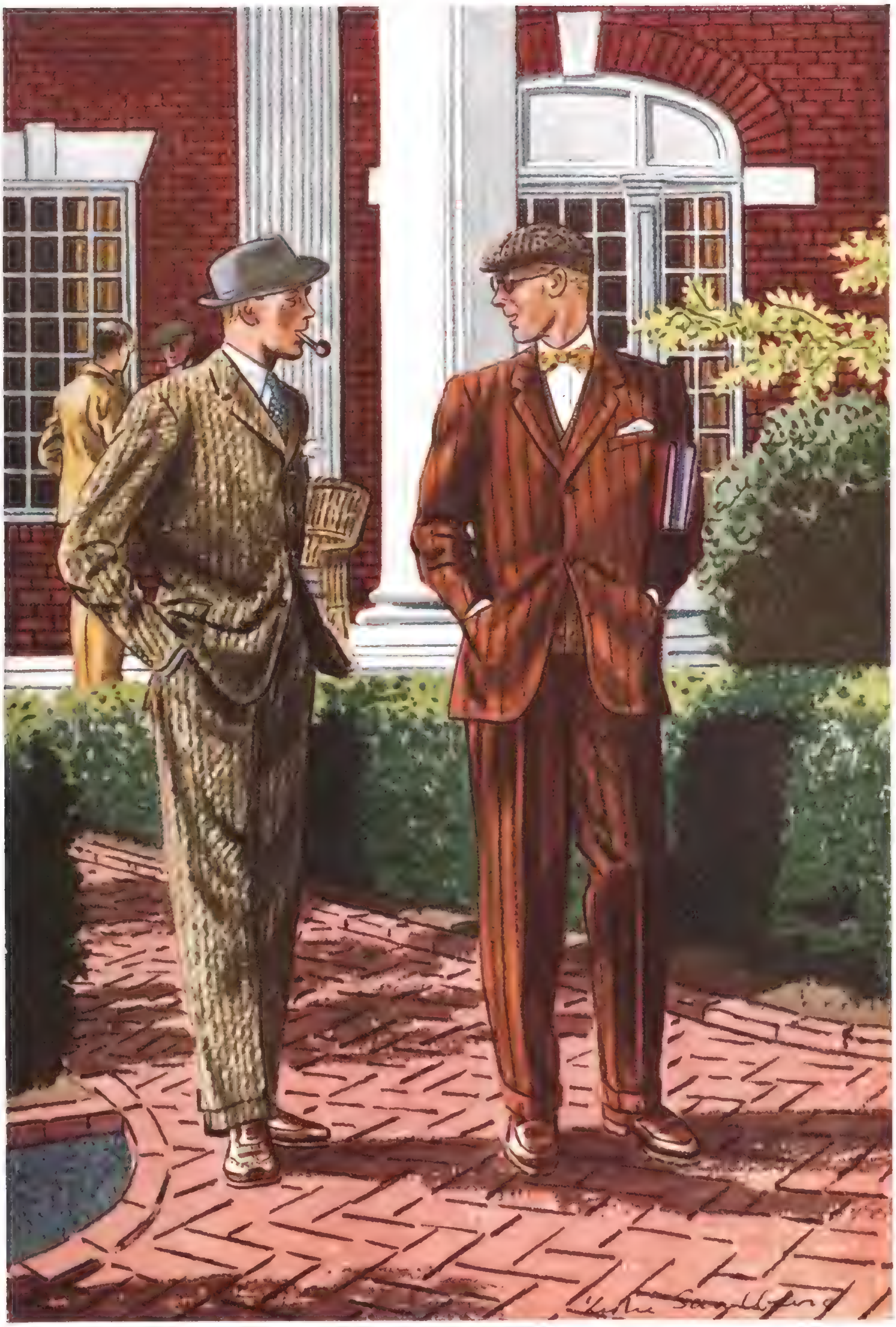


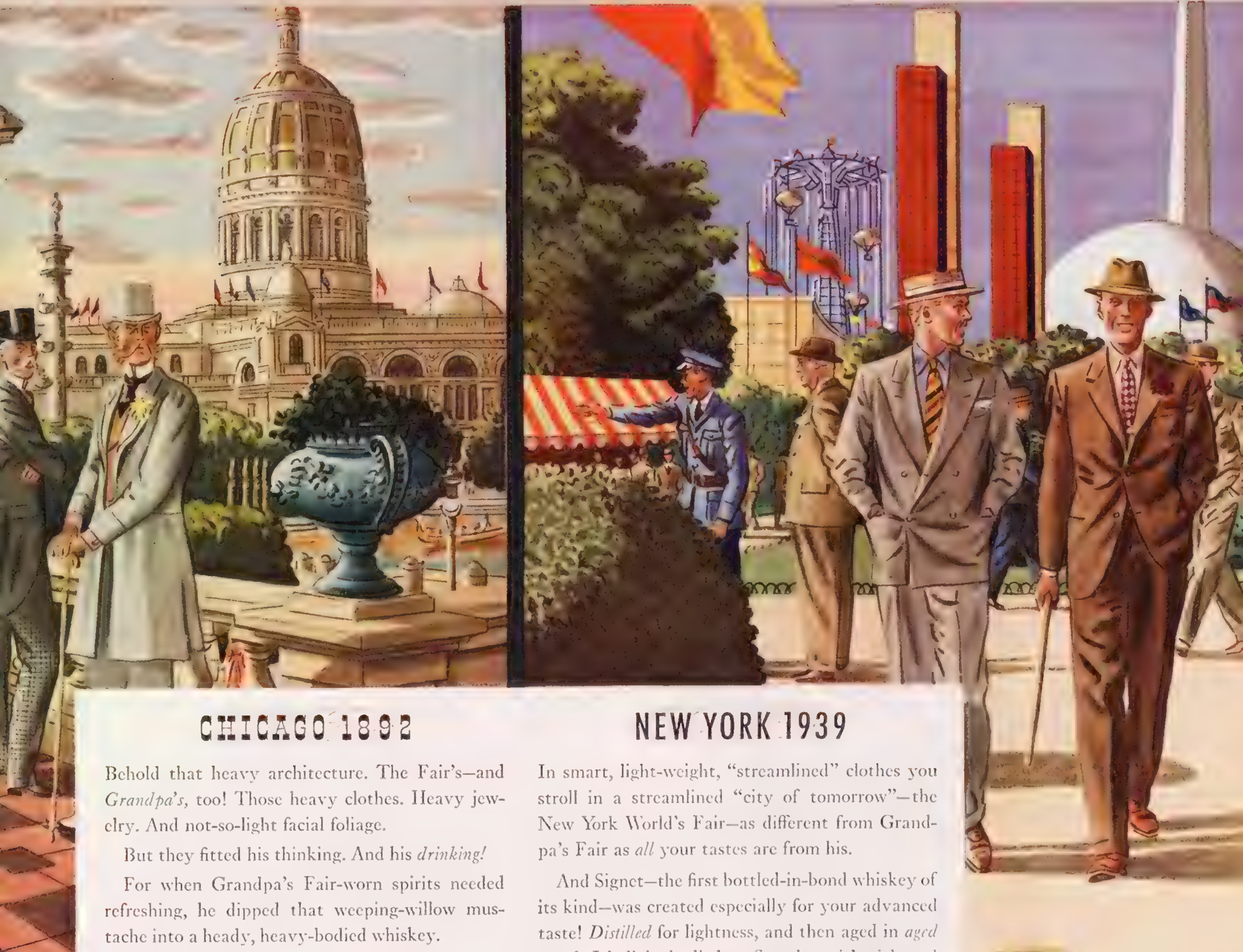
Campus work clothes . . .

These Princeton glamor boys have what it takes to qualify as accurate representations of what the smartly attired undergraduate is wearing. Anyone who follows their cue can't go wrong, but is there such a thing as going too right? The student at the left wears a Shetland suit in a new Moorit mixture that combines blue and tan to give a Lovat effect. His jacket is a currently fashionable reincarnation of a style that hasn't been seen for some years the use of four buttons on a single breasted coat, recently adopted by many a well turned out student at Yale and Princeton. The shirt is of Eton blue oxford with white spaced stripes and button down collar, contrasting with the foulard tie with white spots. Brown wing tip shoes and a rough finish semi-sports hat in a new blue-green grouse mixture complete the outfit. The man at the right wears a Harris tweed suit in crotal color with a wide spaced stripe. The jacket is a three-button model with long center vent, and replacing the vest is a knitted cashmere long sleeve cardigan. The accessories include an ivory colored oxford shirt, foulard bow tie, varsity cap and Norwegian model shoes with crepe soles.

For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

ALONG WITH FASHIONS IN FAIRS . . .

Your TASTE, too, has changed!



CHICAGO 1892

Behold that heavy architecture. The Fair's—and *Grandpa's,* too! Those heavy clothes. Heavy jewelry. And not-so-light facial foliage.

But they fitted his thinking. And his *drinking!*

For when Grandpa's Fair-worn spirits needed refreshing, he dipped that weeping-willow mustache into a heady, heavy-bodied whiskey.

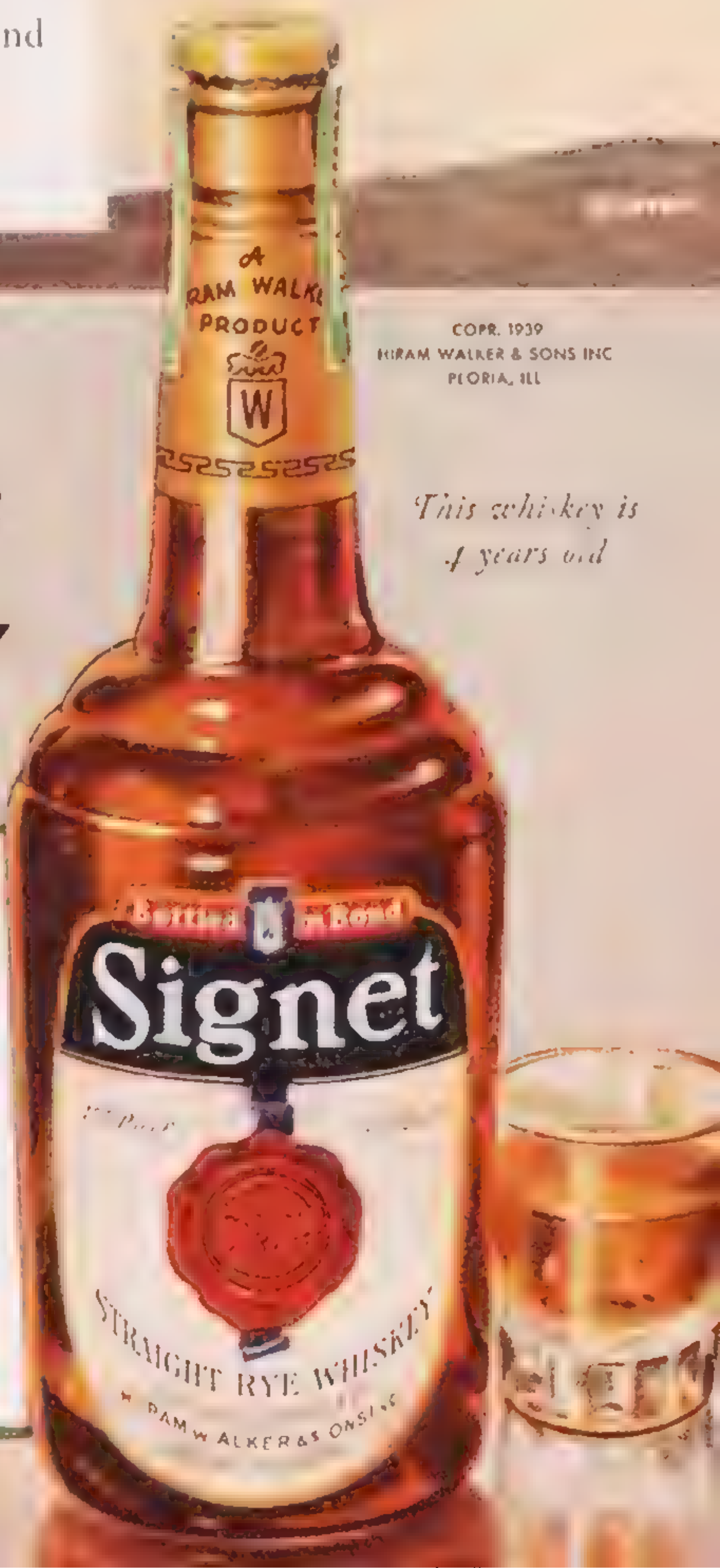
For that was the only kind of bottled-in-bond whiskey they could make with their old-style methods in those so-called "good old days"!

NEW YORK 1939

In smart, light-weight, "streamlined" clothes you stroll in a streamlined "city of tomorrow"—the New York World's Fair—as different from Grandpa's Fair as *all* your tastes are from his.

And Signet—the first bottled-in-bond whiskey of its kind—was created especially for your advanced taste! *Distilled* for lightness, and then aged in *aged* wood. It's light-bodied as Scotch . . . it's rich and ripe but not heavy.

Signal for Signet—for a new taste thrill!



COPR. 1939
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC
PEORIA, ILL

This whiskey is 4 years old

Light-bodied . . . for your Modern Taste

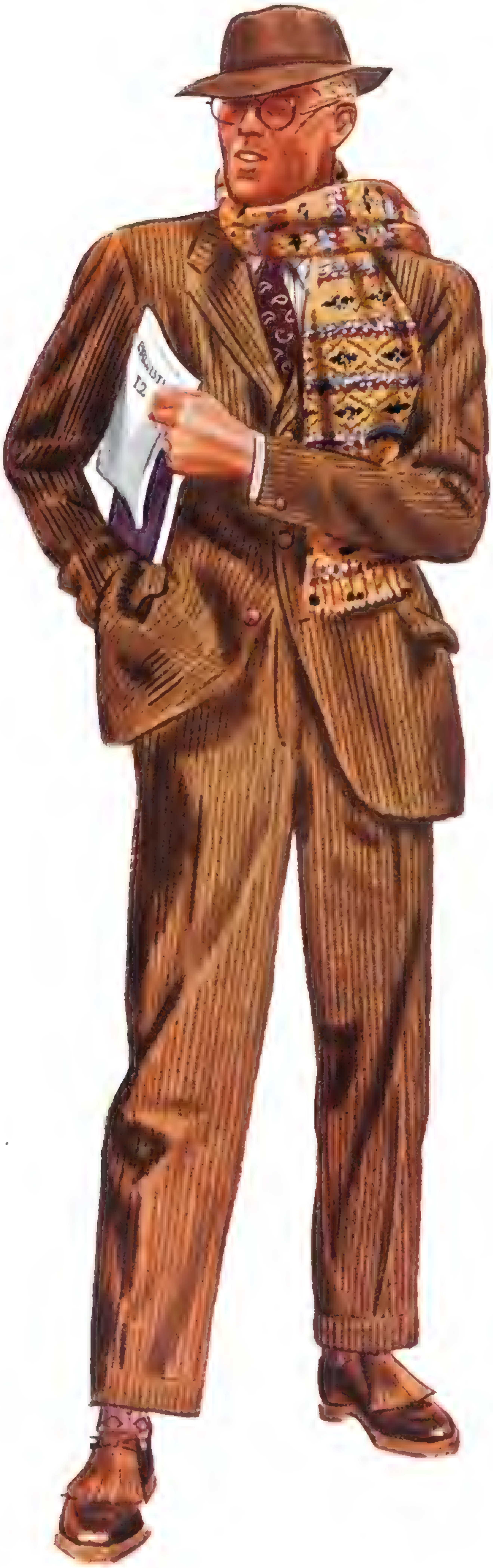
First Bonded Whiskey of its kind

Signet

Aged in *aged* wood . . .

Here is the reason for Signet's amazing lightness and delicacy. First it is distilled for lightness. It is light before it even reaches the ageing casks. Then, like the finest Canadian and Scotch whiskies and French brandies, Signet is aged in *aged* wood. Cradled for four years in casks pre-mellowed and enriched by prior use in aging other fine whiskies in the Hiram Walker distillery.

A new twist at Nassau . . .



If it was with some trepidation that we first introduced velvet cord trousers to these austere pages, you can imagine how we feel about showing off a complete suit made of the stuff. But there it is, as big as life. And the undergraduates at the smart Eastern universities are making it a "high fashion" addition to their wardrobes. Made in a three-button notched lapel single breasted model, the jacket has slanting flap pockets, nine-inch side vents and leather buttons, and the trousers are cut rather narrow with wide cuffs. If the wearer thereof decides it's too much of a good thing, the coat can be worn as an odd sports jacket, or the trousers with a tweed sports coat. The accessories can more or less be taken in stride. There is the grey, white and red club striped flannel shirt with soft lounge collar attached, wine color cashmere tie, and wool ribbed hose in all-over pattern. The Norwegian model shoes with crepe soles and heels and overlapping tongue owe their present popularity to the big boost they got at Yale. The colorful wool Fair Isle muffler is in the English university tradition. Completing the outfit is a fawn color rough finish semi-sports hat with low pudding basin crown, medium wide raw edge brim and narrow silk band.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Debutantes, Inc.

Continued from page 41

although it furnished much that was spectacular and glamorous, was lacking in one of the chief ingredients that appeal to the American people—well-organized competition. Americans, as Joe well knew, like sports because sporting events decide something—something that can be measured by definite results. You can argue all you want to about such things as socialism, birth control, surrealism, rearmament, free verse and the like, but how often can you point to definite results that prove the side you are taking is the right one beyond all possible doubt? Very seldom. On the other hand if you argue that the Yankees can knock the ears off the Cubs, the results of a World's Series prove indisputably whether you are a prophet or just another false alarm.

Although there was, of course, a certain amount of competition between the various debutantes launched by *Debutantes, Inc.*, Joe had soft-pedaled this and refrained from playing off one girl against another. True, certain society columnists and radio commentators had made their own unofficial rankings at the end of the season, but Joe had never encouraged them, and had, in fact, wished that they wouldn't do so.

Now he completely reversed his policy, and decided that competition should become the keynote of his organization. The question was, of course, on what basis the winning debutante should be decided, and, naturally, Joe had no trouble in finding the answer. His debutantes should be ranked according to their earnings at the end of the season. Previously he had kept these earnings secret. He now announced that they would be published, that the winner would be given a $5000 bonus, and be awarded the title of *Miss Debut, 1945*.

The success of this move was instantaneous. Debutante fans throughout the country selected their favorites, and put down wagers on the outcome. Gigantic betting pools were organized. Earnings were published at the end of each week to give the public more to go on, and tipsters sold sheets which purported to have the inside dope that Sue Beecham was a cinch to cop an endorsement contract with Cure-All Cigarettes or that Alicia Powers would sign with Behemoth Pictures before the week was up. *Variety*, of course, featured these earning figures, and enlivened them with such comments as: "Farquar up three grand over last week." "Thayer wowing them at El Mohambra."

Two years later, Balch was enabled to realize his dream—the erection of a gigantic show-place devoted exclusively to launching his firm's debutantes. He had tired of paying big rents to the fashionable hotels, and he had never cared much for their facilities which, of course, had become antiquated by the progress that *Debutantes, Inc.* had made. Debutante City, as he termed this magnificent edifice, was something to see. Its ballroom accommodated ten thousand dancers. A public address system enabled guests to be introduced immediately upon their entrance, and hence did away with the old-fashioned receiving line which had always been a hardship on the debutante and her mother and father. Instead of murmuring: "So glad you could come" two or three thousand times in succession to guests going down the receiving line, and clasping a like number of hands—a terrifically wearying process—the mother, a spotlight playing on her, simply snapped it out at half-hour intervals over the loud speakers, at the same time clasping her hands over her head in the manner of prize fighters who use that gesture to symbolize that they are shaking hands with everybody in the audience.

Debutante City, of course, was equipped for broadcasting and for television, the latter now well launched. National hookups conveyed the more spectacular coming out parties to every city and village in the country. Auto mechanics and farmers' wives became as familiar with the features, voices and dancing technique of the nation's ace debutantes as the boys from Harvard, Princeton and the Racquet Club. All this, of course, contributed to Joe's income from sidelines. He could sell the broadcasting and television rights for a pretty penny—usually to cosmetic manufacturers or dress designers. He organized the Debutante City Swingsters, a sixty-piece ensemble of killer-dillers, and he served his own brand of whiskey and champagne, thereby cutting out the profits of wholesalers, middlemen and retailers. A subsidiary of his, Glamor Gowns, supplied his stable of debs (so it was vulgarly called by some columnists) with clothes for their debuts, and he even got his cut from the jewelry.

And then Joe experienced a second set-back. It was he who had introduced the competitive angle to the debutante business, but this is not a country where competition can be monopolized. More and more girls were coming out, and a rival promoter, Harry Newsom, was quick to seize his opportunity and introduce a competing firm, called *Presenting To Society*. This organization managed to sign up a few of Joe's best prospects, but not many, and Joe wasn't particularly worried.

He was considerably more worried, however, when, at the end of its first season, *Presenting To Society* announced that Patricia Drake was the most popular deb of the year, having received eight thousand, four hundred and seven proposals of marriage as against six thousand and nine for her nearest rival. This was a bombshell for Joe Balch, because he rue-

Continued on page 144

Go Uptown in these three
$5 to 6.50

Brown calf, double sole. No. 17050. Also in black. Goldtone Tan with fancy tip.

UPTOWN AMSTERDAM LAST

Uptown Wing Tip Dutch type brown grain oxford, No. 21053. Also in smooth black.

Black calf dress oxford. No. 1730. Also in Town Tan.

Few Styles $7.50

YOU must have at least three pairs of shoes ...for country, semi-sports and town wear. GO UPTOWN in your selection and you go right! Impeccably smart, no leather substitutes to "break down," carefully styled, reasonably priced . . . reasons enough for you to follow well-dressed men going UPTOWN!

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND
Division of International Shoe Co.
SAINT LOUIS

DEALERS! Wire for representative

Write for FREE DESK KNIFE, STYLE FOLDER and DEALER'S NAME

Uptown
SHOES

The "Best Looking Pipe in America!"
—SAY
LEADING COLLEGE MEN

Club Give Dad a chance to sport his Club colors with a Varsity! High quality briar bowl allows cool, biteless smoking from the first puff.

Fraternity Dozens of combinations available for Class or Fraternity colors. Varsity's colors are *permanent;* won't chip or burn through.

Style Note Match up your new Varsity with your sportswear, sweater or any accessory—tie, hatband, shirt.

College Watch for Varsity this fall, on every college campus. Whether you're a veteran smoker or just a beginner—cool, dry Varsity will make your favorite tobacco taste *better*. Available in colors of 45 leading colleges.

Beneath Varsity's sleek, colorful exterior, you'll find the sweetest, smoothest-smoking pipe you ever put between your teeth. For *inside* its gleaming color shell is carefully seasoned, imported, virgin briar wood—the kind you expect only in expensive pipes. Tests show Varsity *won't break* under normal conditions.

Varsity is *cool;* kept that way by air spaces between shell and bowl. Its new type filter keeps it dry and free from clogging. In all popular combinations of colors, plain or mottled. See it today—your favorite dealer will have it!

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Name
Address
Dealer's Name and Address

Debutantes, Inc.

Continued from pages 41-143

fully perceived that he had neglected a very important feature of debutante-launching, since, after all, debutantes were still expected to get themselves husbands—that is, of course, after their careers were finished.

Joe rubbed his head for quite a while, and then he saw the light. He appointed several of his agents to investigate the *Presenting To Society* figures, and discovered exactly what he had suspected—that most of these proposals came from debutante-struck men who were in the lower income brackets or even on relief. He had to admit, however, that there was some merit in his rival firm's idea, and he accordingly announced that in the future, marriage proposals would count, along with gross earnings, in the ranking of his girls, but that only proposals from men with incomes of $15,000 or more a year would count.

This effectively spiked *Presenting To Society's* heaviest gun, and within a year it had gone out of business. Joe was now sitting prettier than ever, having the whole field to himself. He made additional money by taking his troupe on tours through the hinterland at the conclusion of the regular metropolitan coming-out season. In several cities, queues of fans (debby-bugs as they were popularly called) waited in line overnight to procure tickets, so great was the lure of personal appearances in an age where most entertainment was so highly mechanized.

This concludes the chronicle of Joe Balch's spectacular rise to the top, but perhaps a few words about his enterprise's effect on contemporary life will not be amiss. There had always been finishing schools dedicated to fitting young women to society, but as time went on they learned to adapt themselves to the changing conditions which Joe Balch had brought about. Courses in glamor were emphasized in these above all others, several of the better schools being staffed with veteran debs.

Such dry and academic subjects as history, philosophy, grammar and mathematics, although not abandoned entirely, were relegated more and more to the background. Dancing, dress, make-up, correct drinking and small talk came in for a great deal of attention, and a subject that ran a close second to glamor was Business Tactics, whereby girls were enabled to learn the fine points in procuring favorable contracts for their future careers in the various fields of entertainment and advertising.

There was also a notable change in the attitude of fathers of social prominence. Previously the birth of a girl had caused all but the most fabulously rich fathers a good deal of trepidation at the prospect of expending large sums of money for their daughter's debut some eighteen years hence. But now girls were no longer financial liabilities, but undoubted assets so long as they could be trusted not to grow up wall-eyed or tongue-tied. When the stork brought a girl, fathers passed out cigars and basked in the spotlight, showered with envious congratulations. Very often such an occurrence meant an advancement in the father's brokerage office or bank—on the theory that, later on, he would be able to contribute funds to the firm and get it publicity when his daughter grew up and started earning money for him.

Conversely, the birth of a boy was a disappointment. No cigars or champagne passed around. Just a resigned sigh, and the thought: "Well, better luck next time." There had even been hints of cases of infanticide with boy babies, but these rumors were never confirmed. Most fathers were shrewd enough to see that boys were a necessary evil.

The elimination of boys would mean the elimination of the stag line and therefore, eventually, the elimination of debutantes themselves. For the good of the system boys still had to be tolerated. This was an exemplary case of true vision, of taking the long view, and the wealthy fathers of this land are to be congratulated on recognizing the fact.

In 1949 there was, it is true, a bit of a scandal when it became known that one of Balch's leading money-makers had been adopted by her family only five years before she came out, but the girl had so much charm that all was forgiven. In the future Joe took the precaution to specify that he would launch no debutante who had been adopted by a prominent family after she had celebrated her second birthday. Moreover, this scandal didn't loom at all large in view of the results of the school-girl poll of that year. Girls from *Debutante, Inc.'s* stable finished first, second, third, fifth and ninth in the first ten positions on the list of America's most distinguished women. It was even rumored that the leader, Veronica Carpenter, might run for president. She never did, though. ###

Why Birth Control?
By MARGARET SANGER
Inside Russia
By WALTER DURANTY
LOOK
NOT FOR PUBLICATION!
PHOTOS MOVIE STARS SUPPRESSED
Aug. 15
1939
10¢
Margaret Lindsay

LOOK REPORTS ON CIRCULATION

1,557,547

FIRST SIX MONTHS AVERAGE

THE PUBLIC PAID NEARLY $2,000,000.00 TO READ THE 13 ISSUES IN THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF 1939

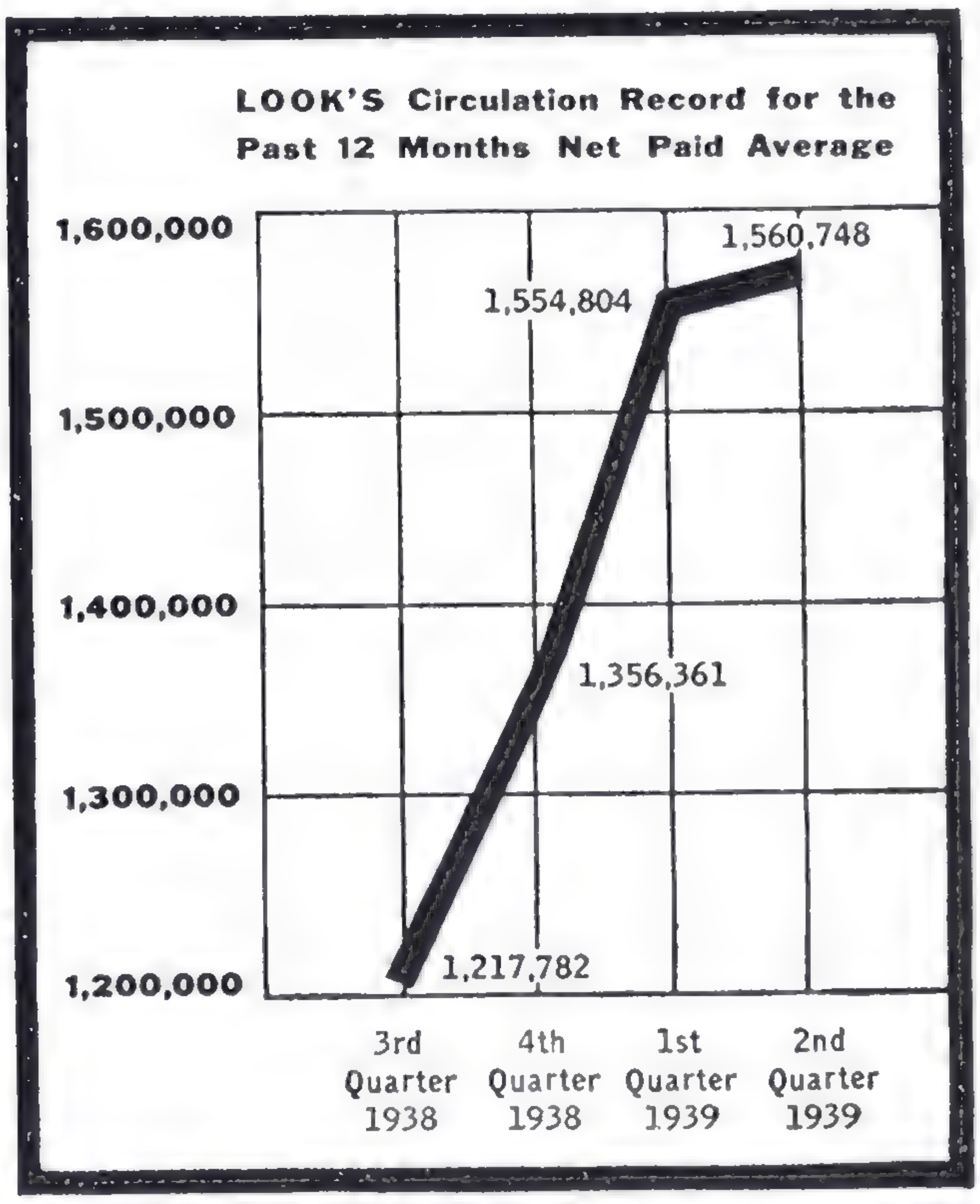
● LOOK's circulation continues UPWARD!* Glance at the chart. Note how LOOK is consistently adding new reader families to its audience.

Note well that LOOK's second quarter average for 1939 is higher than its first quarter. This is a complete reversal of the normal trend of magazine circulation, especially of magazines whose sale is predominantly newsstand. Immediately one asks why is LOOK selling more copies, issue by issue, regardless of seasonal trend?

The reason is obvious! The public wants LOOK—wants it enough to spend over $150,000 every-other-week to read it. LOOK has the kind of reader interest that pulls buyers back issue after issue—reader interest that carries every member of over 1,500,000 families through it from cover to cover—reader interest that brings every reader, young and old, face to face with every advertisement. That's why LOOK has become a great selling force.

*The June 20th issue of LOOK—1,653,150

Look is read cover-to-cover by everyone in the entire family



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Back to the Campus in the New Cyril Johnson

Coverts in Color

For your Fall Topcoat —Range 14 Wool Twist Covert — or Range 23 Tivoli Venetian.

In a thousand university stores the word is going around that Cyril Johnson Coverts are going to be big on the campus this Fall. Big in topcoats, suits, slacks, ensembles—big in greens, blues, grays, browns as well as the classic natural. So if you want to *look right* and *be* right, wear coverts in color. Not any old coverts, but real Cyril Johnson Coverts, the fabrics that started the covert trend. Don't let the price tag worry you. It's lower than you think!

P. S. ESQUIRE agrees that coverts are the things to wear, and ESQUIRE ought to know.

A CYRIL JOHNSON FASHION FIRST

For your new three-button sack suit — Range 134 Covert in the exclusive "Devon Cord" weave.

MILLS AT STAFFORD SPRINGS, CONN.

Fun for One and All

Continued from page 65

little song—the rushes of words with the slight retard just at the pay-off or punch line. Sentimental episodes, a touch of the scabrous delivered with a smile, accepted with a roar. It was skillful and I didn't see it at all, and then Suzy came and sat down at a table and a man she called Brue got up and she told him to go right into his act and not to horse around the way he did last night and one of the prettiest acts in the world started.

Because Brue did horse around and his horsing consisted entirely of telling about his approaching marriage to Suzy and she laughed it off, in vexation, and he kept it up and presently he was mixing up his marriage to Suzy with international politics—very much in the style of the pre-War cabarets which were centers of political discussion and not dance halls. Brue's high spot was a reference to his future mother-in-law who asked him who the little man was in Germany with the patch of mustache on his lip; he actually made it believable; politically the audience liked best a reference to FDR's refusal to awake at 5 in the morning to hear what Hitler had to say.

Of course, you couldn't assume that the people listening here were at all of the same income group or general level of education as the people across the Channel the night before. There were no doubt parallels to Brue's wit somewhere in London, and parallels to the sentimental recitation somewhere in France. It happened that what I did hit, in connection with the world situation, was a 1910-Kipling-and-Empire effect in London, a dry sarcasm in Paris.

Most of Suzy's audience liked her and liked the political stuff; they thought the backchat between her and Brue was mildly amusing. To me the apparently instant change of method and expression, the quick impromptu as the man led the dialogue, was miraculous; Suzy said that they had no rehearsal, only went through a routine sheet, so that she knew more or less how long he was going to work the wedding gag, and about whom his political hits were going to be. Beyond that she had to improvise as he did and there were moments when her pleading with him to drop the gag was painfully sincere— as she was not able to keep up with him any longer. It was altogether a nice bit of production, featuring two people who were far from having excessive personalities, not pressing in any way, just saying, here are two attractive people— watch them.

Maybe it's as well there wasn't a transatlantic airplane the next day. The shock of landing at 18 West 52 would have ruined me. I had heard about Mr. White and his doings; but that's no good. I had heard about Jimmy Durante, too, for about six weeks before I got to see him; Mr. Benchley had said a few words. But this time I didn't believe what people said. I was a fool.

It seems that a lot of people know only one thing about Jack White, which is that he'll insult you, in one way or another, before the night is out. There's his famous crack to an unoffending baldhead: "Remind me to get a spotlight with hair on it so I can put you in a good light." But the insults are nothing. The acts, if you can call them acts, of the nightly show, are nothing. The production is everything.

A generation younger than my own, by six months or so, doesn't remember the great Durante-trio and will think me pedantic for mentioning the past; but those of us who lived way back in 1930 will see it at once. The Jack White show is a legitimate descendant of Durante; the noises and the interruptions and the cockeyed general effect are the same. The difference is this:

The Durante show used to build to a wild climax in such a scene as *The Americans Are Coming* or *Wood;* in these scenes, usually the finale of the show, the three performers, the boy from the men's room, and assorted others, would all go completely nuts, breaking up furniture, throwing telephones, jeering at the audience, and otherwise making a night of it. And in Jack White's show, this climax has been taken over and made the base or foundation—the norm or standard—and the show goes on from there. Its quietest moment is a cyclone; in the tiny space of a nightclub floor, it detonates like *Hellzapoppin.* And it never slackens off. Even when girls sing or dance, the comedians are working around them, winding up for another outburst. (There are three comedians, but the club is Jack White's and he is the works; the other two—Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers—seem like normal human beings—comparatively.) In the midst of a hot dance number, one of them appears, half-dressed, with a bow and arrow, cries out, "I shot an arrow into the air—God how many arrows I lose" and that's all of that—the dance goes on. Or White breaks his own act, starting off with instructions to the pianist: "Give me a couple of bars of *Night and Day*—(Pause) that's enough"— and only then the pianist gets in the first note. And by accident or design there is always a procession of visitors, waiters, comedians, and paying customers making its way to the men's room while White is on. And coming back.

In a couple of weeks I'll feel strong enough to go back to the place and see the late show (beginning around 3 o'clock) which, they tell me, is hotter by far than the children's hour I saw. Maybe the insults and the dirt are more emphatic in the second show; nothing I heard (except one howling impropriety which was also a mean crack) was vital to the general run and effect of the show. The only vital thing was a method of production which made you think of the few great moments in burlesque, the very topnotch bits in slapstick.

And that happens to be right in the groove of some of the best shows now current. *Hellzapoppin* and its little cousin *The Streets of Paris*—smaller in scale, but with superior comedians, Bobby Clark, Luella Gear, Abbott and Costello, all banging about, all terrific in their energy and violence and speed. And, of course, ninety per cent of what's good in entertainment at the Fair has the same atmosphere and volume and pace. It isn't a revival of anything; it's just the good old stuff coming up to the top again.

Singularly different from the music hall in London and the nightclub in Paris. Different; I'm not authorized to say anything more. #

"Candy's Dandy but Liquor's Quicker"

Continued from page 56

corner, there lurks a motto which seldom fails to place a smile on my lips and a shadow on my spirit.

For it points out, in rhymes that rhyme and words that moil about the memory, that "Candy Is Dandy, but Liquor Is Quicker." It seems to me that Ogden Nash said that first.

Candy is dandy; liquor is quicker. Liquor is quicker; candy is dandy. Candy, dandy. Dandy, candy. Liquor, quicker. Quicker, liquor. Backward, forward, it always says the same thing. And it dances through the brain, a sadistic sort of saraband.

Although not yet a dipsomaniac, there are times when Old Man Dipsomania is just around the corner, alcoholic interludes when the fabulous fellow's breath, mordant and unmistakable, makes the proximity of its owner known.

Yet, so far and no thanks to you, I have managed to call a halt, bejittered though it be, at the barrier where the lack of sobriety ends and sheer soddenness begins.

Close to, this barrier is not a pretty palisade. Nor is it the most impregnable.

But, jerry built and vulnerable as it is, I, rather than it, am weakening. A refugee from would-be helping hearts and in the presence of a fifth one, I ofttimes put my patrons on the pan. Beginning with the penthouse lady and ending with the immaculate old gentleman, I want to know, "What's the score?" and "What's the answer?" "What's the use?" and "What the hell?" But not to their faces. Not yet!

Thus do I get myself in practice.

Almost any day now, if these self-appointed helper-uppers don't stop picking on me—*they* call it "coming to my rescue"—I'm going to forget that I'm a gentleman—when sober. I'm going to tell them where they get off. And I'm going to keep on telling them until the bus from Bellevue comes along and the guy on the back steps tells me where I get on.

That is what I say to myself along about the fifth one.

But, after a night's sleep, a morning's prairie oyster and a long, cold shower, I know—or I think I know—that it was my pal John Barleycorn who made me babble babyishly out of turn, who put those iconoclastic ideas in my head.

Sober as a judge, if not a whole lot soberer, I ask myself: Why stick that head out in the direct line of a lecture?

What lecture?

Why the lecture that begins: "Now listen, Robert, you've been drinking again. And don't you deny it! It's written all over you. Look at your eyes! Look at your hands! Look at your whole unhappy self. Is that the Robert we used to know? Of course it isn't. We all love you, my dear, when you're your own attractive self. But it's asking too much to—"

Of course it is! But then, I didn't ask you.

After which you, with a good deed 'round your shoulders, go complacently upstairs to dress for dinner, while I, the belittled butt of your would-be beneficence, go downstairs and around to Butch's. There, surrounded by the easy-going yes men whose leader is my friend John Barleycorn, I make the noblest of efforts to forget that I'm the pitiful specimen of humanity you, from the kindness of your heart, made me out to be.

Butch pours them with a high hand.

And, as he does so, poor dear Robert is magnificently sick and tired of being rallied 'round.

Speaking first-person singularly, I've got myself to contend with. And for twenty-four hours each day. You give me a talking-to. It bucks *you* up, but it gets *me* down. Then you give me a dinner or a theatre. Both, maybe. The food and entertainment help, but not a great deal. Afterward, you lecture me again. To you, it's like a shot of brandy. To me, it's—

Well, I go home and ask myself if the dinner and the theatre are worth the lecture? Or would it have been wiser to go to the Automat, have a pot of beans and drop in at a movie later on? I realize full well that candy, the candy of your superior food and excellent entertainment, is dandy. But liquor, for its part, is quicker. And no scolding on the side!

That's why I often look like hell.

And that's why I wish you'd pull yourself together and try letting bad enough alone where my drinking is concerned. We've tried it your way. We've tried it for some time now. It hasn't done a mite of good and I'm sure it has done no little harm. Be he what he may be, I think you have no right to humble a man in his own eyes.

God Himself has not yet assumed that prerogative. #

THOSE ARE STRONG WORDS MAN!

..But the "475" Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER SHAVES CLOSE AS A STRAIGHT-EDGE... AND FASTER!

Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER
S
New "475"-HOLE SCREENED COMB
Thinner THAN A SPLIT WHISKER
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TRY IT!
USE IT!
SEE FOR YOURSELF!

Wherever and *whenever* electric shavers are discussed you hear praise of the marvelous new "475" Shavemaster. The "475" Comb, only two-thousandths of an inch thin and screened with 335 *more* holes than the original "140" comb, is a marvel of precision workmanship. The new Hollow-Ground Cutter, with its double, razor-keen cutting edges, gets the whiskers coming and going with its lightning-fast oscillations. It makes over 8,000,000 cutting actions per minute.

Briefly, the "475" Shavemaster gives to every man what every man has asked for in an electric shaver—shaves close as a straight-edge in less time without fuss or bother. And it is powered by the famous Shavemaster brush-type, series-wound, self-starting motor that can handle a man-size beard in manly fashion.

Your favorite dealer will let you try Shavemaster with the new "475" Comb and Cutter. He has a convenient demonstration unit for this purpose. $15.00 AC, DC. (If you have a Shavemaster and wish to replace your present Comb and Cutter with the "475" set, you can do so for $1.00.)

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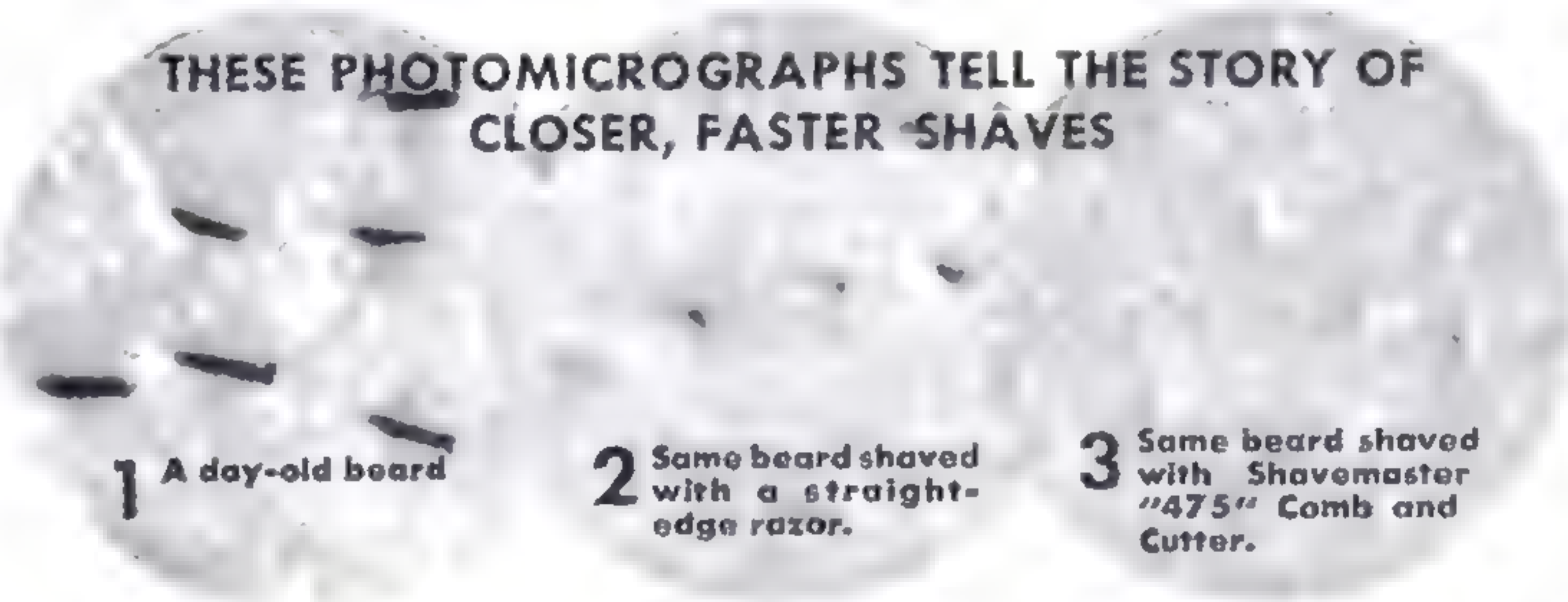
50 YEARS MAKING QUALITY PRODUCTS


THESE PHOTOMICROGRAPHS TELL THE STORY OF CLOSER, FASTER SHAVES
1 A day-old beard
2 Same beard shaved with a straight-edge razor.
3 Same beard shaved with Shavemaster "475" Comb and Cutter.

These unretouched Photomicrographs were taken by A. C. Lonert, bacteriologist and staff member of Loyola University, Chicago

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for fit, freedom and comfort

The "Zipster," just one of a group of men's sweaters made by Jantzen, in buttoned, slide-fastened and pull-over types. By an exclusive and ingenious knitting technique Jantzen adapts the famous stretch of "Lastex" yarn to create an entirely new and utterly different luxury material for sport and lounge wear, "Suede-Sheen." Just to try on one of these modern, streamlined sweaters is a revelation. Due to their astonishing elasticity, they cling snugly yet give easily. By the same token they do not sag or bag. "Suede-Sheen" has a richness and beauty of texture, a soft feel, a lustrous glow never before achieved in knitted fabric. The "Zipster" comes in sizes 36 to 44, in Maroon, Bahama Blue, Navy Blue and Cossack Green. If any store cannot supply you, write to Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon, giving the name of the store.

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Write to the address below for new World's Fair booklet, outlining the uses and advantages of "Lastex" yarn in all types of apparel and accessories for men, women and children.

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THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, 1790 Broadway, New York City

William Marion Reedy: Feaster

Continued from page 67

wailed loudly. "I am broke."

But just the same his comprehensive eyes roamed the world. He seemed to see everything like a revolving lighthouse.

He wrote me that a novel on Altgeld and Herndon would be a fine contribution to Americanism. He wanted to be present at the unveiling of the monument to Herndon at Springfield; his letters wandered about in comment on Powys, on the dinner given to Yeats in Chicago, on the unintelligible *Blast* beginning to be published in England, on *Broom* which made its appearance in Rome, on the crowd of strange half-wits that poured forth their drivel in the name of poetry, and on one of them in particular who wrote a poem on potatoes that seemed to come right out of an institution for the feeble minded. That poem was read at the Yeats dinner. Yeats sat there his face masked with boredom and contempt. In one letter he observed that Wilson hated the English because neither Oxford nor Cambridge had given him a degree, and also because the English had flouted his history of the American people.

Finally the death of Roosevelt seemed to end a period of his own life. He wrote, "The death of Roosevelt has depressed me more than anything of the kind that I can now recall." His days were ending not only in the physical sense of his own being, but as livable time.

In the February before he died in July he suffered a rupture of an artery in the eye, and for the time went totally blind in that eye. The first I knew of this was a humorous paragraph in the *Mirror* to the effect that in going to a streetcar he had seen a woman get off the steps and was able to see the color of her stocking, as well as the trim proportions of her leg. His eye was all right again and hurrah for that! I was concerned about him, and wrote that I was coming to St. Louis to see him. Back came a letter from him in which the welcome was mild, to say the least of it. He said that he was living with his wife in one room not big enough for "us and the dog. There ain't no booze to be had except with great difficulty." The restaurants were quiet and dull, the old cronies scattered. Everybody hated everybody. There was no use for me to come. No use except for me to see him for the last time, as I felt it would be for the last time. And so I went, and put up at a hotel in order to make no trouble for him.

It was about nine-thirty in the morning when I telephoned him that I was there. He seemed glad enough, and I went at once to his office.

There I found him scarcely changed, except for his manner. His eyes were large and full of light, as they always were; he was freshly shaved and looked rested. It was a Saturday so that he had nothing much to do. But he kept puttering around at his desk, taking up and laying down letters. He kept going to his little bookcase and taking out books and then putting them back; he kept leaving his chair and then going back to it. Till finally thinking that he had something on his mind I said that I would go out to see some people and return at luncheon time. And I did, as he acquiesced quietly.

I took him out to luncheon to one of our favorite places, where in other days we had feasted and laughed. The charm was utterly gone. When we returned to his office he said that his wife wanted to see me and that we would go out to his apartment. It was a long way on the streetcar. For some reason his wife would not run her electric car downtown to take us out.

We entered the one-room apartment. My eyes first rested on the breakfast table, not yet cleared. Egg shells, coffee grounds, cups and saucers, plates smeared with eggs, pieces of bread greeted my eyes. The Murphy bed was still down, on which sheets and pillows were tumbled. The rug on the floor only partially covered it. Against one of the walls was a small writing desk. There was not a book in the room. I wondered about his classical library, his Horace and Lucretius, his Pausanias, his Greek dramatists, his Virgil, but particularly the copy of Homer which I had given him and which brought him such happiness. And about his quaint collection of English books, like Sir Thomas Overbury, like Sir Thomas More whose *Urn Burial* was a book he read over and over. Every book was gone. And I could understand what it was to be in that room at half-past three in the morning with no drink, with the furnace out, and swarmed about by thoughts of a ruined country, as he thought America was. There was no chance for delight with him here, nor for interesting conversation. There was only the silence and the dust of a tomb.

Having thus performed my mission, useless as it turned out, I got up to go to the train. Reedy went out with me, and walked across a vacant block to the streetcar. I boarded it and he stood waving to me as the car disappeared.

In June he came to Chicago to a political convention. The first I knew of this was a letter from him saying that he had not looked me up because he was full of business and occupied with going around with politicians. He was then on his way to San Francisco—from which place no letter at all. But he was writing back to the *Mirror*, so that I knew about his climbing the hills of that city, about his excursions on the bay fishing for tuna. And finally his vivid description of one of these jaunts, and of his catching a huge tuna

Continued at top of page 150

PRELUDE TO MAGNIFICENCE...

ALMOST a full year in production, the finest Christmas edition ESQUIRE has ever published will make its appearance on November fifteenth.

More than merely a special issue, the Christmas ESQUIRE has become a tradition of holiday cheer in print. And for Christmas, 1939, ESQUIRE can definitely promise a new high in luxurious gala contents.

Look for innovations that have never before been attempted . . . gay, colorful portfolios that open up to virtual "mural" size . . . a variety of special features that will add new zest to your holiday fare . . . full-color reproductions graced with gold and silver inks . . . all in all, a custom-built volume fully worthy of being preserved alongside your fine editions.

Created primarily for prestige and good will, regardless of cost, ESQUIRE'S Christmas issue will be truly a double value. And doubly remarkable in that there will be no increase in price! Each additional page, each extra feature, will be a "reader-dividend," a seasonal bonus to the loyal army of ESQUIRE fans.

NOTE: Due to the expense involved and to the extra production-time required for this special issue, only a limited number of copies of the Christmas '39 ESQUIRE can be printed over and above the normal press-run. May we suggest, therefore, that to avoid disappointment you reserve copies for yourself and your friends now. Address ESQUIRE, INC., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois . . . or see your newsdealer.

From New York's Torrents to
California's Heavy Dews

RAINFAIR *Presents*

Coast-to-Coast coverage in smart rainwear

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Ziprain

Smart Appearance plus showerproof practicality. The Ziprain is styled with Bond Street details . . . balmacaan collar, slash-thru pockets, railroad stitching on the sleeves and the bottom of the coat, Talon-fastened slide-front. Featured in "hedge" green and the new "bone" shade approved by current Beau Brummels here and abroad. Even undergraduates who are working their way through can afford the Ziprain at *this* price: $12.50.

The New, Phantomweight
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Zephyr

A miracle coat of pure silk fabric, "K-treated" with Koroseal*, an amazing new discovery. The Zephyr contains no rubber or oil. Grease won't hurt it. Mildew, moths or sun won't harm it. And wet or dry, the Zephyr won't stick, harden, crack, stretch or shrink. You can wash it, or clean it with a damp cloth. Zephyrs are so low-priced that you can scatter them all over your customary haunts: home, office, club, fraternity house, car, and your girl's apartment. It's a phantomweight price, too: $5.00. (Complete with handy case to match.)

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RAINFAIR

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William Marion Reedy: Feaster

Continued from pages 67-148

appeared in the *Mirror*. This was after his death. It was one of those pieces that went over the country and was copied everywhere, as much of his writing was all along. It was a good swan song. He was not much to give away to lamentations, to complain of his health. About a year before this at the luncheon table in Chicago his face had suddenly blanched as his eyes grew wide and perspiration rolled off his face. When he rallied he said "that was one of 'em," referring to the attacks of angina that had been afflicting him. And that's what ended him in San Francisco after a day of climbing hills. He was staying there with some single tax friends. At midnight they heard him groaning and entered his room where they stood about the bed in a kind of helpless horror. He said, "You are afraid I am going to die; I'm afraid I can't." And with those words he died. "Pay a cock to Esculapius" were not more courageous.

In the auditorium of the Lawyers' Association in St. Louis about two thousand people gathered to pay their last respects to their notable man. There were priests and clergymen, politicians and newspapermen, society women and women of the lower world, newsboys, criminals. Massenet's *Elegy* was played, and some of this crowd followed out to the cemetery where he was buried without a prayer, without a word. He was outside the church, yes outside the church and everything else.

A fat man, a feaster, a Dionysian, he lived the intellectual life, and he helped many to find themselves and to express themselves. He first published the poems of Sara Teasdale, he counseled and helped Zoe Akins, he wrote praise, and praise that was valuable, of Dreiser. Amid a thousand distractions he kept in touch with all that was going on in the world, in particular with the writing world. His generosity, his outflowing mind sustained many minds. From the fact that he wrote no book, and didn't want to write any, he had no feeling of rivalry. He left his memory with many people who did write and who will at last present him as the figure that he really was. ⧺

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 92

I attended the Moscow Theater Festival the front rows were crowded with American and English producers getting ideas. It was inferred that because Theater Project Director Hallie Flanagan devoted 147 out of 280 pages in her book on new methods of theater production to the Russian theater, she was therefore a Communist. If she is, the evidence failed to prove it: it showed only that she agreed with other experts as to what is important in the contemporary theater.

Without probing thoroughly the other investigations—music, having no nudes, wasn't exciting enough to rate more than casual mention—I was convinced that the investigators not only hadn't the slightest notion of what they were talking about, of what good art, good drama, great music means, but that they weren't even casually interested.

The hearings demonstrated that the average Congressman is as void of feeling for the fine arts as a man can be without collapsing bodily and that he is not at all ashamed of his condition but, on the contrary, is rather proud of it.

They proved that he is as dirty-minded as the lowest of us, still thinks the undraped figure is immoral and doesn't know that the District of Columbia, as well as his own constituency is full of fountains, trophies, and monuments, the only possible remedy for which is dynamite, even though their design doesn't include a female figure free from that defect known to the photographers as underexposure.

But practically everybody outside of Congress knows this by now. There is no need in laboring the point.

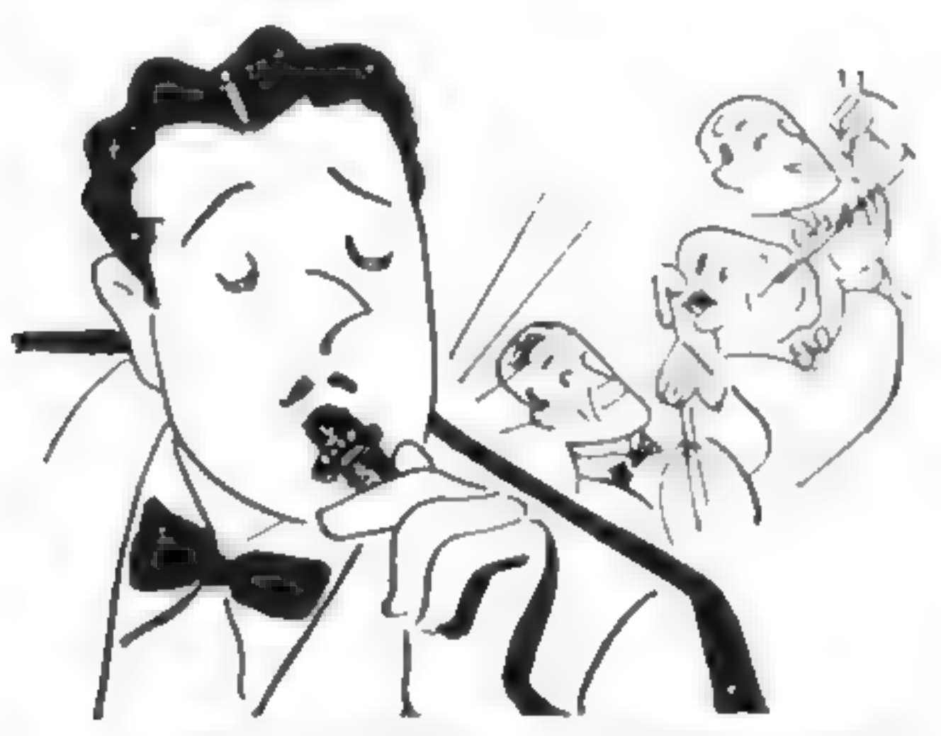
The problem is not what we are going to do about inefficiency and Communist tendencies in existing Federal Arts projects, but what we are going to do about art.

Are we serious in our professed disposition to carry our social responsibilities further than providing every lower class dog with a manger to lie in, whether he is able to pay for it or not?

Are we going to work intelligently to develop our national capacity for self-expression in the arts, and provide all our people with an appetite for beauty and music of depth and strength? After bread and butter, are we going to give them Beethoven and Brahms?

Or will we continue to denounce the demagogue, wave the flag, trust to the politicians, and do nothing to prepare for our ripening old age? ⧺

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



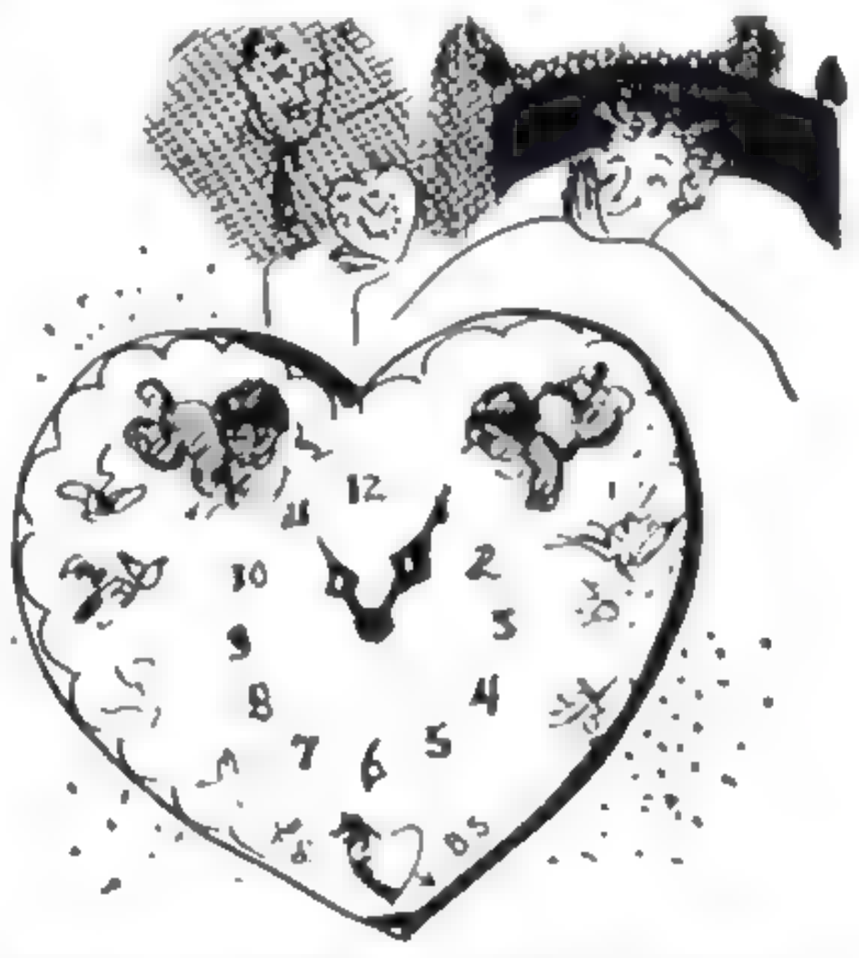
MAESTRO WITH A WHISTLE

Johnny Green, hailed as something of a prodigy at the tender age of 12, has carried on nobly despite such an unfortunate label and, to date, has shown no tendencies to disappoint his early admirers. Composer of popular music and modern classics, conductor of symphonies and dance bands, his "Body and Soul" is practically a musical milestone and his "Night Club Suite" sufficiently impressed the New York Philharmonic Society so that it was presented at the Lewisohn Stadium under Paul Whiteman's baton, with Green himself as soloist. And Mr. Green, the maestro, holds the bandleader record of two and one-half sponsored hours on the networks every week. That, the radio people will tell you, is a lot of sponsoring.

All this can undoubtedly be ascribed to heredity, pre-natal influence, or something, for both Mr. and Mrs. Green senior were decidedly musical. Before he had reached a respectable school-boy age, young John had mastered the piano and at 16, while a freshman at Harvard, he wrote his first song hit, "Coquette". No little encouraged by this undergraduate success, he breezed into Paramount Studio's New York offices after graduation, looking for a song-writer's job and was hired—as a rehearsal pianist. No whit fazed, he promoted himself several sustaining radio programs and finally acquired a sponsor and his first commercial show in 1933. After a series of programs with Jack Benny in '35, Mr. Green was, what is commonly called, a very successful young man.

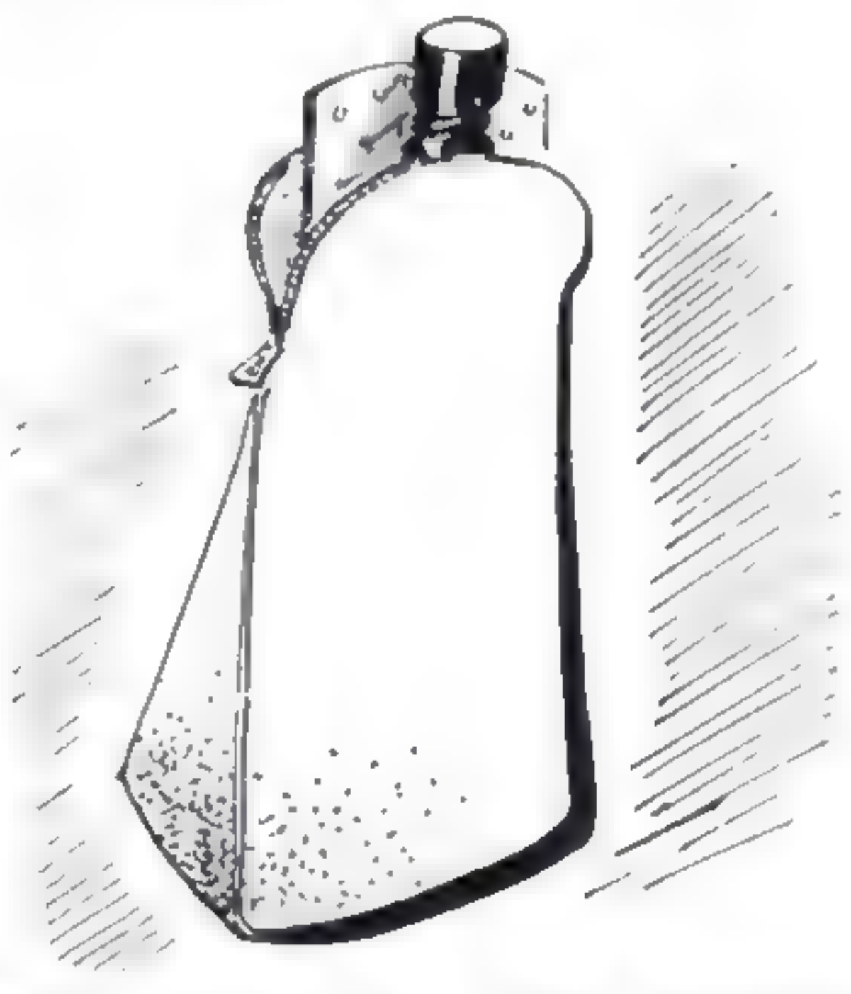
Rehearsal time in the Green studio offers a hilarious show that runs "Hellzapoppin'" a strong second. Green conducts with a whistle instead of the customary baton-rapping, a procedure that has turned out to be definitely effective as well as bizarre. When the individual passages have been thoroughly rehearsed, Green shouts, "We're off" and blasts loudly on the whistle. The result is unusual momentum and enthusiasm. To break the monotony of repetition, he occasionally gives a two-blaster—after which the orchestra returns to the passages which have been giving it trouble and play them deliberately off-key. "It relaxes them," Green explains.

A true metropolite, he hates leaving New York. When one of his programs took him to the coast recently, his life was barren in the midst of plenty. The happy hunting grounds of Hollywood left him cold, as did the eternal summer and the too ample opportunities to play golf. "It's a swell game—golf", says Mr. Green, "but out there it loses its kick; you never have to worry about anything. In New York you worry about the lack of time and bad weather; it makes the game interesting. Hazards."



PROMOTING EMOTIONAL SECURITY

This heart shaped clock isn't a gag—it's part and parcel of a definitive program for inducing good, sound sleep. Experts on such matters say that emotional tranquillity is one of the first laws of sound repose. That's where the clock comes in. When the man of the house is away, the clock stays by his wife's bedside as a constant reminder of his abiding affection, lulling her off to sleep with pleasant thoughts of marital harmony and security. The clock is hand-painted with colorful cherubs, garlands and a monogram if you want it. It tells time for her, too.



NO BREAK FOR THE BOTTLE

The only connection between milk of magnesia and a quart of scotch is that both come in bottles—and both, ipso facto, are objects of no little concern when they have to be packed and carried among clean shirts. A bottle guard of some sort often becomes a necessity when traveling. The one illustrated above has a cushioned construction that should prevent breakage even though dropped. If a bottle leaks or some kind customs officer bounces it a little too vigorously, its absorbent interior and moisture proof cover will protect the other contents of your suit case. Well made, it's perfectly at home in best of luggage, has a zipper closing and comes in several colors.

DEAL'S OFF, MR. GUSTO! NEXT TIME WEAR JOCKEY LONGS!
KER-CHOO!

SIGN UP FOR Jockey Longs!
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Active men everywhere are sold on this new-type underwear!

● Jockey Longs are expressly designed for cool-weather protection. Don't confuse them with old-fashioned, bulky garments. Jockey Longs are trim, smart, streamlined—a twin to your skin and a foe to squirming! Masculinized to fit everywhere patented Y-Front construction gives mild, restful support. No bulk . . . no bind . . . no buttons! Convenient angled opening cannot gap. Knitted your skin can breathe! Add several pairs of Longs to your Jockey Underwardrobe now. Light or heavy cotton; wool mixtures. Contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to 6 years. It isn't Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Y-FRONT. PATENT of COOPERS. Inc.
OPENING
Jockey UNDERWEAR
NO GAP OPENING
WEARING KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
VARIED LENGTHS

Longs, 75c up per garment. Shorts, 50c up. Modern, two-piece underwear

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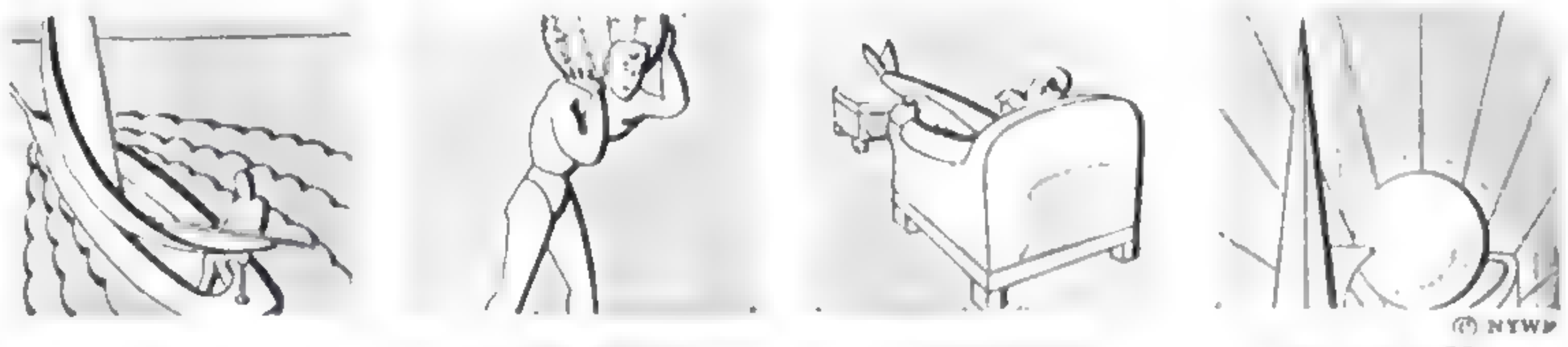

▪ TRIM *as a racing yacht—sleek foundation*

▪ SUPPORTING *—mild but firm—restful*

▪ COMFORTABLE *as your favorite chair*

▪ MODERN *as the World's Fair—streamlined*

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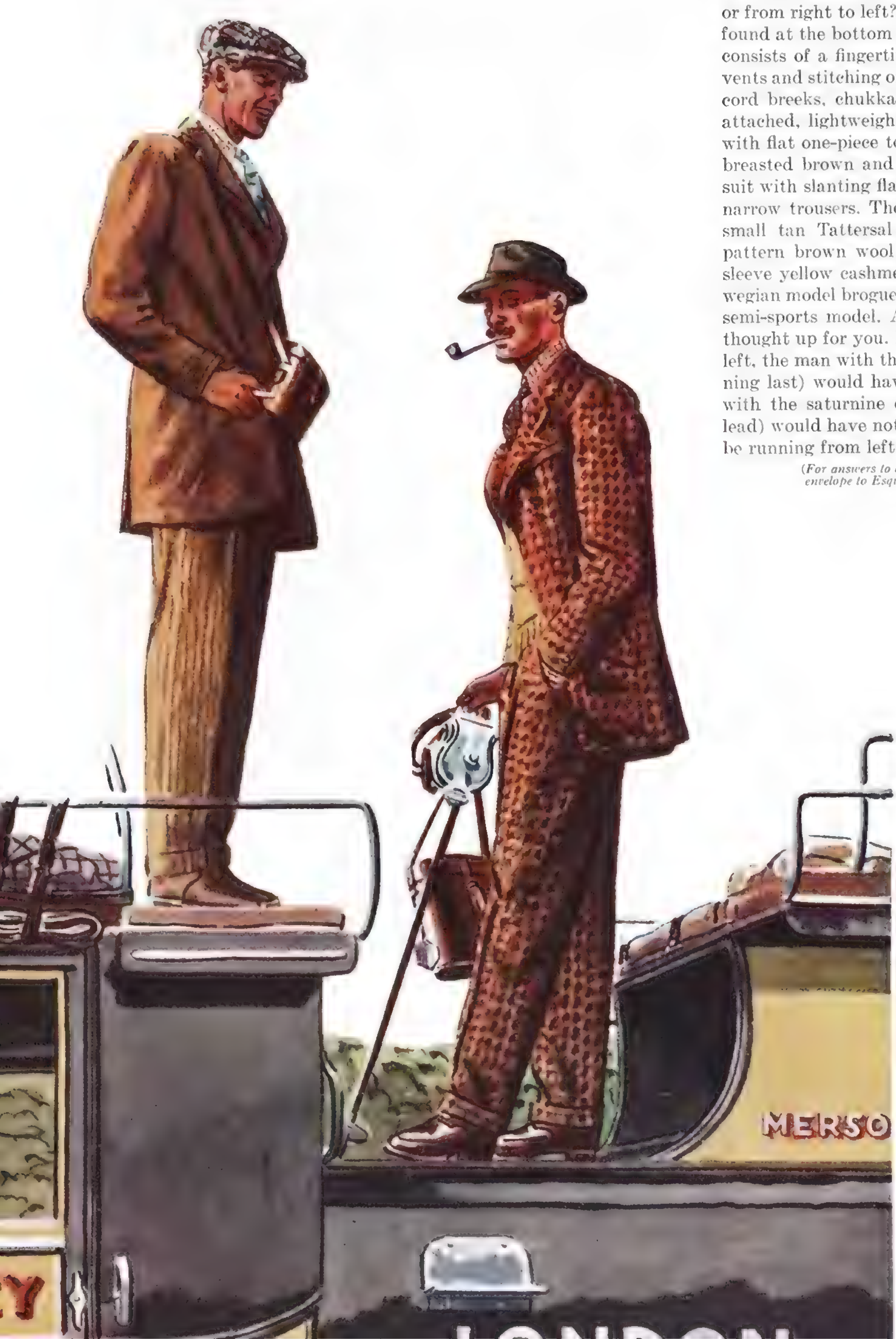
VISIT JOCKEY UNDERWARDROBE EXHIBIT IN "MAN BUILDING," NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Boy, can we pick 'em . . .

If you feel like playing a game, we'll gladly take time off from the fashion report to play with you. Now here's the situation. These men are watching a hunt race in the Meadowbrook Steeplechase at Long Island. The problem is to guess in which direction the horses are running—from left to right or from right to left? Our answer, probably incorrect, will be found at the bottom of this copy block. The outfit at the left consists of a fingertip length fly front covert coat with side vents and stitching on the sleeves, tweed sports jacket, velvet cord breeks, chukka shoes, flannel shirt with lounge collar attached, lightweight cashmere tie, and checked tweed cap with flat one-piece top. The man at the right wears a single breasted brown and tan hound's-tooth check Harris tweed suit with slanting flap pockets and long side vents. Note the narrow trousers. The shirt is a soft lightweight flannel in a small tan Tattersal check, harmonizing with the all-over pattern brown wool tie. Replacing a waistcoat is the long sleeve yellow cashmere cardigan. The shoes are brown Norwegian model brogues, and the hat is a soft green rough finish semi-sports model. And here's our answer to the riddle we thought up for you. If the horses were running from right to left, the man with the cheerful grin (looking at his horse running last) would have nothing to smile about and the man with the saturnine expression (looking at his horse in the lead) would have nothing to scowl about. So the horses must be running from left to right, ain't it? Rather silly, isn't it?

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



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NOW FINER THAN EVER
25% more fabric value
...at no increase in price!
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WHITE SHIRTS
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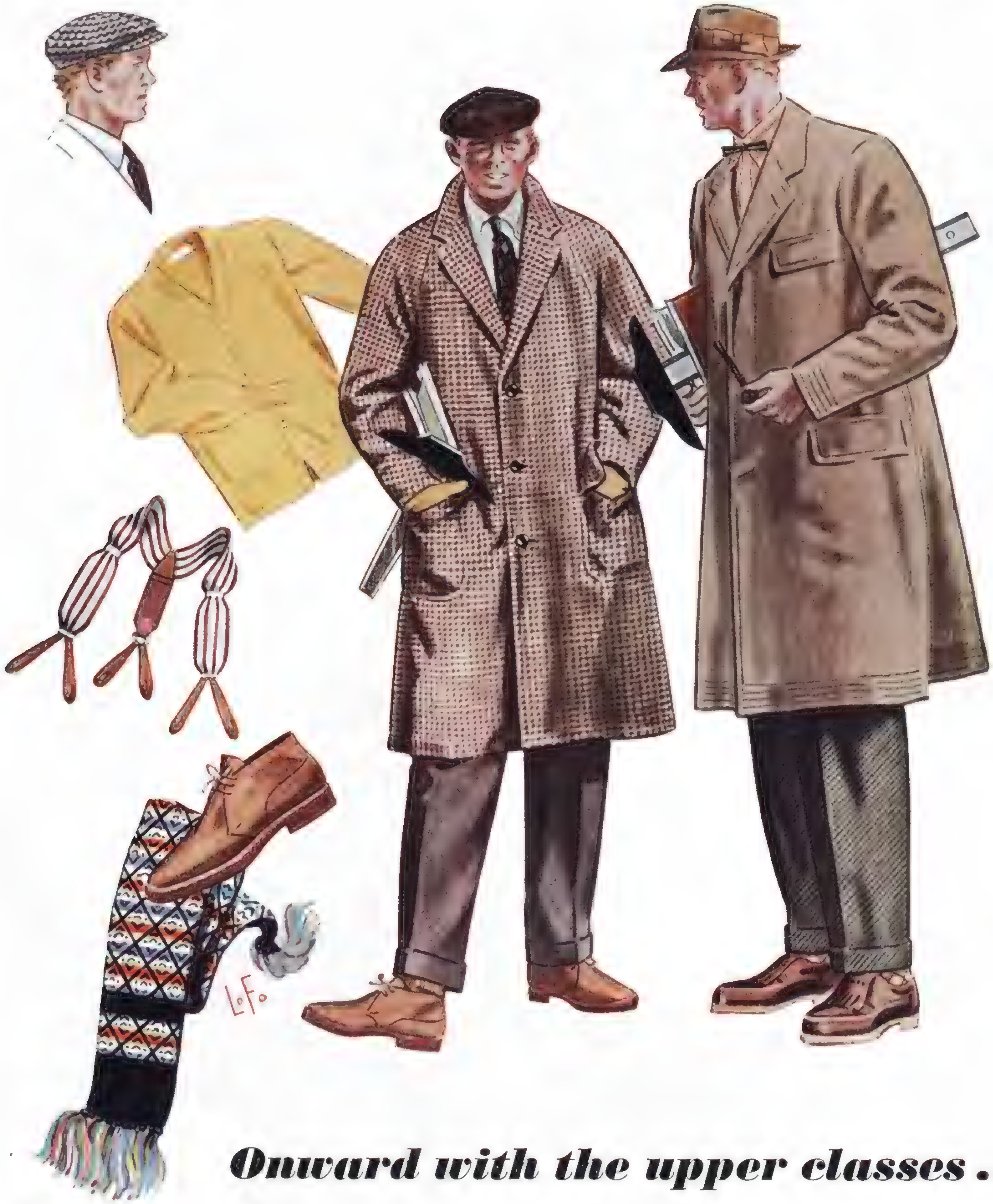
NEW! Van Heusen Shirts now have 25% finer fabric values . . . **NEW!** Van Heusen Shirts now offer you a choice of every conceivable color and pattern . . . **NEW!** Van Heusen Shirts are now Sanforized-Shrunk! . . . **NEW!** Attached to every Van Heusen Shirt is the new, improved Van Heusen collar. The collar that looks starched, yet feels soft, the collar that launders and irons like a handkerchief, wears like heavy linen, yet doesn't wilt or wrinkle.

VAN HEUSEN • THE WORLD'S SMARTEST SHIRT

PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., N. Y., MANUFACTURERS OF VAN HEUSEN PRODUCTS
SHIRTS, PAJAMAS, COLLARS, NECKWEAR, SPORTSWEAR



Onward with the upper classes . . .

This is supposed to be designated as a page of fashions for upper classmen. Presumably that's as good a way as any of insuring the prompt appropriation of these ideas by the freshmen. But they're still upper class fashions in *savoir faire* and you-know-what. The student at the left wears a knee-length checked Harris tweed topcoat with raglan sleeves notched collar and patch pockets, and the new Devon cord natural color suit. The accessories are white oxford button-down collar shirt, silk foulard tie, heavy wool hose, reverse calf chukkas, small shape tweed varsity cap, and yellow string gloves. This outfit is appropriate for campus, stadium or country wear. The other student is dressed for campus or town wear. The natural color covert topcoat is a single breasted notched lapel model with fly front and flapped pockets, the suit is a bronze color Shetland in diagonal pattern. The outfit is completed by a snuff color snapbrim hat, club stripe broadcloth shirt, ribbon shape bow tie, Argyle hose, and Norwegian model shoes with overlapping tongue. The accessories at the left, from top to bottom, are: small shape checked varsity cap, long sleeve yellow cardigan, striped web mesh braces, reverse calf chukka shoes, and Fair Isle sports scarf.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Wild Authors I Have Plagiarized

Continued from page 79

who lacked aggressiveness, concentration, business acumen—all the qualities that usually make for material success in life—and yet looked like an industrial and financial tycoon. His customary job was to pose as that type for advertisements. Here you have the theme of irony—Fate disregarding all the rules of logic that puny man worships.

Source? Obvious. The O. Henry tale about the fellow who commits all sorts of crimes in an effort to get himself jailed so that he can receive free meals and lodging. Finally he gives up—and is immediately hauled in for innocently lolling on a park bench. Again the ironic theme—things turning out exactly as they shouldn't according to the laws of probability and conduct that we go by. O. Henry would have sued me in a flash if he were living, but was Esquire smart enough to recognize a fraud that stared it right in the face? Don't ask silly questions.

A list of other authors—Thackeray, Sophocles, Swift, Rousseau, Anatole France, Poe, Balzac, Goethe, Vergil, and many others that I have cribbed from in shameless fashion would read like a literary *Who's Who*. In fact it *would* be a literary *Who's Who*, and if I go on writing long enough I expect that I will eventually run into some lawsuits. Not from authors or descendants of authors from whom I have stolen, but from those whom I *haven't* robbed. Such omissions on my part will be looked on, naturally, as a reflection on the merits of the scriveners in question. I can see the headlines now: DREISER SUES CUMMINGS. *Action Threatened Unless Notorious Esquire Plagiarist Steals From* American Tragedy. *Cummings Apologizes. Promises Prompt Co-operation.*

Yes, my source-list, Handy Authors I have Stolen From, would take up altogether too much space, comprising not only the things of mine that have been published but also an infinitely lengthier list of pieces that were turned down because I cribbed too timidly. My typical Esquire rejection slip reads: "Too Obscure. Can't make out whether you are stealing Milton or Lewis here." My advice to would-be plagiarists who want to follow in my footsteps is: Shoot the works. No editor likes a timid plagiarist. When you are out to steal, don't grab $4.85 in change and leave the $20,000 in bills that were in the drawer right under the till. Take the $20,000 too. If it's *Macbeth*, bring in Banquo's ghost. Drag in the guillotine from *A Tale of Two Cities*, the windmill tilt from *Don Quixote*, the assassination from *Julius Caesar*. My motto is: steal the best stuff from the best authors. I feel that that's the least I owe them. To conclude, in my best larcenous form, the plagiarism's the thing. ⊞

On the Record

Continued from page 94

you just can't do things like that on a clarinet. And I've got books at home to prove it!"

One of Artie's titles almost proved prophetic. Shortly after composing *One Foot in the Groove*, he found himself battling for his life with the usually fatal blood disease, agranulocytopenia. But now, thanks to blood-transfusions, he's himself again, ready to bat 'em out and cash in while the cashing is good. When he retires, which he thinks will be about three years from now, he wants to have a sixty-piece jazz band, to dispense original and authentic music written by Duke Ellington, Benny Carter, and himself. He'd also like a ballet to go with his jazz symphony.

If he ever does it, he'll probably make money. For Artie has a canny business sense. Originally he was ticketed for the Victor black label at 75c, but switched to the Bluebird at 35c, even though it had no prestige. The cheaper price was one reason his discs went so big.

His best performances, he thinks, are: *Begin the Beguine* (Bluebird 7746); *Comin' On* (B-7772); *Softly as in a Morning Sunrise* (B-10054); *One Night Stand* (B-10202); and *Octoroon* (B-10319).

* * *

Already twice-divorced, Artie Shaw is, at the moment, one of swingdom's few eligible bandleaders. He's a little behind Charlie Barnet, who has chalked up four divorces, but he stirs a deep yearning in the ladies. Recently his name was linked with Judy Garland's, but that was just a studio build-up to help Judy bridge the gap from adolescent to adult roles. Most of his romances are with girls who are strong in the singing department.

The handsome Shaw doesn't look like a product of New York's ghetto. He's a generation or so behind Georgie Jessel, Eddie Cantor, Walter Winchell and other vital products of New York's talent-hatchery. His dad was a photographer, his mother a seamstress.

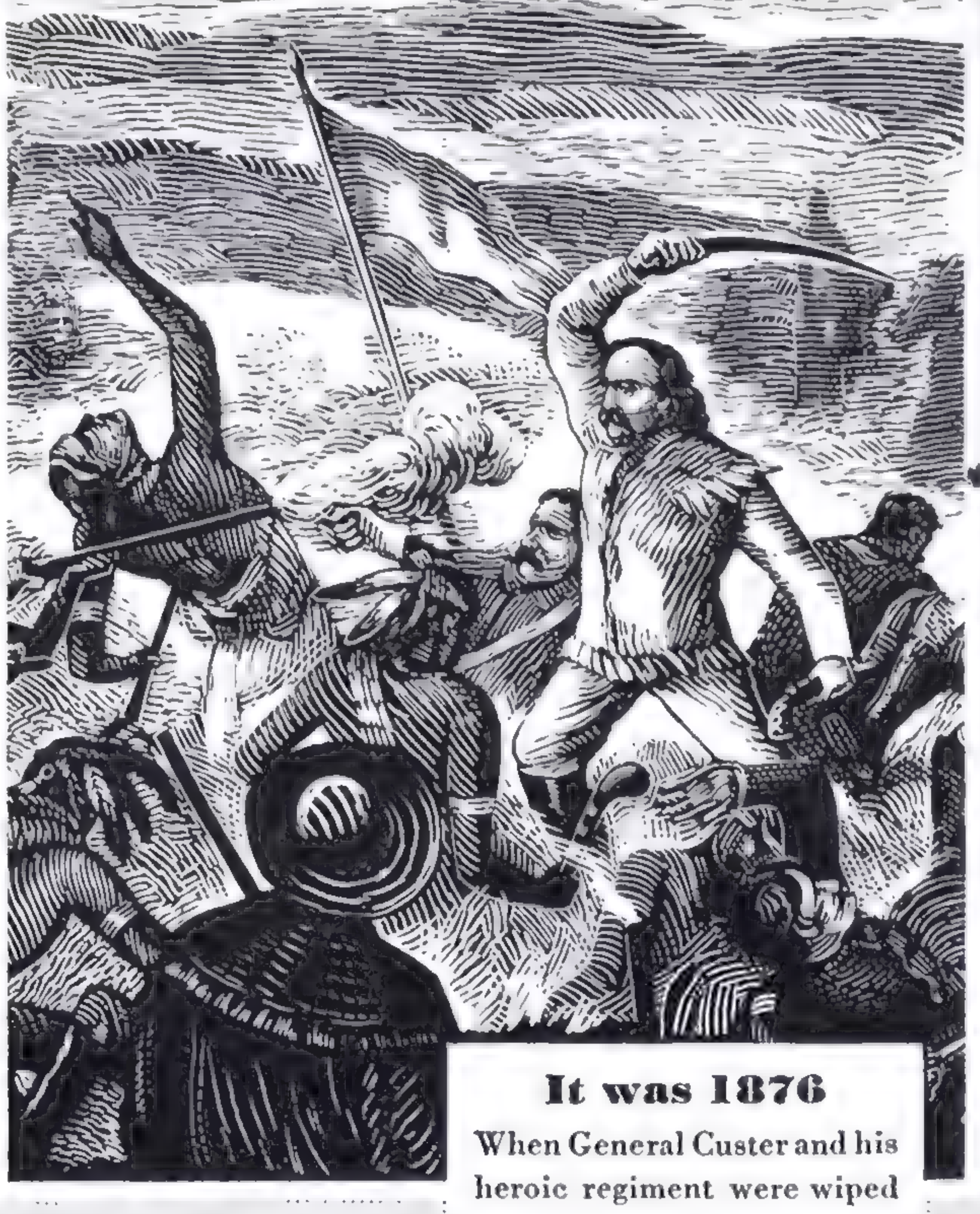
Shaw remembers with a grin the time he was playing at a Yale dance and the banjo player asked his opinion of an arrangement. Shaw tried to decipher the banjoist's notes and lyrics, then threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Holy Mackerel! Why don't you learn to write or draw so that a fellow can make head or tail out of this mess."

The banjoist was Peter Arno.

Artie has had several interesting room-mates. One of them was Bix Beiderbecke. Another was Benny Goodman, who gained general public recognition before him, but who always sat in the third chair if Artie was there. The two aren't

Continued on page 156

The Oldest Name in Scotch



It was 1876
When General Custer and his heroic regiment were wiped out by the Sioux Indians under Chief Sitting Bull.

249 YEARS *BEFORE*

CUSTER'S LAST STAND...

the Haigs were making Scotch!

FIVE STAR 8 YEARS OLD
PINCH BOTTLE 12 YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
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Only a very fine product can keep on pleasing the public—century after century! And Haig & Haig has a 312-year-old record of continuous satisfaction behind it. Yet—despite this exclusive distinction—Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame.

Don't be vague - Ask for Haig

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DON'T THEY TEACH YOU ANYTHING AT SCHOOL, JASPER?
S. Lowe

WINGS SHIRTS ARE NO. 1 *MUSTS* IN THE COLLEGE WARDROBE

An undergrad's shirt supply gets a more terrific beating than any life a shirt is expected to lead. Yet withal, Joe College MUST always look his best.

WINGS Shirts have proved the favorite with college men as well as men of discrimination everywhere.

Aeroplane Cloth protecting the SIX VULNERABLE POINTS of a shirt—the inside AND outside both collar and cuffs—gives WINGS the wear of two shirts at less than you are accustomed to paying for one.

WINGS collar and cuffs are GUARANTEED to outwear the shirt (itself guaranteed for one year).

NOW IN FANCIES as well as the already popular whites and solid colors, WINGS will amaze you with their custom features, faultless styling, comfort, and modest price.

ONE STANDARD PRICE $1.65

Look for the identifying red stitch in the collar. *An Exclusive Product of Piedmont Shirt Company, Greenville, S. C.*

WINGS

AT MOST MEN'S AND DEPARTMENT STORES

On the Record

Continued on pages 94-155

friendly any more. Shaw is fed up on the feud. Last time they met was when Artie dropped into Benny's dressing room at the Paramount Theatre in New York. Benny, looking around, said: "So you're the New King of Swing, eh?" Artie replied in a pithy Yiddish phrase, "*Abee gesunt*," meaning, "What's the difference, as long as you're healthy?"

* * *

Discussion among the soothsayers centers on who will be the next favorite. No leader stays in long and nobody seems to know who holds the lucky recipe. The season is young—but hold your breath and maybe your pet band-leader will have it yet.

Indicative of the futility of trying to predict public taste is the matter of "A" and "B" sides. The oracle who awards the coveted "A" rating often slips up. Glen Gray's hit recording of *Sunrise Serenade* was the "B" side of *Heaven Can Wait* (Decca). Larry Clinton's smash *My Reverie* (Victor) was second choice to *Boogie-Woogie Blues*, and when it came to a choice between Artie Shaw's versions of *Indian Love Call* and *Begin the Beguine* (Bluebird), the former got the nod.

* * *

Radio broadcasts are the key to a band's popularity, if you believe statements made by delegates to the American Federation of Musicians' national convention. They claim: the more often a band is heard, the greater are its chances for catching on. To prove this, they point out that band-leaders will take less money for playing in hotels or nightclubs which have or can get a radio wire.

* * *

Benny Goodman's new 35c Vocalion discs add momentum to the move for the lower-priced popular records. With Goodman and Artie Shaw available at 35c, their big margin as "best-sellers" should be still further widened over the other good but not-so-popular orchestras.

* * *

Things are not so okay with that *Well, All Right* ditty which the Andrews Sisters have waxed for Decca . . . No less than six infringement suits are pending. The publishers claim the disputed lyrics were used in England seventy-five years ago, which prompts the question: Then why did *they* publish them?

* * *

Plenty of publicity stunts that rate space in the dailies are phony. Absurd and ridiculous was the one to which Oglethorpe University lent its name. Discs of Arturo Toscanini, Richard Himber and Artie Shaw were put in a vault to be opened by curious collegians in 7939. What they'll find, if anything, will be dust.

* * *

Can you do them all: the waltz, slow fox trot, fast fox trot, tango, conga, and rumba? The Dancing Teachers' Business Association has lent its name to a new dance album of "perfect" tunes for each of these steps. They were recorded by Hal Kemp and released for Victor.

* * *

If your gal is a Gershwin fan, give her the new recording of George's piano concerto played by Roy Bargy and Paul Whiteman (Decca Album No. 57). Other gifts in attractive sets are Russian Folk Songs, Moscow Street Songs, Soldiers' and Peasants' ditties sung by the Imperial Russian Singers (Decca Album No. 53) and Harry Horlick's collection of favorite waltzes which includes *Two Hearts in ¾ Time*, the theme from Schubert's Unfinished Symphony called *Song of Love* in *Blossom Time*, and *Will You Remember* from *Maytime* (Decca Album No. 54).

* * *

Probably you've heard the Calypso records that were described in Esquire a couple of years ago. If you haven't, get them. They're in dialect: English as she is spoke by the natives in Trinidad, where you ought to go on your next vacation. There, history is lived in song. Rabson's Music Shop in New York has collected an album of them, including *King George the VI*, *Edward the VIII*, the *Duke and Duchess of Kent* and *Roosevelt in Trinidad*. In addition, there are single Decca discs: *Lindbergh Baby* (17318), *Movie Stars* (17277), *Bing Crosby* (17415), and *Try a Screw to Get Through* (17628). As Rabson's descriptive folder says: "You're GOOD if you can 'get' Calypso on the first hearing . . . There are only two ways of describing it: hearing is both of them."

* * *

Breaking all sales records—even the former high set by Artie Shaw's recording of *Begin the Beguine*—is Glahe Musette's *Beer Barrel Polka* (Victor 710). Issued as a record for Victor's foreign language groups and not listed in the catalogue, this disc started the return to the polka. Other bands duplicated the tune without success.

* * *

Vernon Duke has penned a theme for Jack Jenney, heard on Vocalion records . . . Glen Gray is a twin for Anthony Eden . . . One of the bigger hits is Glenn Miller's *Moonlight Serenade* (Bluebird B-10214), his theme. Back in 1928 Miller wrote this as a trombone exercise. Ten years later, he used it as a closing signature before his band left the stand at the end of a set. When he elaborated it into his theme song for air appearances, Mitchell Parrish asked permission to put in some lyrics. Now it's a best-seller . . . Leonard Joy of RCA-Victor, points out that movie reputations stimulate record sales and cites Dorothy Lamour, Harriet Hilliard and Kenny Baker . . . Cab Calloway has been adding one star instrumentalist after another to Chu Berry, Cosy Cole and the rest of the Calloway brigade, and his work in *Tarzan in Harlem* (Vocalion) shows it . . . Yiddish melodies are a fertile source for good jazz tunes: on the heels of *Bei Mir Bist du Schoen*, and *Joseph, Joseph* and *And the Angels Sing*, comes *Utt da Zay* . . . Bobby Hackett's trumpet solos on *Embraceable You* belie the fact that Hackett has been blowing a horn only three years. Hackett played violin and guitar but worship for recordings of the immortal "Bix" induced him to practice the trumpet. He's a dead ringer for Bix with his small mustache, haircomb and modest demeanor. . . .

* * *

If you have a yen for the unusual, let me suggest: BLUE NOTE records. They are, according to their makers, "designed to serve the uncompromising expressions of hot jazz. Direct and honest hot jazz is a way of feeling, a musical and social manifestation, and BLUE NOTE records are concerned with identifying its impulse, not its sensational and commercialized adornments. Toward this end a deliberate cultivation will be made of those relaxed and informal moments when the performing artist is freely and meaningfully improvising."

Their first releases were piano solos, *Melancholy* and *Solitude*, improvised by Meade "Lux" Lewis, and the *Boogie Woogie Stomp* and the *Boogie Woogie Blues* improvised by Albert Ammons. Then they caught six outstanding boogie woogie masters at a 4:30 a.m. session. The titles are: *Mighty Blues*, *Rocking the Blues*, *Weary Land Blues* and *Daybreak Blues*. And your library isn't complete without them.

Other independent releases include: The Theater Arts Committee's *Picket Line Priscilla*, *Joe Hill*, *Abe Lincoln* and *Swing TAC* . . . Commodore Music Shop's Classics in Swing, recordings by Billie Holiday and her orchestra. Best is *Strange Fruit* (526-A) . . . and famous music house, G. Schirmer's initial venture: Billie Haywood singing in a way you won't forget: *Love Fell In* and *My Last Affair*. These individual records are all exciting. Let 'Em Come. The more, the merrier! ###

BEST SELLERS

RCA Manufacturing Company, Camden (VICTOR)

Permanent	*Transient*
Indian Love Call, from *Rose-Marie* (Friml); *Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life*, from *Naughty Marietta* (Herbert); Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. 4323	*And the Angels Sing; Sent For You Yesterday and Here You Come Today;* Benny Goodman and Orchestra. 26170
Tales From the Vienna Woods, from *The Great Waltz;* Miliza Korjus. 4110	*Hooray for Spinach; Wishing Will Make It So;* Skinnay Ennis. 26212
Dance of the Hours, from *La Gioconda;* Arthur Fiedler conducting Boston "Pops" Orchestra. 11833	*The Lady's in Love With You; Show Your Linen, Miss Richardson;* Benny Goodman and Orchestra. 26211
Victor Herbert Melodies; Nathaniel Shilkret & Victor Salon Group. C-33	*Sunrise Serenade; If It's Good, Then I Want It;* Hal Kemp & Orchestra. 26215
Strauss Waltzes; Arthur Fiedler conducting Boston "Pops" Orchestra. M-445	*Concert in the Park; My Love For You;* Sammy Kaye & Orchestra. 26261

Musicraft Records, Inc. New York	**Decca Records, New York**
Negro Sinful Songs; Leadbelly. Album No. 31	*I Poured My Heart into a Song; I'm Sorry for Myself;* Guy Lombardo. 2550
A Harpsichord Recital; Ralph Kirkpatrick. Album No. 25	*Romance; This Is No Dream;* Jimmy Dorsey and Orchestra. 2536
From the American Songbag; Carl Sandburg. Album No. 11	*Songs of Old New York;* Frank Luther & Zora Layman & Century Quartet. Album No. 47
Nine Chorale Preludes in C minor (Bach); Carl Weinrich. Album No. 22	*Me and Brother Bill; Savoy Blues;* Louis Armstrong and Orchestra. 2538
Trio in E major (Mozart); K.542. Album No. 29	*More Old Time Dances;* Byron Wolfe and Orchestra. Album No. 56

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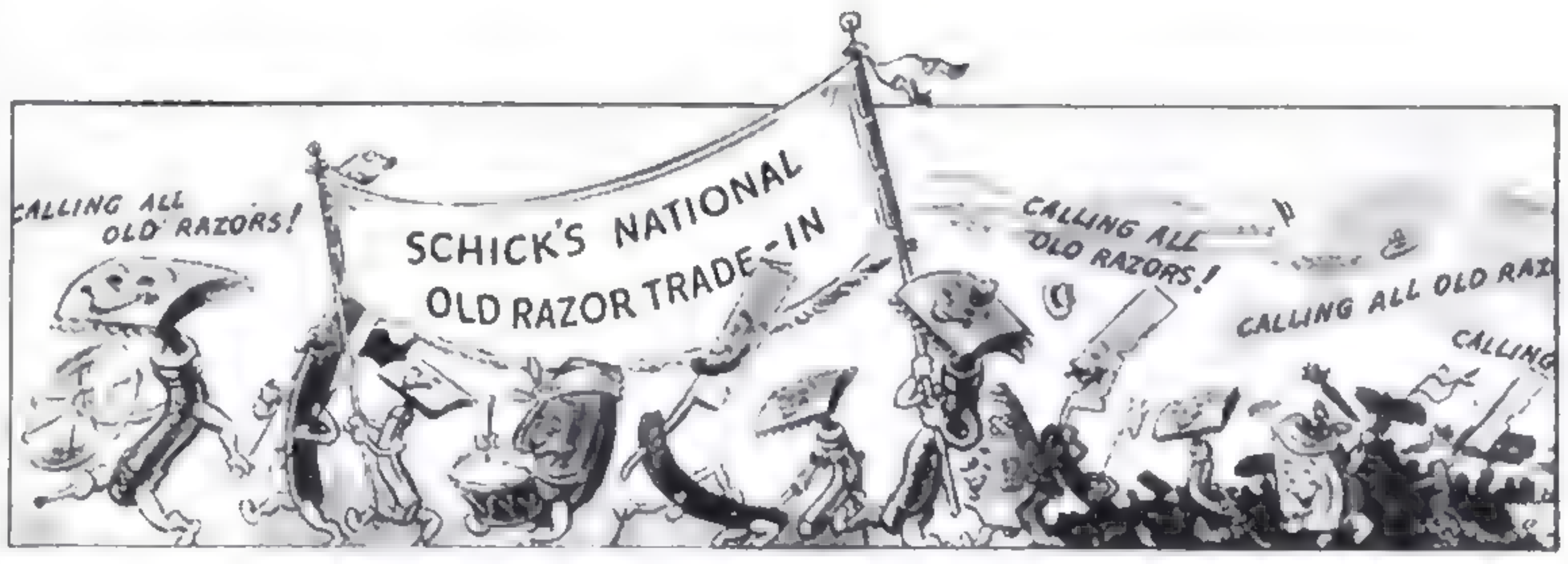
The Beautiful Blue Danube (J. Strauss). Stokowski conducting. Victor 15425	*Moonlight Serenade;* Glen Miller and Orchestra. Bluebird B10214
Liebestod; Tristan and Isolde; (Wagner) Kirsten Flagstad, soprano. Victor 8859	*Beer Barrel Polka;* Glahe Musette. Victor 710
Bolero (Ravel); Koussevitzky conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-352	*Wishing Will Make It So;* Hal Kemp and Orchestra. Victor 25212
Roumanian Rhapsody (Enesco) Ormandy and Minneapolis Symphony. Victor 1701-2	*Sunrise Serenade;* Glen Gray and Orchestra. Decca 2321
Hungarian Rhapsody (Liszt); Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 14422	*White Sails;* Sammy Kaye and Orchestra. Victor 26267



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The Tobacconist's Daughter

Continued from page 37

your cup and pipe now?"

"Nix," said the customer. "I'll wait fer th' fresh."

"Perhaps the *News?*" suggested Ephriam.

"Cuss th' *News!*"

His tone dismissed Ephriam, who returned to inspecting him through the window. The customer watched the clock. The short hand plodded after the long one toward the time when, as he knew, the Pipe and Pot would begin to fill up. Now and then he shifted his position, played with his yellow mustaches, and, if Ephriam could have seen them, shuffled his feet. Two customers came in, drawing Ephriam from his window to serve them coffee and pipes. The customer gave up the clock and watched the door through which Amelia had disappeared. Presently she came stepping back through the street door, not with cream but with two able-bodied men.

One of them, in a frock coat and tall hat, the later customers recognized as Constable Elias Parker; the other they knew by his bill-hook and rattle belonged to the Day Watch.

"There he *is*," whispered Amelia, "the *one* with the *green* cravat."

The information was not meant for the customer; but he heard it and switched his gaze.

Given proper conditions, there is hardly anything quicker than the transformation of yearning love into burning hate. He was waiting for cream—and she had brought the police. He got up at once, distributing over the floor a cup and saucer, two spoons, a long-stemmed clay pipe, cream pitcher, sugar bowl, half a bowlful of sugar, another saucer, matches, a small square of sandpaper, a blue vase and a bright flower. At the same instant, or in the infinitesimal fraction of time necessary to apprehend that the customer was getting up, Amelia started to rejoin her father. She crossed in front of the customer, happily out of reach, got through, slammed, and locked the door. Her face joined Ephriam's at the window; anybody who looked would have noticed the family resemblance. Nobody looked. The customer kept on going; the counter might have stopped him, but he vaulted over. The fly chaser lay on the counter; as he came down he picked the fly chaser up.

It was the only weapon available, and, although of no value for offense against anything larger than a fly, for defensive use it might be better than nothing.

Mr. Parker, leaping after the customer, leaped into the fluttering strips of his favorite newspaper. As a fly would have done, he drew back out of reach.

The later customers forgot their coffee and *Ephriam's Own*, watching with natural human interest in the unusual. Mr. Parker stood just out of reach of the fly chaser. The customer stood behind the counter, fly chaser ready. The watchman stood nearer the door, bill hook in one hand and rattle in the other. Designed to catch fleeing suspicious characters by the leg, as a shepherd his fleeing lamb with his crook, the bill hook was useless when the legs were behind a counter. A small, freckled boy stopped outside and looked in.

"Come now," said Mr. Parker, in a conciliatory, even brotherly, tone. "Come now."

"Come now yerself," said the customer, imitating Mr. Parker's conciliatory, even brotherly, tone.

Mr. Parker came. He leaped into the *News* and tried with both hands to grasp the late broom. No fly had ever tried to do that. But the customer had become skillful. Mr. Parker behaved more like a fly and again withdrew out of reach.

Meantime it had dawned on the watchman that he could at least do something with his rattle. The raucous alarm went up and down State Street, turned corners, penetrated the Watch House and simultaneously a low groggery toward the harbor where a noticeably red-whiskered man was imbibing rum-and-water with another who wore a nose ring. Along State Street in both directions dignified Bostonians quickened their steps, and others, less dignified, overtook them and went by. Carts stopped and drivers bent double trying to look into the Pipe and Pot. The American offered his cigars and coffee. Constables and watchmen insinuated, fought, and wriggled their ways doorward. A constable got in; then a watchman; more of each; finally Chief Constable John X. Butler himself. Mr. Parker shook hands with him. The customer, he said, might or might not be a pirate, but he was alleged to be in possession of stolen property and had resisted arrest—"You betcher," said the customer—; was, in fact, still resisting arrest. "Fly away. Fly away," said the customer.

Mr. Butler looked at the customer, who rustled the fly chaser at him.

"I see your difficulty, Mr. Parker," said Mr. Butler. "Now you know how it feels to be a fly." Even in the midst of serious police work the Chief Constable would have his joke. "We must all get over the counter at once." He spoke to the customer.

"Come now," he said, unintentionally imitating Mr. Parker. "Come now, my good man."

"Come now yerself," said the customer, intentionally imitating Mr. Butler. "Come now yerself, my good man."

"Very well," said Mr. Butler, in the harder tone of one who does care to be anybody's good man; and to his constables and watchman, "Move them tables and chairs out of the way."

He lined them up; and at his word of command they swept forward. The human wave stopped in front of the customer, but on either side of him it broke over the counter.

Ten minutes later an informal procession made its way toward the Watch House, constables in frock coats, watchmen with bill hooks and rattles, and a tall, yellow-mustached prisoner, his hands tied behind him with a daisy embroidered green silk cravat. Those of the public who were seeing a free show to the end followed, among them two ostensible gentlemen, one with red whiskers and the other with a ring in his nose.

IV.

In his cell Yellow Mustaches now knew the worst.

Sitting on his little bed, his protective instinct had told him somebody was looking at him; and his eyes had encountered those of Mr. Eben W. Cobb on the other side of the barred aperture in his door. He recognized Cobb and knew, by Mr. Cobb's expression in the fleeting second before he disappeared, that Cobb recognized him. He had got up and re-examined his cell. The Watch House had once been Miss Pringle's School for Young Ladies, and something of that innocent, girlish atmosphere was left. Paper of Miss Pringle's selection—pink tea roses on a trellis—brightened his walls; but the windows through which young ladies had looked out at the street were now opaque and showed only the pattern of their cruel bars. If he had a file he could sunder those bars; it would take time, but it could be done. Unfortunately he had no file. In his earlier examination he had found a lead pencil, which was obviously so poor a substitute that he had been about to hurl it to the floor with a curse; then he had thought it might come in handy sometime, and put it in his pocket. His second examination found nothing new. He sat down on his little bed and thought of passing the time by counting tea roses; but he soon gave it up. Then he remembered his pencil.

He got it out of his pocket, moistened it with his tongue, and began drawing a picture on the wall paper. With frequent trips to the tongue the pencil made a satisfactorily black mark.

He was not a trained artist; but he had presently made something that an archeologist studying the remains of Boston might reasonably take for a female bearing on a sort of tray a cuplike vessel of some warm liquid. The figure wore a skirt, and vertical, wavy lines indicated steam. Then he added horns—anybody could see they were horns—and a long, curly tail. He put a barb on the tail. The archeologist might now take it for a female demon.

A watchman passed along the corridor.

"Axin' yer pardon," said the prisoner through the door, "how do a man spell 'coffee'?"

"C-o-double f-double e," said the watchman, "Why?"

"Thank ye kindly," said the prisoner, ignoring the question. "Two f's and two e's."

The watchman went his way wondering. The prisoner moistened his pencil and printed under the demon:

THIS IS SHE AT THE PIPE AND POT WHEN SHE BRINGS COFEE.

Twilight retreated before night. He could hardly see what he had done to the wall paper; but it was comforting to think of when he stretched himself on his little bed. A watchman lit the gas in the corridor. Sounds faded—and Boston slept.

But at about midnight an all-seeing Eye might have seen eight men land from a boat at Long Wharf and start cautiously up town. Two or three carried coils of rope. Street lamps illuminated the red whiskers of one and the nose ring of another. Once they saw the lantern of a night watchman and slunk into a doorway. They passed the American and stopped in a huddle just beyond range of the gas jet over the Watch House door.

Inside the Watch House everything was as it should be at that quiet hour. A watchman slept at the desk, subconsciously ready to snap awake. It had been Miss Pringle's desk, but the flowers that then brightened it were supplanted by a ledger, kept open by a paper weight in the shape of a frog. Beside it lay a mussed green silk cravat. At a table under a flower piece left behind by a young lady—roses and petunias in a glass bowl—two watchmen played dominoes.

"Match you that, John," said one.

"Easy done, Joseph," said the other. He was about to place his domino when a scuffle in the doorway suspended his hand and turned both their heads in that direction.

A red-whiskered gentleman was dragging a nose-ringed gentleman in by what is called the scruff of the neck and almost off his feet. Once well into the room, however, the captive got his feet planted, unscruffed himself and endeavored to get his captor by the scruff of the neck. Words that would have sent Miss Pringle's young ladies flying from the room passed between them while each tried to get the other by the scruff of the neck. Nobody could say what it was all about; but anybody could see it demanded police interference. The watchman left his desk, John and Joseph their dominoes. They encircled and got hold of the combatants, trying also for the scruff of the neck and meaning to pull apart first and ask questions afterward. But before they succeeded six newcomers poured through the doorway and attached themselves to the watchmen.

Looking over their shoulders, the watchmen lost their grips. Quick hands—the late captor and captive good-naturedly assisted—bound them with ropes, gagged them with handkerchiefs, stood them against the wall. The cell keys hung in a bunch near the flower piece.

The prisoner was peering

Continued at top of page 160

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Carter's

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

The Tobacconist's Daughter

Continued from pages 37-159

intently through his barred door.

"In agin out agin," said Red Whisker, trying one key after another. "All hands aboardship an' talk arterward." A key clicked.

The prisoner pushed past him. "Got to write a letter," he explained over his shoulder.

He had seen the ledger when they brought him in. Now he tore a page from it, found his pencil, moistened it with his helpful tongue, sat down in the watchman's chair, and began to write. The watchmen watched. The rescuers waited. They heard him whisper the word "snake"; and again "soap suds." He wrote with care, often licking his lead. When he had finished he folded the sheet around the froglike paper weight, and wrapped it in the green silk cravat.

"Come on," said the late customer of the Pipe and Pot, putting the package in one tail of his coat.

They filed out together, heading toward the harbor. As they passed the Pipe and Pot he hurled his little package viciously through the window.

* * *

Next morning Amelia Cobb came downstairs as usual to dust the American and open the shop, for neither she nor Ephriam had heard the crash in the night. She put the package on the counter while she swept up the glass. Then she undid the green silk cravat, which she recognized and wondered how it came there, and found a letter.

"False miss," it began—and continued:

"You get no more can d from me. If you was the right kind of a girl I could make you hap e but that is all past now you snake in the grass.

Your coffe is like sweet end soap suds with some cream and your E free ams own is more like hay than toe back Oh!

Rum for me.

Go to the jail and look in what was my crew L sell.

So no more now dam you."#

Manhattan Family Court

Continued from page 53

hat and an unpressed house-dress. Her face was square, heavy, and so colorless that she seemed to have no lips or eyelashes or eyelids. She looked like an underdeveloped snapshot. In a moment, a thin young man slouched in. He was wearing a sweater and a pair of threadworn trousers, and he had no coat or tie. He was with his lawyer.

The girl took the stand. Judge Marchisio plunged into the opening barrage. "Name? Age? Working? Where? How much do you make? . . ." The girl answered in a soft Arkansas drawl, very cautiously. Her voice was flat, impassive, dismal. I have never seen anyone so utterly dull of manner, so utterly lifeless.

The lawyer began to question her. "Is the Respondent—your husband—the father of your child?" he asked with contempt.

"N-no."

"How old was the child when you were married?"

"Eleven months."

"Do you *know* who the father—"

"Object!" Assistant Corporation Counsel Jane Bolin put in.

The Judge sustained the objection. The girl's face betrayed no iota of emotion.

"Isn't it true that you've been living with another man for three months?"

"I been living in his flat."

"You've been sleeping there!"

"Not in the same bed."

"You sleep there, but *not* in the same bed?"

"There are two rooms."

"But you sleep there all the time!"

"Not with him!" The girl's jaw hardened, and her lips got very thin and even paler than her face.

"Isn't it true that your husband and two friends went up there one night and found you and the man?"

"I was in bed."

"The man was undressed, wasn't he?"

"Not all undressed."

"Did he have his shirt on?"

"No."

"Undershirt?"

"No. But he—"

"Just answer the question!" the lawyer barked. "Did he have *shoes* on?"

The girl's lips tightened, and her eyes glittered with hate. "No. But I never—"

The lawyer cried, "*Did he*—"

Miss Bolin was sputtering objections right and left. The Judge rubbed his chin and agreed. "This isn't a divorce hearing," he said. "We're only interested in the matter of support." He called the husband to the stand and let him have the interrogatory fusillade, with gusto. The young man said he made twenty-two dollars a week, had fifty-eight dollars in the bank, paid eighteen dollars a month rent, and had stopped "man-woman relations" with his wife many months ago. Then the lawyer took over. The "other man" in the case was an old friend of theirs, from Arkansas, the husband said. He explained how he and two bosom companions (also from Arkansas) had gone up to the man's apartment, and he described the scene he was not surprised to find.

The two witnesses were called, separately. The first was a cherubic little chap who testified with relish and kept grinning ironically to the girl. The second—a thick-necked, raw-boned oaf—confirmed the story of the fatal night in exact but reluctant fashion. They both referred to the girl in the most offhand manner. "Sure I know her," each said. They had known her "purty well" back home.

I can't forget the complete matter-of-factness with which everyone spoke—the girl, her husband, the two boys. There was no sensitivity or embarrassment about stating the unembellished facts. The whole story of adultery in the love-nest formed a singularly dreary tale. It was neither erotic nor lurid nor evil—it was just dreary. Sex became as prosaic as a slice of creamcheese in that courtroom.

Judge Marchisio set the date on which he would hand down his decision. The *dramatis personae* (girl, husband, witnesses, lawyer) left. The witnesses slapped the husband on the back several times, grinning. He grinned back. The girl walked out alone, her face still tight and colorless. She still looked underexposed.

I sat in the courtroom for several long hours, and the cases came through in a steady and efficient stream. The steam radiators began to bang timidly around two o'clock, achieved ferocity by two-thirty, and by three sounded like a rehearsal for the *Anvil Chorus*. It didn't seem to bother anyone. The Law marched on.

I discovered that the only ground for action in the Family Court is non-support. A whacking majority of cases are brought by women, who file petitions against wayward husbands, sons, grandsons, fathers. Such derelictions as cruelty, drunkenness, nagging, infidelity, wife-beating are, I regret to say, common complaints; interesting though they undoubtedly are in themselves, they are explored in court only because they bear somehow on the matter of legal support.

The cases became familiar after a while, but the characters seemed to grow more bizarre and enchanting. A Puerto Rican lady complained (1) that her husband refused to give her more than 35c a day for living expenses; (2) that every Saturday night, just before a nice hot bath, he would stand on a kitchen chair, sharpen an eight-inch knife, and promise to kill her on the spot. This had been going on for weeks and weeks; it was beginning to get on her nerves.

An Italian woman, who earned a pittance scrubbing office floors at night, charged that her husband kept urging her to quit her job and go on relief. He wanted to spend the W.P.A. largess on his mistress. The woman thought that was going too far.

A mountainous quadroon from Harlem, whose tonnage displacement I dare not even guess at, complained that her husband "always say he just ain't *interested*. He want to have plenty other women, which he sho' does." She was making $7.50 a week. Her man earned eighty a month, but he made the $7.50 support her and her four children. He said he just liked to spend his money in his own way. "And that," the irate lady cried, "mean she-folk!"

The husband in this drama was a seedy, bleary-eyed old darky who looked more like Stepin Fetchit than Don Juan. A less philandering type it would be hard to find. He seemed quite bored by the proceedings; he yawned during the most extravagant testimonials to his *force d'amour*. He was a janitor by profession, and it was all too clear that he was wont to express his libido often and indiscriminately in the course of his janitorial duties. The only witness in this exciting saga was a lady who looked like Aunt Jemima and wore imitation rhinestone earrings. She was a hairdresser. She testified that the Petitioner's husband had often made improper proposals to her, frequented a certain saloon with fast women, and was a "no-good, good-fornothin' chippie chaser." She pronounced her name "Bessie Frenzy." I didn't believe it either.

While this sad tale of passion in Harlem was unfolding, the gentleman on my right suddenly plucked my sleeve, narrowed his eyes mysteriously, and whispered, "A girl from the East Side—poor—was going with a certain fella. A college boy. Fordham, nights. His mother owned a candy store in the Bronx, so she was all steamed up to think of her son going with a girl below him socially. So after the marriage, what does the old lady do? She makes her son and the girl sleep *in two separate rooms*. All the time! Well, say! So waddaya think happened?"

I asked what had happened.

"Well, *her* old man gets burned up by what the girl is going through and starts parading in front of the candy store, day and night, yelling: 'College boy, phooey! College boy, phooey!' " He smiled. "That was a pip of a case."

After a thoughtful moment I asked, "How was it settled?"

"Out of court," he said in disgust. "The social workers reconciliated them."

I promptly left the courtroom and hunted for the social workers. There are five of them, all young women, and they are really Court Interviewers. They sit in the little cubicles I had noticed on entering the building. I had a long conversation with one of them, Miss Anne L. Halperin, a bright, cheery young lady who knows all there is to be known about the institution of which she is a part. She gave me a vivid picture of the Family Court, all *sorts* of interesting things. She told me that husbands are legally responsible for the maintenance of their wives and children in the sovereign State of New York; and children for parents and grandparents—only when these progenitors threaten to become public charges. Sometimes men enter petitions in the Family Court, against stone-hearted parents or stone-hearted offspring; the men must prove that they totter on the edge of becoming public charges. It's all very simple.

The Interviewers tackle the cases first. They hear the woman Petitioner's complaint, then in-

Continued on page 162

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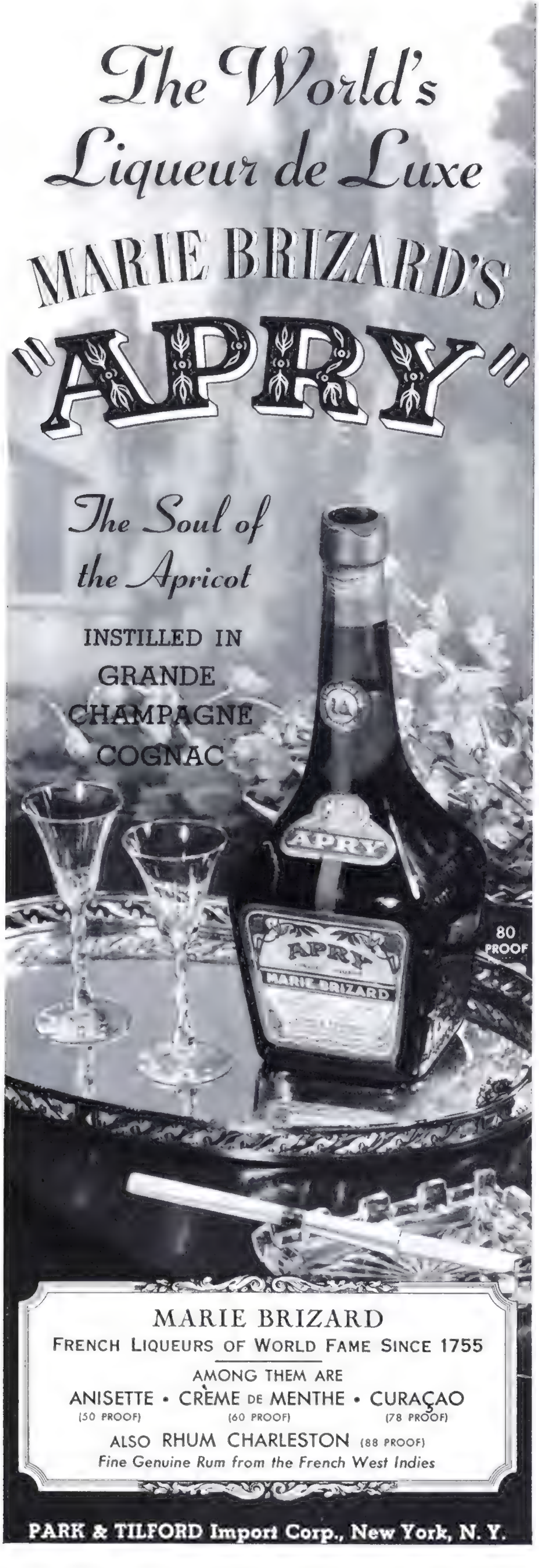
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Manhattan Family Court

Continued from pages 53-161

vite the man in the case to come in for a three-way conference. Most men come in with fear and trembling, and with penal visions in their eyes. The sight of a harmless little female Interviewer relieves them no end. The Interviewers try to settle things out of court. They work with might and main to salvage marriages and mend family ties, and they've got a dandy record. They are helped in their work by four social service agencies, which have permanent representatives right in the building: the Catholic Charities, the Protestant City Episcopal Mission, the Jewish Social Service Agency, and the Home Relief Bureau. Wonders are worked by turning discontented wives, intransigent husbands, or heartless sons over to domestic experts from their own religious or cultural group. Incidentally, there are no Family Court charges, fees, or "court costs," to anyone—except the taxpayers, who never kick.

The women often volunteer pretty personal information to the Interviewers—about sex, and things of that sort. It seems that they like to unburden themselves of secret grievances; they show surprisingly little hesitation in discussing the coziest aspects of their "martial intercourse." That's a common malapropism, apparently, and I'm not the man to say it hasn't a certain unconscious logic.

Miss Halperin told me the oddest things. Four out of five women, when asked if their husband has been married before, answer shrewdly: "Not that *I* know of . . ." The Interviewer always nods sympathetically at this point. One happy lady who came in before dragging her husband into court, said she had five children, the youngest of whom was three years old, and admitted she had married the man only a year ago. "But it was all right," she smiled. "We was engaged."

I was delighted to learn that when a man loftily refuses to come into Court the woman gets a copy of the court warrant and goes on a determined manhunt of her own. The problem of identification being what it is in a metropolis of over seven million complicated souls, the Family Court has hit upon the simple strategy of letting the women carry duplicate warrants around in their pocketbooks while they eye the male population like hawks. When a woman spots her man, she simply snags the nearest policeman, produces the warrant, and has the culprit arrested on the spot. She isn't allowed to serve the warrant herself—it just isn't binding that way.

The number of cases that pour through this domestic reconstruction plant and its four siblings will surprise you. Last year 20,000 applications were turned over to the Interviewers. By devious coaxings, they prevailed upon some 7,000 applicants to reconsider. That left 13,000 who stubbornly filed formal petitions. When the Interviewers got their teeth into that list, a mere 11,000 actually went into court. Some 5,000 cases barged into the 57th Street unit alone. Home life in New York is very complex.

Sometimes pre-legal reconciliations are solemnized by written agreements between husband and wife, with the Interviewer beaming in the background. The Interviewer whom I wore down with questions was good enough to show me two domestic armistices which had come to her in the ever-refreshing mails. I shall never forget them. The first, submitted by a White Russian, read:

> I, promis to my wife to stop since today any scolding, fihgting & drunckeness except once a week in a small portion.

The Interviewer turned this offer down cold.

The second was a letter of confession and protest:

> Recieve sumons to come in court. But we make up. When I got marry, priest said, Honor, love, and Obey until dead do us apart.
>
> I am right when I hit wife. She know, with hearth and soul. I was working night, she went to show and left me the 3 kiddies to watch them. She came home late, I gave her few small slaps. I lose one day pay.
>
> I think European people have better system then U. S. A. Man is boss. I love my family, my home, I don't believe breaking up marry life, until dead or apart.
>
> Thank you.

* * *

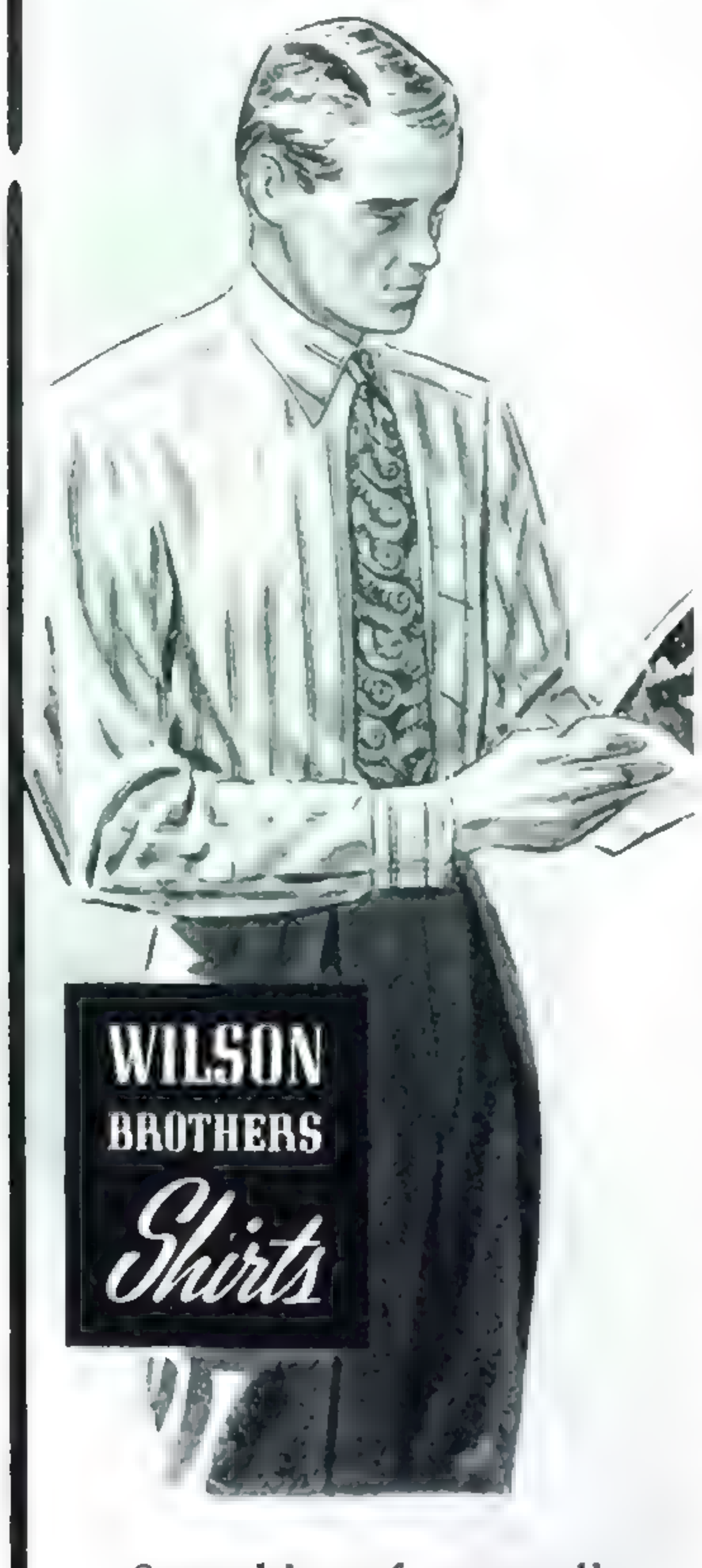
There were only a dozen women in the building when I left. The children were gone. It was quieter. Employees still dashed through the corridors with papers and a harassed look, but more slowly, more at peace with the world. Even the steam radiators seemed to be banging with less ferocity. I recalled the comments of my Samaritan of the courtroom, anent the temperamental vicissitudes of life at 153 East 57th Street. "Some days it's all pure routine. But *other* days—maybe it's the weather, no one knows—women faint right and left in the corridors. It's like a madhouse." It was more like late afternoon in an office building now.

I passed two middle-aged men in the hall. They were discussing their fate, sadly. One man was saying, "Twenty years she was a rope around my neck and now the Judge is pulling it tight." The other man went "Tchk! Tchk!" and sighed, "It isn't fair."

Just before I went out I stopped to talk to a guard, at the entrance. I asked him what he thought of the Family Court. He looked at me cautiously for a moment, then said, "Don't ask me, Mister. It's big—complicated . . . I'm just a clog in the wheel." ##

TWO
IS A
Crowd

IF BOTH WEAR THE SAME SHIRTS



Something of personality is lost when men appear as of the crowd.

Wilson Brothers shirts are styled for men who value exclusiveness in what they wear. They show the results of an infinite search for perfect fitness . . . attention to minute points of detail made important by the craft traditions of 75 years. You'll find them in stores selected for their success in satisfying individual tastes.

CHROMIST SHIRTS

Shown above; Chromist fabrics are marked by an exclusive blending of colors to secure uncommon effects in harmony with Fall clothing—$2.

Suggested Tie for Chromist Shirts is Wedglocke in Whitehall Twill—$1.

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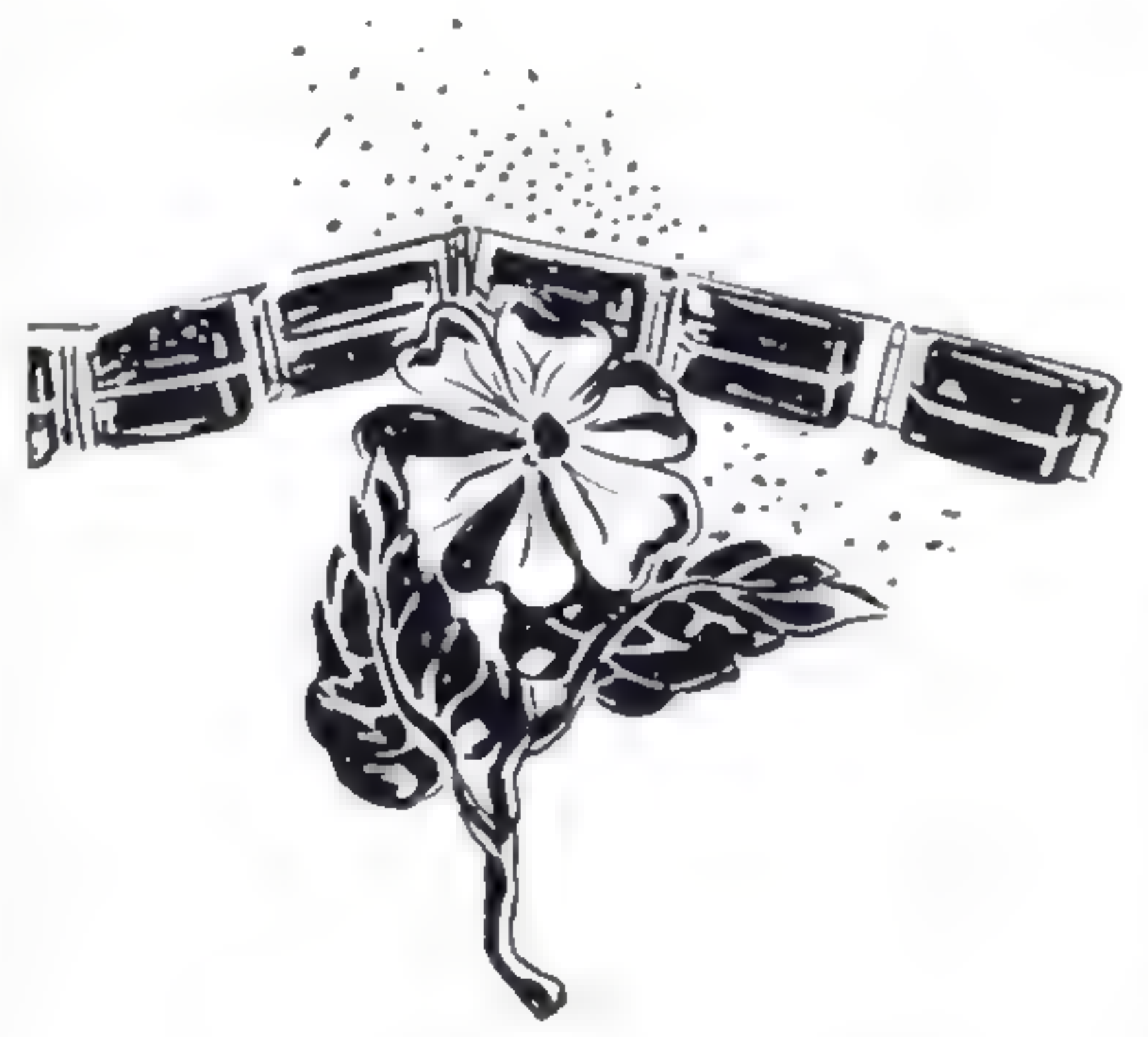
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



PREHISTORIC FLYPAPER

To the woman of today, amber is something that occasionally turns up in inexpensive jewelry. To the harassed insect world of sixty million years ago, it was lethal flypaper and something to be assiduously avoided. For the amber one sees today is the hardened gum of the enormous, prehistoric conifeur tree, which far exceeded in size California's giant redwoods. As this gum rolled down the tree's trunk, it caught up a variety of insects and cemented them for a long time to come. If you have an amber ring or bracelet, you may find an insect or two in the stone's center—worth looking at too, if you're interested in antiques, for said bug is the oldest form of fossil life on our planet.

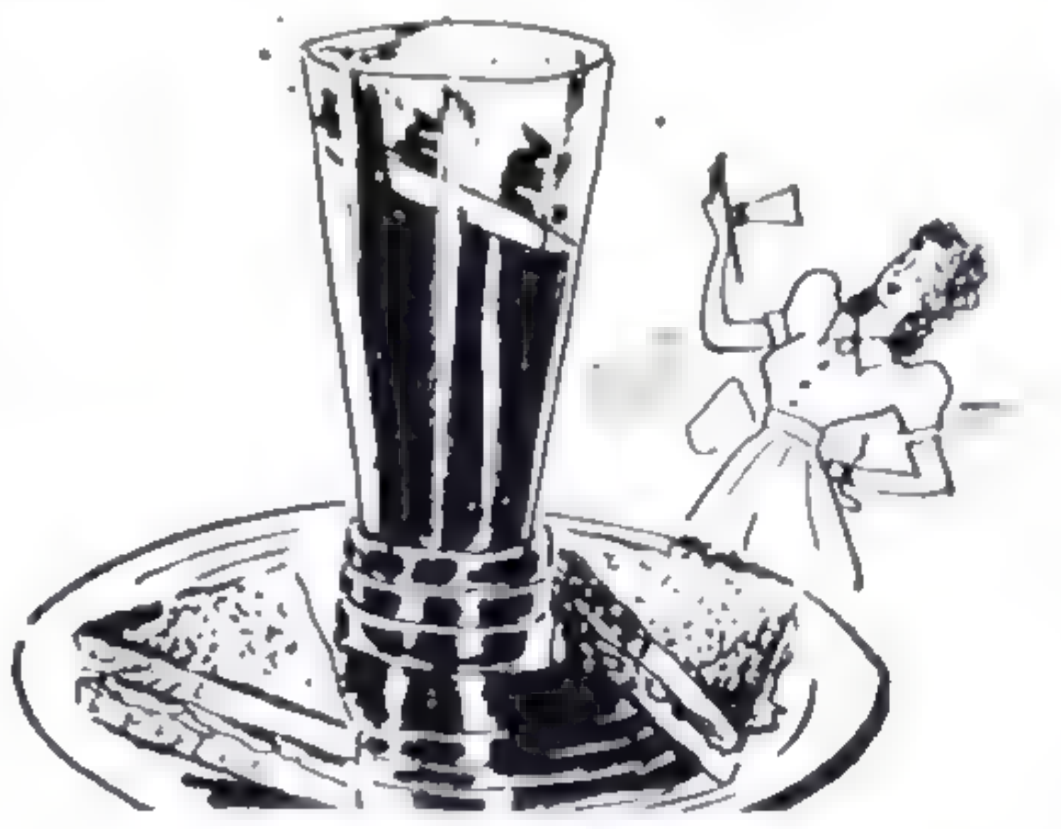
Till recently, nothing much had been done to make amber as attractive as it rightfully should be. Grandmother's amber jewelry sadly lacked distinction. But modern designers have taken the situation well in hand and have turned an invariably dull yellow into a color range varying from a light golden yellow to rich antique mahogany. Skillful facetting has revealed its transparency and its contrasting colors have been skillfully combined. Foliage and flower designs have been worked out in careful detail. Its versatility harmonizes with all dress color schemes and amber can be worn by blonde and brunette alike. The color of the insect, they tell us, makes no appreciable difference.

THE HORSES GO ROUND AND ROUND

Records mean many things to many people. Now there's an added starter in the diversified field of recordings that offers opera, swing, language lessons and double-entendre ditties, etc. —a record for race track fans. It offers ten races with changing results in each subsequent race. You pick your horse—there are five starters — and the race and finish are given to you in Derby broadcast fashion. The different result in each race is due to an unusual method of grooving the record. It comes with betting indicators and a "mutuel" board.

SPORT JOTTINGS ROUND-UP

A new midget football in the regulation collegiate model for touch or flinging around at the beach . . . made of sturdy cowhide, weighs enough for successful passing, fits the hand. Ping-pong set in a handsome fabricoid imitation leather case . . . excellent going-away gift for your country host. Practice tennis balls which are cheaper and last longer than the ordinary match ball... good investment for warming-up, saves your more expensive balls. Practice badminton ball of wool... gives your shuttlecocks a longer lease on life. Colorful plastic croquet set, both mallets and balls completely weatherproof . . . set will last a lifetime. Imported English croquet set, equipment being that used at the Open Championship in England . . . set includes box wood mallets with leather grip handles, composition balls, indicator discs, etc. New golf game "Fore", played with stylus on a course painted on film so that your "shots" disappear after round is over . . . fine present for any golfer, especially one in the hospital or confined to bed. Locker-room shoe with specially constructed non-skid sole that will keep you on your feet . . . also useful for the slippery deck of a boat.



SAFETY-FIRST IN THE FOOD DEPARTMENT

Many a man considers a buffet luncheon or dinner, at best, a hazardous undertaking. They're apt to complain loudly that handling a plate of chicken salad, knife and fork and a highball at the same time is a three arm job for a two arm animal. "Lap lunches" never let a man relax sufficiently — the risk element is usually too great. If you're planning any such non-seated functions, you might investigate the new safety-first service set that's been designed for just such occasions. The plates, as shown above, have a center holder into which you can put either a tumbler or a cup. The glass won't slip off the plate even when held at a fifty degree angle, the arrangement giving the consumer a one hand control over both food and drink. The sets consist of plate, cup and tumbler and, due to the raised center, plates stack without crushing food. If your cocktails are uncommonly potent, better lay in a set or two of these and save your rugs a lot of grief.

RECIPE for
Sound
Sleep

NO WAISTLINE PRESSURE

FAULTLESS
NOBELT
Pajamas

The moment you tie pajama drawstrings tightly around your waist, your nerves and muscles set up resistance. You may sleep throughout the night yet fail to get complete relaxation because of this nerve tension.

Faultless Nobelt Pajamas stay up without drawstrings, and without binding. Their action is that of *fit*-adjustment, rather than pinching the waist to stay in place. The patented Nobelt waistband will adjust itself to your waist size for night-long comfort.

LEGIONAIRE STRIPES

Shown above; Colorful Legionaire Stripes in fine quality broadcloth, notched collar coat and slip-on styles—$2.00 to $5.00.

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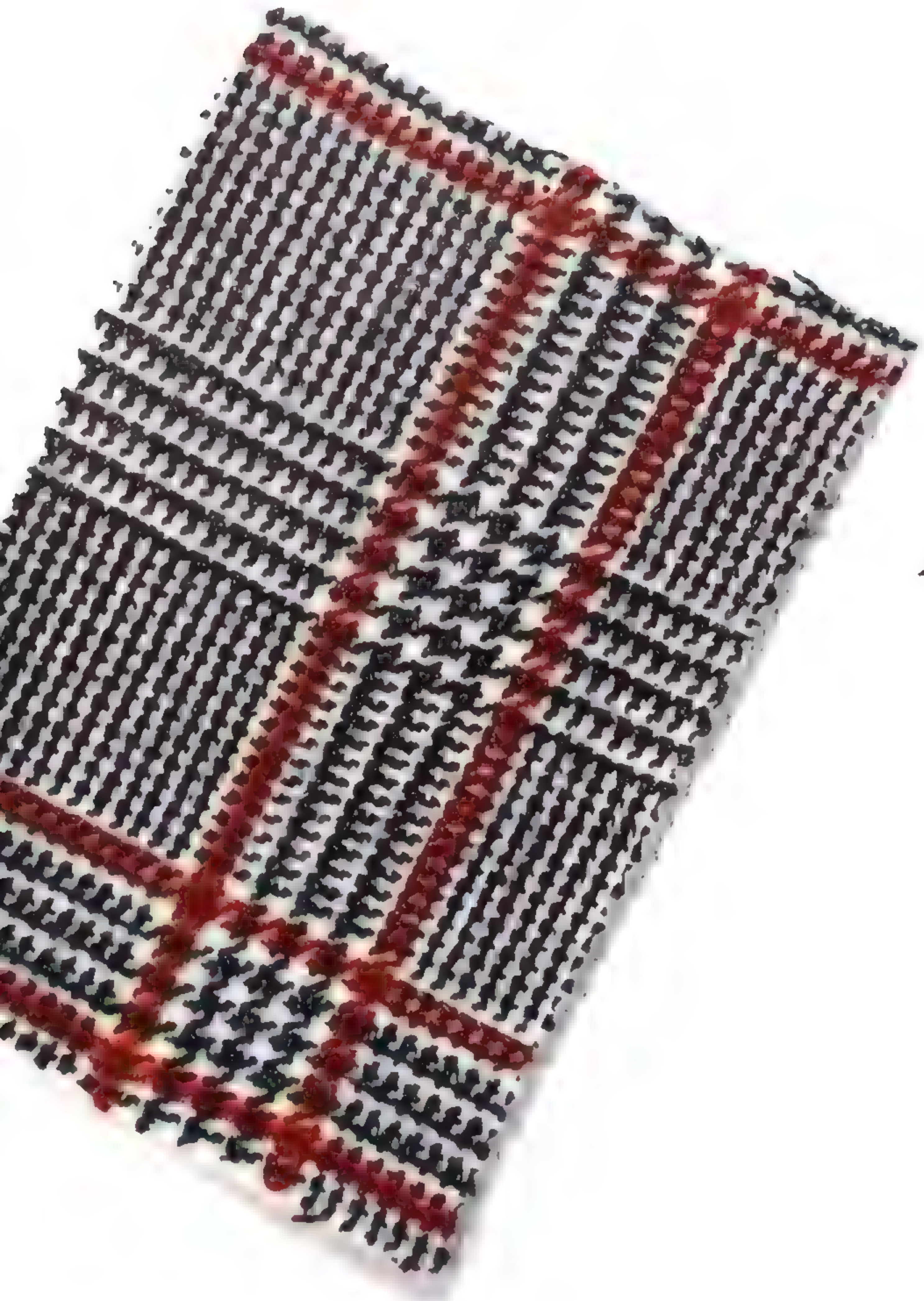
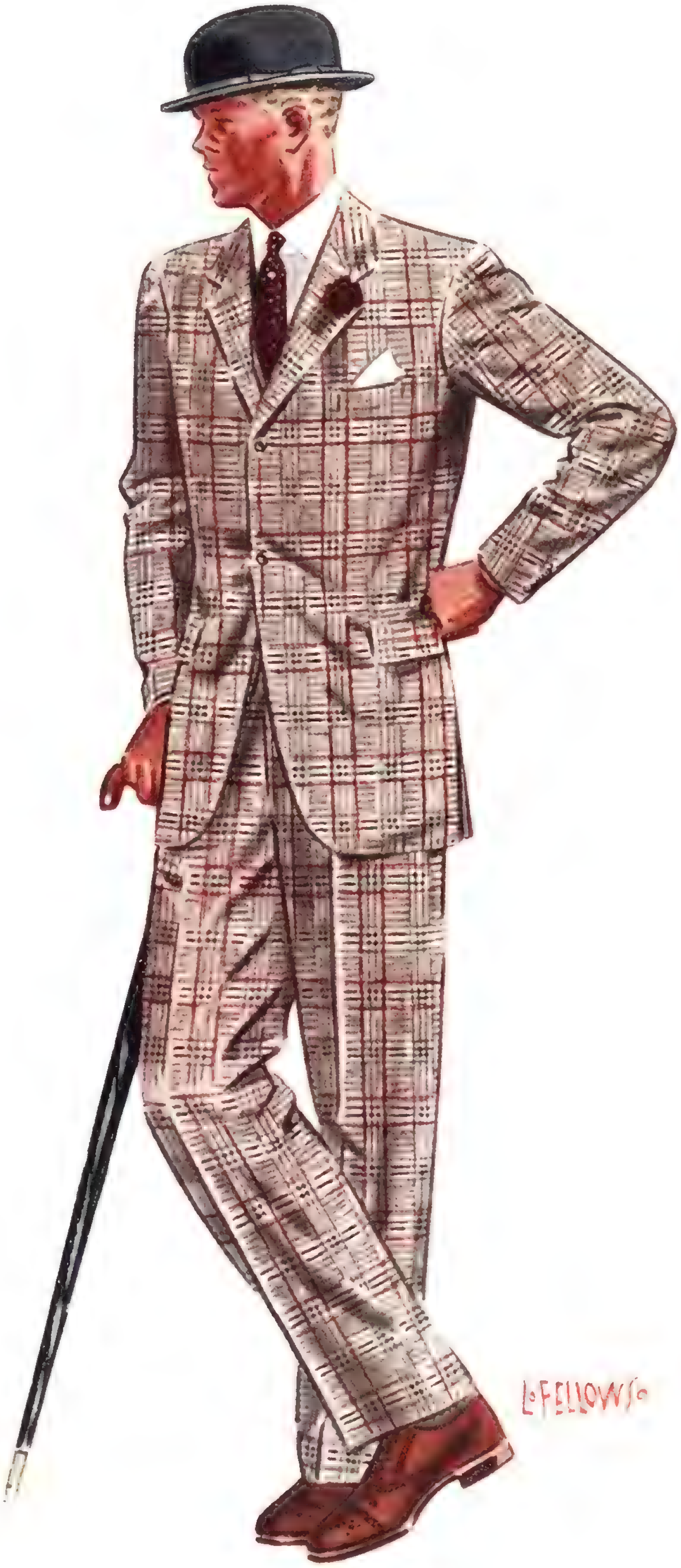


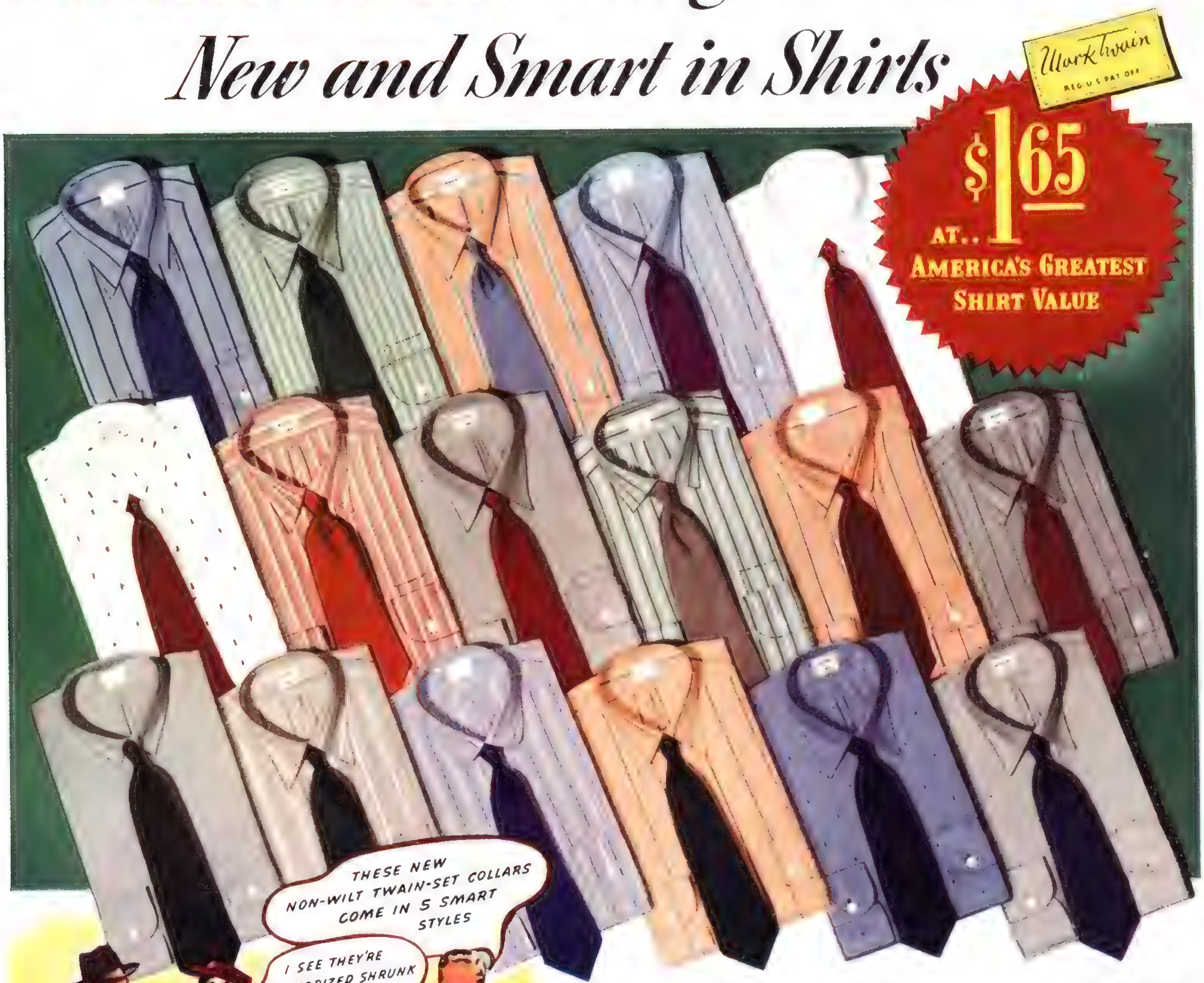
All Scotch and a yard wide...



The Scotch, despite quips to the contrary, have given much. Plaids, tweeds, brogues, tartans—all have been donated to the fashion cause. And most Scottish of all are the district checks, originally worn in their native habitat with tartan kilts. For years made up into odd jackets, district checks are now further breaking down conservative barriers in the form of complete suits. The pattern shown here is the authentic Red Mhor, illustrated in the new paddock model suit. This two-button model with the bottom button at the waistline is incidentally calculated to give added height to the wearer. The trousers have rather narrow bottoms and are cuffless. Accessories with this colorful suit are, as a matter of common sense, more restrained. With the grey broadcloth shirt, a white starched collar and maroon tie with white pin dots are worn. A rough finish derby and brown reverse calf shoes with grey 6 x 3 rib wool hose complete the outfit. The purpose of the umbrella, presumably, is to keep the water out of the Scotch.

For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

MARK TWAIN Brings You All That's New and Smart in Shirts


Mark Twain
REG U S PAT OFF
$1.65 AT.. AMERICA'S GREATEST SHIRT VALUE

THESE NEW NON-WILT TWAIN-SET COLLARS COME IN 5 SMART STYLES
I SEE THEY'RE SANFORIZED SHRUNK ... I KNOW THAT'S A MARK OF QUALITY

MARK TWAIN OFFERS MORE QUALITY, MORE WEAR, MORE SATISFACTION...AT A PRICE SO LOW YOU CAN EASILY AFFORD MORE SHIRTS!

★ Mark Twains are the kind of shirts you *like* to wear. They fit so well and feel so comfortable! They're full cut, allowing more freedom. Even little details like custom stitching in every seam, buttonholes, around the collar, on the cuffs—that's where *real* shirt quality shows up! And that's why men by the thousands are switching to Mark Twains . . . they get top quality throughout at a rock bottom price!

Look at the variety of handsome patterns and colors shown above. You can select a complete wardrobe and actually have it cost no more than what you would expect to pay for a few shirts. This great value is possible *only* because Mark Twain has set out deliberately to create America's greatest shirt value at $1.65! See them today at better dealers.

All Mark Twain Shirts Have Non-Wilt Twain-set Collars.*
All are Sanforized shrunk (fabric shrinkage does not exceed 1%)

*Twain-set Collars Made Under Celanese Corporation of America Patents.

NEW! A DISTINGUISHED GROUP OF
De Luxe Shirtings
NOW AVAILABLE IN

★ Looking for something "just a little different" . . . or the unusual . . . in shirtings? Here are fabrics usually found only in highest priced shirts! At $2.00 they're sensational! See them.

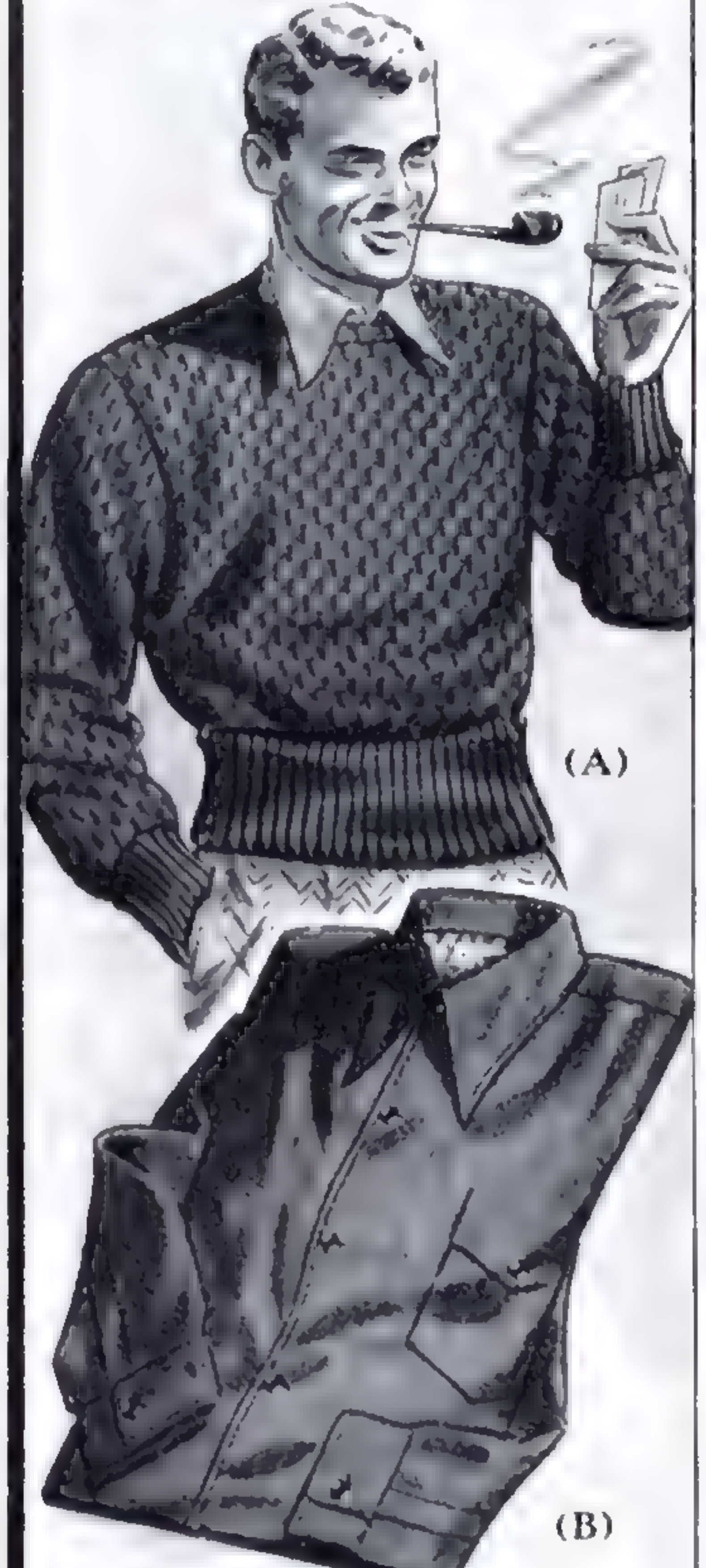
Gold Star
MARK TWAIN SHIRTS
$2.00

MARK TWAIN Shirts
BY ELDER

FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER, WRITE ELDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO. BRANCH OFFICES: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES

Skipper SPORTWEAR

THE SPORT shirt and sweater shown below can be worn together for fall sports events. Skipper designers have matched planned-smartness with serviceability.



CREW-NECK PULL-OVER

(A) This sweater is of pure worsted in a smart basket-weave stitch; it is knitted with ribbed cuffs for snug fit and an English ribbed bottom for wear in the popular turned up style. Your choice of Teal Blue, Spruce Green, Maroon and Rust, $3.

(B) *IN-N-OUTER* Shirt of Crown Tested spun rayon in a herringbone gabardine weave. Long sleeves, flap pocket, button front. For all purpose sport wear. Your choice of Marine Blue, Spruce Green, and Tan, $2.50.

Skipper Sportwear is shown in selected stores everywhere.

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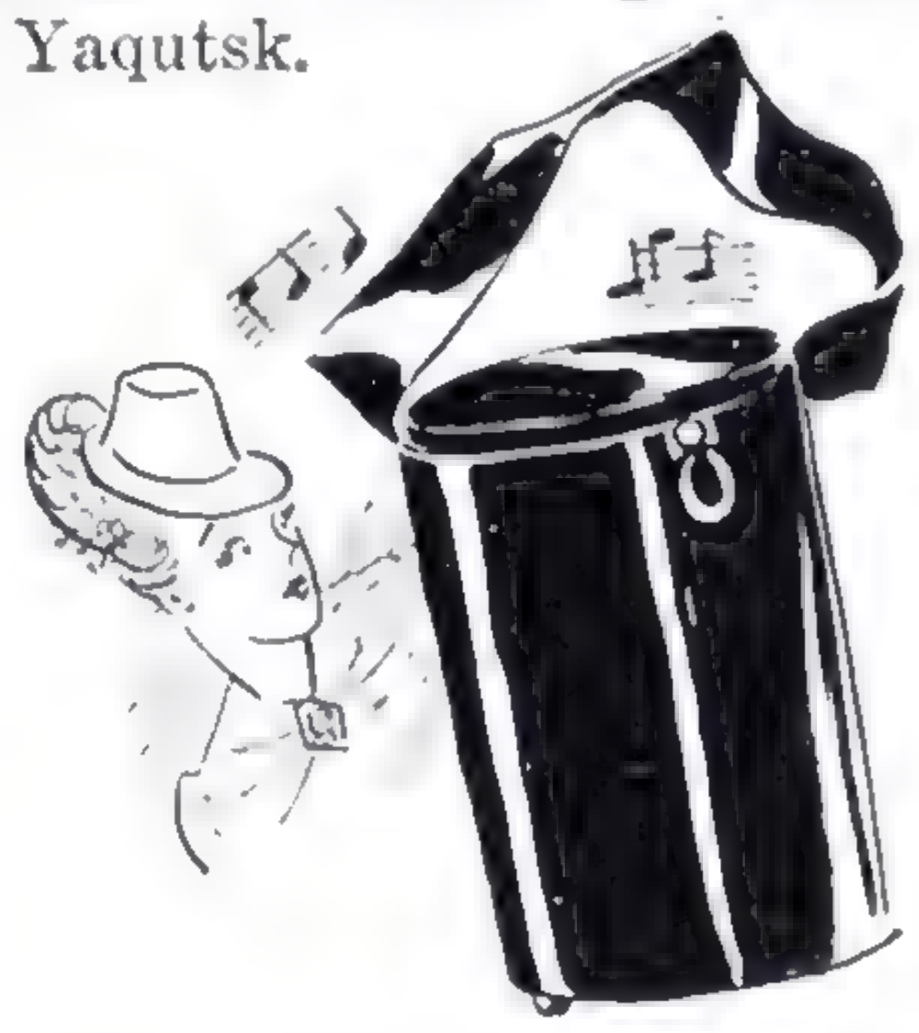
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

MAHARAJAHS DON'T TRAVEL ALONE

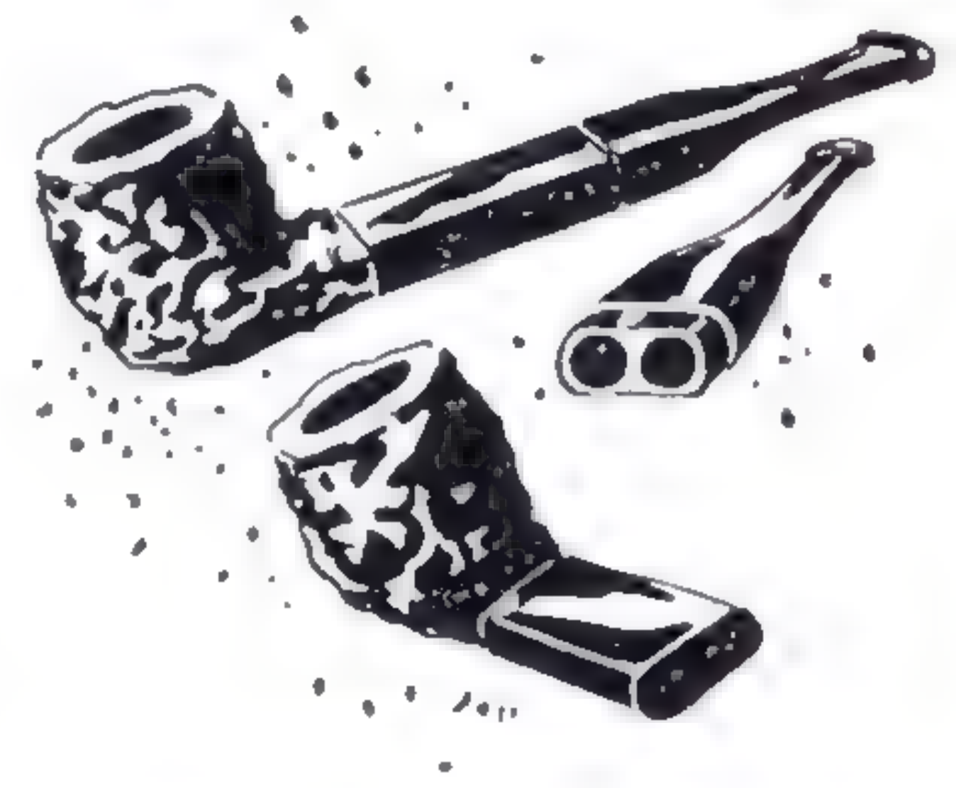
You've probably heard that travel is broadening, but we're pretty certain you've never heard of F. N. Wagner, Esq. Well, Mr. Wagner is decidedly broadened. He's the lucky lad on the Thomas Cook and Son roster whose specific job it is to escort the Maharajahs of India when they travel abroad. Mr. Wagner, whose holidays are few and far (very far) between, is now a member of the Maharajah of Tripura's entourage, all of whom, in a sizable body, have just visited the Fair and New York's sundry other attractions.

During his twenty-five years of ushering assorted Highnesses about the globe, Mr. Wagner has averaged 45,000 miles a year and visited literally every country you'll find in the atlas. For the rulers of India like to travel and one or the other of them does, almost constantly. They do it in the grand manner, too. On one trip, Mr. Wagner had to keep his eye on 416 pieces of luggage, said trip evidently being the least educational of them all. The luggage situation was quite successful in keeping him out of the museums. But responsibility is far from being his complete lot. Three months of tiger shooting with the Nawab of Rampur was the result of one trip. His sole regret must be that there are few people about who can reminisce with him on equal terms about St. Helena and the Falkland Islands, Greenland and St. Joseph's Land. He wasn't with Byrd at the South Pole, but he's missed very few other places, from the "coldest place in the world," Yaqutsk (north of Irkutsk), 72 below Centigrade, to perhaps the hottest, Basrah in Mesopotamia, where it was 128 Fahrenheit. If he had to choose between the two, he'd prefer the former. But it would be a grim choice. He couldn't go outdoors in Yaqutsk.



SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC

Has the time come for a small giftie? If you're vaguely looking for something unusual, try her out on this tubular music-box handbag. When the top is opened, it plays one of any number of sprightly tunes, a Swiss music-box movement being hidden in the bottom. The bag is made of black bengaline, but that doesn't mean anything to us, either.



NOW IT'S A FILTER PIPE

Once upon a time, two men smoked too much. They were an Italian nobleman, Count Giuseppe Cippico, and an American industrialist, Arthur Davis, and they decided to do something about it. Many types of filters, a robot smoker, etc., were used amid much fuss and bother until it was found that the remover of nicotine from tobacco that they were looking for was tobacco itself. All this resulted in the well-known filter cigarette holder that appeared something over a year ago. Now a pipe has appeared, designed on the same principle. Instead of one complete cigarette, you insert two halves in a chamber in the pipe's stem, and the smoke is routed through them for denicotinization. While the cigarette halves take care of the nicotine, the aluminum chamber sees to the condensation of the tar-laden fumes. The bowl is of good, rough, old-fashioned briar. If you're interested, you can get a super deluxe model done in precious metals by a Fifth Avenue jeweler.

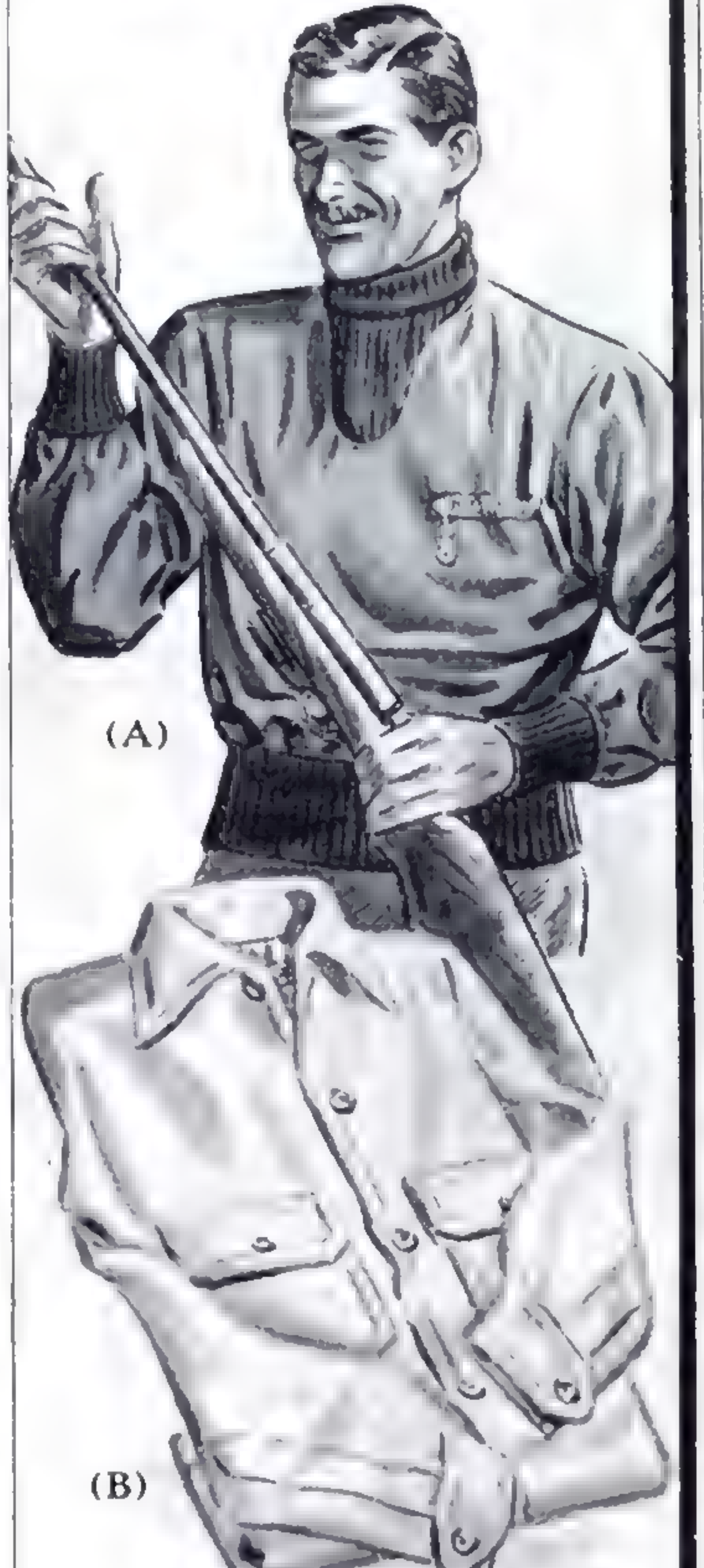
SCREENS ARE FUNCTIONAL

According to two of Manhattan's more purposeful young socialites, screens are "as important functionally in a room as a chair, and twice as important decoratively." Whether or no, they've done something about the situation, filling the gap that evidently exists between the dull screen and the expensive screen. They have them for formal rooms, done in satin or metallic paper, for livable rooms, done in floral fabrics or papers, and for informal rooms, in bright plaid or paisley. There's one screen that performs an act akin to the subtleties of the faintly-remembered speakeasy era. Aunt Susan thinks it's just a screen, but she's on the wrong side. Turn it around and you have the complete makings of a bar, with shelves and other necessary paraphernalia. Another, the closet-screen, is equipped on its hind side with shoe, hat and clothes racks. Nice for small flats. Others, which are just screens, have a fabric range from yellow oil-cloth to copper chinoiserie wallpaper.

Ranger

Skipper SPORTWEAR

TWO STYLES for blustery autumn days out of doors. Fabrics are processed for weather resistance; the famous Skipper label is your assurance of correctness.



WEATHER WARDEN

(A) Here is protection from wind and rain in a garment you can fold into the pocket of your golf bag. Sturdy, yet light in weight; "Zelan" processed to repel water; Talon closed inset pocket; ribbed cuffs, bottom and semi-turtle neck. Green, Gray, Sand and Blue, $3.

(B) *"CAMEL SUEDELLA"* Chukker coat, made of water-repellant brushed rayon. It has two flap pockets, adjustable cuffs, and rayon yoke shield. Spruce Green, Camel & Walnut Brown, $3.50

Skipper Sportwear is shown in selected stores everywhere.

WILSON BROTHERS
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Raid on the "Golden Eagle"

Continued from page 77

face in her warm bosom. At such times the boy would lower his thick lashes, as if he were extinguishing two dark suns. On his mouth there would appear a chaste smile, as if signifying that although he did not condemn it, he did not wish to see this lawful love-duet.

* * *

It happened once that the detective had to take a trip to Bukowina in connection with some provincial crime. He took loving farewell of his wife, who charmingly and carefully packed his things in a cardboard *nécéssaire*. Then he went to the *prefectura* to join his colleagues.

At headquarters, however, there had been a change in the situation. A telegram had been received that the murderer had been captured. There was no need thus to go to Bukowina. On the other hand, another detective-chief, who was supposed to head a raiding detail of the morals squad that same day, had called up that he had dislocated his ankle. His men were already standing, ready to start, in the court of the *prefectura*.

A Prefect accidentally noticed the moujik-looking detective:

"Good, I'm glad you're here, Motofelean! Come, old man, take charge of this raid tonight!"

"At your service, Prefect!" the detective answered him ambitiously. He was sincerely glad to assume the duties of an injured colleague. In addition to that, he had to have something to pass the time away. He knew that his wife and the boy were going to a cinema that evening. What would he do alone in the apartment? It would be so much better to arrive home at dawn, unexpectedly, after the exhausting night's work.

The raids were getting along well. During the first hour they had taken a whole swarm of pickpockets, cocaine-smugglers, and a large assortment of prostitutes.

It was not yet midnight when the procession, winding through crooked suburban streets, arrived at the cheap hotel called "*Vulturul de Aur*," or the "Golden Eagle."

The criminals and the prostitutes sat down on the curb among the policemen. The detective gave good-natured permission to the girls to smoke, and then invaded the hotel at the head of his men.

In the first four rooms they found nothing unusual. The disheveled couples could all identify themselves. The men with torn residence-certificates, military discharge papers, industrial cards of identification. As for the sorry-looking, over-painted women, they had such quantities of worn-out stamped and signed documents as a diplomatic courier usually carries.

In front of the fifth door, however, they had to wait long before the door was opened in response to their energetic knocking. In the narrow opening there appeared, with his dark hair falling into his forehead, the sensual young face of the dramatics-music student.

The detective let out a resounding and mirthful guffaw:

"Well, brother, is this how you went to the movies?"

Terrible fright surged over the boy's black eyes. Then he tried to grin, as if showing how glad he was to find somebody he knew in this painful mess, a friend who might give him special consideration.

He winked at the detective cynically:

"Hello, old man! Go away! I'll give you the dope on the whole thing tomorrow!" he whispered.

The detective, however, had no spark of chivalrous discretion in him. He was curious. Thinking it a grand joke, he pushed the door in, and entered the room followed by his men.

This chamber was just another cheap hotel room. Filthy, untidy, low: as if a murder had just taken place among its stained wallpapers. Its air was acid because of the constant extermination of bedbugs.

The detective looked around mirthfully, looking for the heroine of the escapade. Then suddenly he stopped, as if he had been clubbed in the forehead.

Hanging on the wall he recognized his wife's imitation sealskin coat and red hat. On a chair he saw Myra's familiar worn leather purse.

During the first few seconds, while the poison had not had its full effect, the man's brain functioned almost normally: why did they have to come here? Why couldn't they stay at home? He thought more in curiosity than in anger. Then he saw it at once: of course, they couldn't stay at home, before the spying eyes of the old maid.

He glanced at the corner of the room, where a female figure was huddled. The woman gasped in recognition and turned toward the wall to hide her face from the men.

There was a long pause. Only the heavy breathing of the detective, struggling against his emotions, could be heard. The other raiders had recognized their leader's wife. One of them even ejaculated in stunned surprise: "Myra!" They waited anxiously to see what was going to happen. They watched their chief furtively, to be able to seize his arm in time if he should reach toward his hip pocket to draw his revolver.

But the big two hundred-pounder was not the murderous kind. He shut his eyes, as if he wanted to regain his composure. Then, hoarsely he addressed the boy who was standing trembling in front of him.

"Identify yourself!"

The lover started mumbling that they knew each other, why should he have to identify himself? Finally, he ransacked his clothes, and held up some kind of document with trembling hands.

"All right. Clear out of here!" the detective said, just as he would

Continued on page 168

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

A Tradition for nearly 150 years

HARVEY'S

Sherries & Ports

HARVEY'S
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CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
PARK & TILFORD

For generations—in all corners of the world—the excellence of Harvey's is recognized. Be sure *your* Sherries and Ports bear this age-old *quality* name.

SHERRIES (Alcohol 20% by volume)

Harvey's "Dry"—*A light-bodied, non-sweet sherry—perfect before dining and with the fish course.*

Harvey's "Shooting"—*medium sweet, full bodied. An all-occasion sherry.*

Harvey's "Bristol Cream"—*choicest full pale... rich, soft. One of the world's great sherries.*

PORTS (Alcohol 20% by volume)

Harvey's "Gold Cap"—*Fine ruby. A port for every occasion.*

Harvey's "Hunting"—*a very fine, soft tawny, ideal for the after-dinner port.*

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

"Stadium" A PORTIS "ALL-AMERICAN"

"Protek" Perspiration-proof Interlining.
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Choose it as confidently as you would a seat on the 50-yard line... Distinctive, smart but not extreme. Fine, medium weight felt. Colors that will please you. A superb value $3.85

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"Delicieuse—thees Leroux liqueur!"

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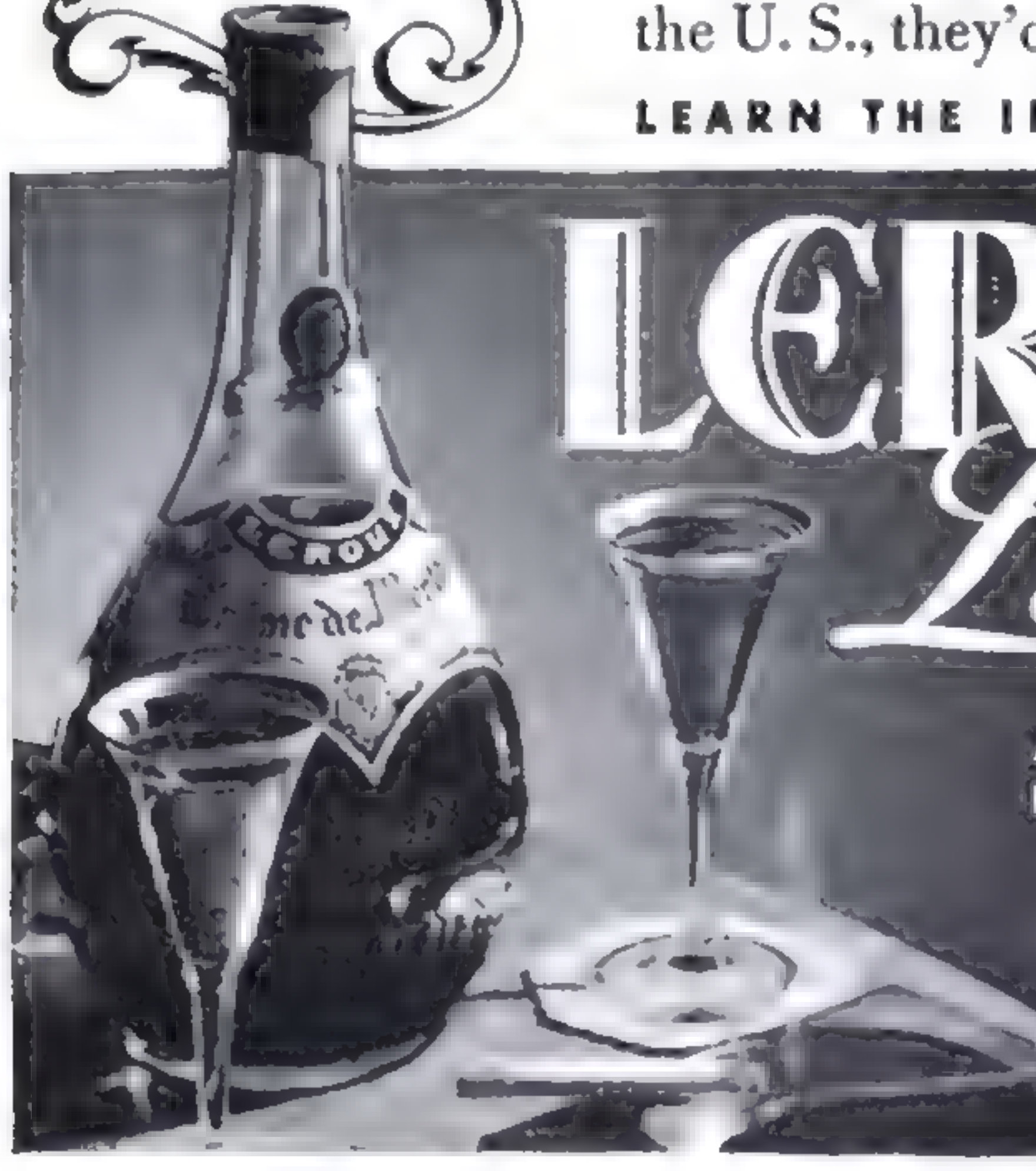
NATURALLY, MONSIEUR—the aroma, smoothness and flavor you enjoy in your native land! For the basic flavoring ingredients of Leroux are imported from EUROPE. In fact if these liqueurs were not finished in the U. S., they'd be continental in *price* too!

LEARN THE INEXPENSIVE LUXURY OF

LEROUX Liqueurs



AWARDED GOLD MEDAL PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, 1937

LEROUX and CO., Inc., Philadelphia

323 Rue du Progres
Brussels, Belgium

New York Office
347 Fifth Avenue

65 PROOF

Raid on the "Golden Eagle"

Continued from pages 77-167

have said to a strange man in accordance with the police routine.

The dark gigolo was out of the room in no time. And he cleared out, slinkingly, without saying a word, green in the face: leaving the woman to her fate, as if he never had anything to do with her. One of the detectives spat after him as he slunk out of the room: "the dirty rat!"

While the lover was leaving, the man stared at his wife's back. In his brain there was fog. Perhaps it was only a nightmare. How could all this be happening to him? On his tongue, silently, and with a horrible aftertaste, he tried the word: love . . .

His subordinates remained silent. They were no softies, but still they felt the horror which seizes everybody on seeing face to face the sordid aspect of conjugal debasement.

When the boy had disappeared, the detective spoke to his wife:

"You, too, identify yourself!"

At this the woman forgot her shamed modesty and turned around. Her face was streaming with tears. She stretched her arms begging toward her husband. And in her tortured state, in this grotesque situation, she addressed him with the same term of endearment she had always used when speaking to him:

"Daddy! I beg of you!"

The man stepped back as if he loathed her nearness:

"Then you have no papers?"

The woman sobbed:

"What would I have papers for, Daddy? For heaven's sake take me out of here!"

The detective turned to his men:

"Take her! Stand her among the others!"

Myra started to scream:

"Daddy! Help!"

The detectives hesitated. That was a little too much, after all. She was a lady, no matter what she had done. The wife of a colleague.

The chief groaned:

"I said: take her!"

There was nothing that could be done against this command. Orders are orders! They stood Myra, with her auto-leather purse and imitation sealskin fur coat, among the smoking, coughing, ragged streetwalkers, who began to scrutinize her with scornful curiosity. They giggled: "Doesn't she smell swell?" Myra did exude a strong chypre scent. She had wanted to be alluring for this rendezvous.

The procession started. From the side streets they turned into the boulevards. They stopped in front of illuminated cafés. Myra hid her face in a handkerchief and kept pace with the policemen, crying. From time to time she screamed, begging for mercy:

"Daddy!"

But the man was deaf. His face distorted and turned into stone.

"Shut up!" he said angrily when one of his colleagues tried to intervene for Myra.

It was not a soberly premeditated case of revenge, however. The detective had lost his power of reasoning because of the shock. Somehow, in a childish manner, he got the idea that he was going to put his wife through the entire procedure prescribed for every guttersnipe streetwalker who is caught in the act of plying her trade without some document of identification. And when this procedure once gets started, it is like an avalanche. And, what is more, the man was not inclined to change the course of events. "Let her just see what it feels like to be a slut!" he muttered to himself obstinately.

He did not know clearly what he was doing: he was half insane when he accompanied his wife to the *prefectura*. Then he saw to it that she was stuck away into a filthy cell. That she was disinfected. And that in the morning she was taken for examination by the police physicians.

Myra came out of the doctor's office half-dead, with a group of guffawing women. She acted like a lunatic. Under her arm she clutched her purse tightly. Her hat had been lost somewhere, her hair had become mussed up, on her face there were streaks of mascara, her fur coat smelled of carbolic acid. She had no tears left, and she could no longer say so imploringly: "Daddy!" She sat apathetically on the long bench in the waiting room. She had been torn to shreds, she seemed fat, under her eyes there were large bags: it was as if she had aged twenty years during the night.

The man's heart ached. Suddenly his anger ebbed away. "How could she do this to me when she had everything she could ask for!" he thought, full of naïve complaining. And he rushed off, desperate, like one who has derailed a train and has no courage to stay on and view the consequences.

He went to the *prefectura*, to his office. He sat down beside his desk. He was thirsty and hungry. He had the office boy bring him a herring and two *decis* of *cujka*. Then he got to work on the papers. He scribbled, figured, composed reports. He worked like an animal until late in the evening. After ten o'clock he lay down on a police cot. His eyes and head hurt him terribly. He clutched his hands on his forehead and lay on his back, staring incessantly at the bare, wire-encased electric bulb.

It occurred to him again: "But she had everything!" Then, as if his insides were bleeding, he began to feel: yes, she did have everything; the only lack in the menu was that which only such dark gigolos can offer. He no longer hated the boy. Rather, he was scared of him, as a dog dreads a person who has beaten him once. If at that moment the boy had entered the room, he would perhaps have crawled under the cot in his fright. It did not even occur to him that he could go home and lie down in his own bed. That part

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of the world had collapsed, as if an earthquake had destroyed it. Myra's face appeared before him, with her swollen lips, and tears began quietly to trickle down his face, as when one cries over a dead person. Then he was seized with a horrible feeling of shame as he conjured up the scene in the hotel: "There I stood, my friends behind my back; they all saw it!" He groaned and covered his face with his palms to hide his blushing from the bare electric bulb.

For three days he did not leave the building of the *prefectura*. He had no questions to ask. On his face there was a petrified grin. His colleagues were afraid to approach him. Meanwhile his shirt had become soiled, his clothes wrinkled, and his whiskers grown out. He looked like a movie actor playing the part of a shipwrecked sailor, tossed about by the waves.

The third day the commandant of the detective force asked him to report in his office.

The detective stood in front of the impressive mahogany desk which was decorated with two plaster-of-Paris busts of Minerva and General Lafayette.

The commandant—a "pro-woman," dyed-moustached officer—was raving mad:

"Look here, Motofelean! Are you crazy! It was reported to me what you had done to your wife. You know what it is? Barbarity! A goddam shame! Are you a policeman? You are a rotten swine! Are you a chief! Is this the good example you are supposed to show? I don't give a damn about your private affairs! But I won't stand for your employing officers of the Royal Roumanian Police whenever you want to take vengeance on someone!"

The man just stood there in front of the desk with his sad, shipwrecked face. He said nothing; he did not defend himself. This made his boss even madder:

"I don't know that unfortunate woman," he bellowed at the top of his lungs, "but I can see why she did it! God Almighty! It must have been hell for her to live with a filthy cur like you! Look at yourself! You are drunk even now! One could light your breath! And what filth! Get out of here! Go and wash at least! It turns my stomach to look at you!"

The secretary asked him in the forechamber:

"Why was the old man so mad?"

"He gave me hell. Told me I was a bad policeman," the man answered him with a bitter smile, while he grasped for the doorknob in embarrassment.

Ten minutes later a desk sergeant, who was just crossing the corridor on the third floor, noticed that down in the store room Detective Motofelean was lifting down a rifle from the rack. He saw him take off his right shoe, place the barrel of the gun under his chin, and put his big toe on the trigger.

The desk sergeant yelled at him from above, and started running down the stairs. But it was too late. When they broke down the door only the echo of the shot was resounding in the room which was full of powder smoke. On the floor, between two overturned chairs, lay the heavy, two hundred-pound body of the detective. In the place of the head . . . Well, police weapons are rather powerful. . . . He who told this story to me, said: "In the place of the head the parquet looked as if a large platter of paprika stew had been dropped on it . . . " ###

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 98

cheapened and ruined. Next thing, the Ritz brothers will be burlesquing a lynch scene, and Groucho Marx will be delivering sermons on democracy while trying to get his leg around that statuesque dame. We already have our revolutionary history and the salute to the flag being taught us by Porky in a Leon Schlesinger comi-cartoon.

OH DEATH

Somehow it seems to be an accepted idea that philosophy, as it applies to life and death in America, is most characteristically expressed in the ideas of our small-town folk. Life in a small town is supposed to give one a more meditative cast of mind, and time for meditation upon the verities, and for the formulation of philosophy. Films, plays of city life present death in a quick manner; perhaps the truest expression of our film-idea of the urban-idea of death is in crime and gangster pictures. A few bangs, a shadow-shot of a falling body, and that's all.

But when we go to have deep and significant thoughts we picture ourselves in the country graveyard. As a people, Americans have been accepted by the world as a symbol of energetic life, a young nation whose psyche is concerned only with things of life, with ever-expanding creative symbols, with everlasting zest. We would be the last people on earth expected to exhibit a wish-for-death.

Yet frequently there appears in our literature a decaying note of death-love; and recently we seem to welcome this in all our arts. Last year this negativistic philosophy almost dominated the stage; and this season it has come to the cinema in such films as *Dark Victory* and now the film adaptation of *On Borrowed Time*.

In literature, the most obvious capitalization of this death-wish among our contemporaries has been in the works of Thornton Wilder; for from his beginning, with *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, he has sold America a kind of sweet elixir of good-bye forever. This lovely poison, in an extra-slick bottle, appeared on the stage last year, labeled *Our Town;* and as has already been noted, the same

Continued on page 170

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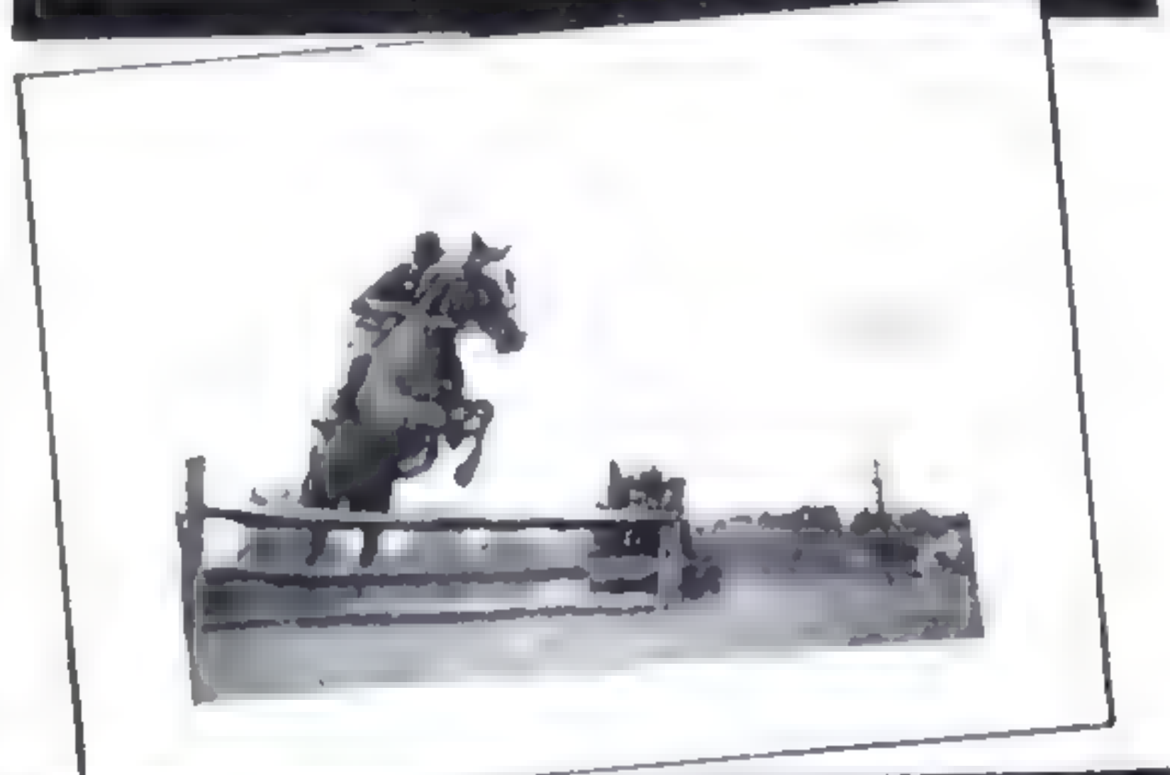

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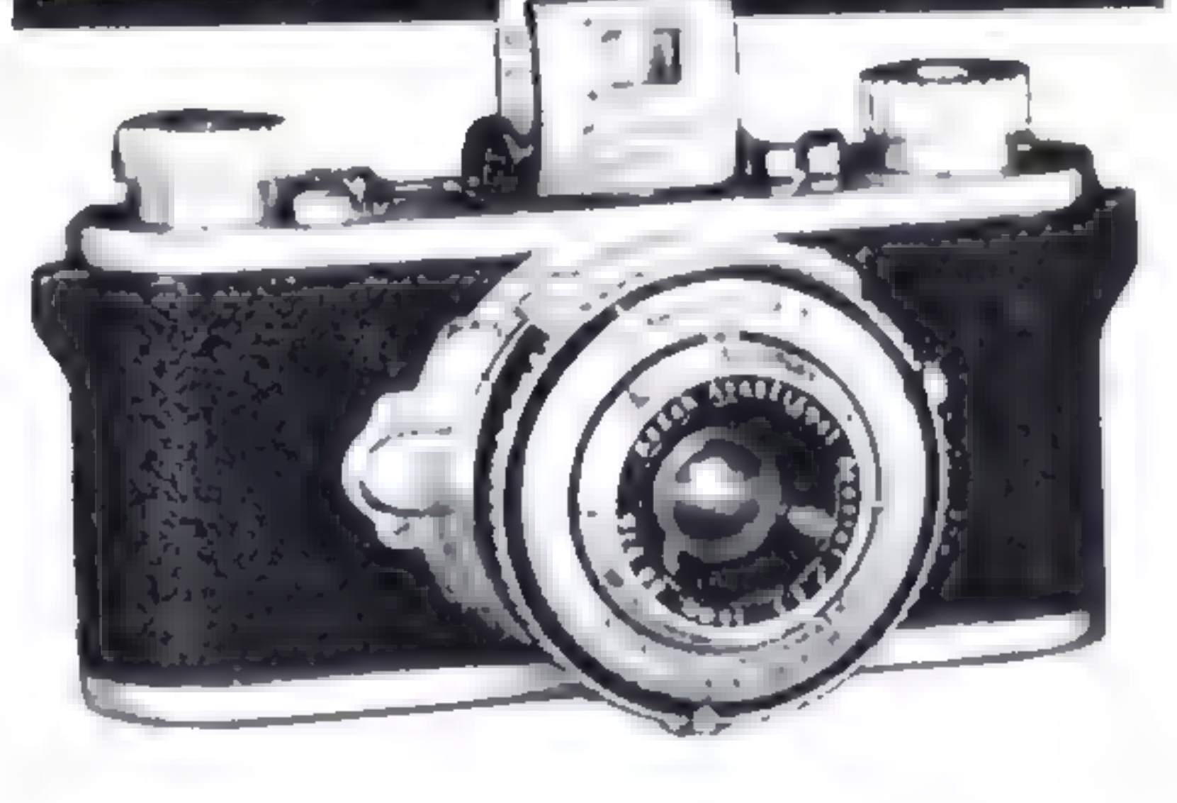

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 98-169

formula is coming into films. The Wilder trick is very simple. Sentimental philosophy of the homely small-town variety is hoked up with a dash of mysticism; the result is a vast emptiness, but awe-inspiring like a vault.

Perhaps by coincidence, the same New York season saw the success of *On Borrowed Time*, which sells us the remarkably original idea that death is a good thing, because it brings an end of pain to some folk.

We are concerned here with the question as to whether this kind of idealization of death is really typical of the American mind. Whether we are indeed so preoccupied with the death-wish?

The popularity of such films may be an index, although not a certain index, for the idea of death inspires awe that is often confused with art: reactions become unbalanced. This is offered in the spirit of enquiry. To us, "philosophical" treatment of this type is repulsive because it is fakey; however, it would be of great significance, if we knew that acceptance of such themes in entertainment indicated a nationwide mood.

Obviously, this question could be stated as an answer. The box-office returns for *On Borrowed Time* may shed some light, for though well made, the film is not consistently entertaining, even as tragedy; if the film is very successful, it will be so because the public welcomes the death-idea, rather than because the public wants to see Lionel Barrymore in a wheelchair again.

How to Live

That the funeral parlor is the thought-center of the small rural community is scarcely the theme of a remarkable documentary film called *The City* produced by Oscar Serlin with Carnegie foundation money, and with an ace staff of intellects and artists.

The City shows how we lived in the old days when industries were small, hand-anvil establishments, and the typical American community was a town large enough so the inhabitants could come together in one hall to decide on affairs of the commonweal. Then, there was a healthy life, a human life, a relationship between work, nature, home, and society.

Through a rapid montage showing the growth of industrialism, largely by the growth of steel mills, the film indicates the evolution of centralization, and the rise of big cities.

Then it shows how we live today. On the one hand, the workers, who make the steel that goes into the skyliners and streamliners and skyscrapers, live in lopsided tumbling shacks breathing slag fumes in the gruesome milltowns of Ohio and Pennsylvania; without running water, without sanitation of any sort, these industrial slum-communities beat even the horrors of share-cropper land. Either these slums, or barrack-like company towns.

And on the other hand, the people who live in the cities made by steel are shown leading utterly dehumanized lives.

The greatest contribution which this film makes to cinema, aside from its startling effectiveness as a social document, is in the introduction of a type of savage, ironic camera-technique hitherto undeveloped. What Pare Lorentz accomplished by the use of poetic rhythms, as in *The River*, the makers of *The City* accomplish by the use of bitter comedy. In one long sequence they show the mechanization of eating, with an accumulative horror of haste that is truly masterful. Slicing machines, pats of butter, automatic pancake-turners, slap of meat into sandwich, slap of sandwich onto plate, slap of sandwich into mouth, slap of coin onto counter, and the customers sliding off the stools still chewing the last bite. This hideous destruction of one of life's most important functions is in itself an adequate symbol of what the city does to man. For society's surest emblem is the way people have of eating; family life is built around the dining table.

There is another, equally telling sequence, equally bitterly hilarious. This illustrates frustration. People trying and trying to cross a street; cars stalled in side streets; a taxi-rider popping up again and again through the open roof of the cab, gazing hopelessly at the jammed street, sitting down to gaze at the ticking meter. And then, the long horror sequence of frustrated escape: the city streets deserted on Sunday; the traffic jam transferred to the country road; the exasperated faces of waiting drivers; and finally the pitiful scene of the little family picnicking right alongside the fume-laden super-highway.

The answer, *The City* shows, is simple. We now have the means and the knowledge for building livable ruralized communities, linked by a few minutes to larger centers of business and government. We now have the means and the knowledge for decentralizing our industry, so that workers may live in model communities, and even walk to their factories through stretches of woods.

Such communities are shown; new safe highways with underpasses for kids on bicycles; new community centers, playgrounds, modern schools, modern cheap houses with trees and earth instead of pavement and poles around them. The film makes clear that they can be obtained; though it is weak in not giving more economic analysis of the building of such new communities, and thus stimulating the public with the idea of practicality as well as desirability. Nevertheless, *The City* is one of the most important documentaries thus far produced in America. ⧻

As one cigarette to another:

"Boy, what I just went through! First he couldn't find a match. Then when he found it he didn't wait 'til it was out and it burned his finger and then the table cover. Finally, after lighting me, he said I tasted like something his aunt used to give him in the Spring—sulphur, I thought. What a morning!"

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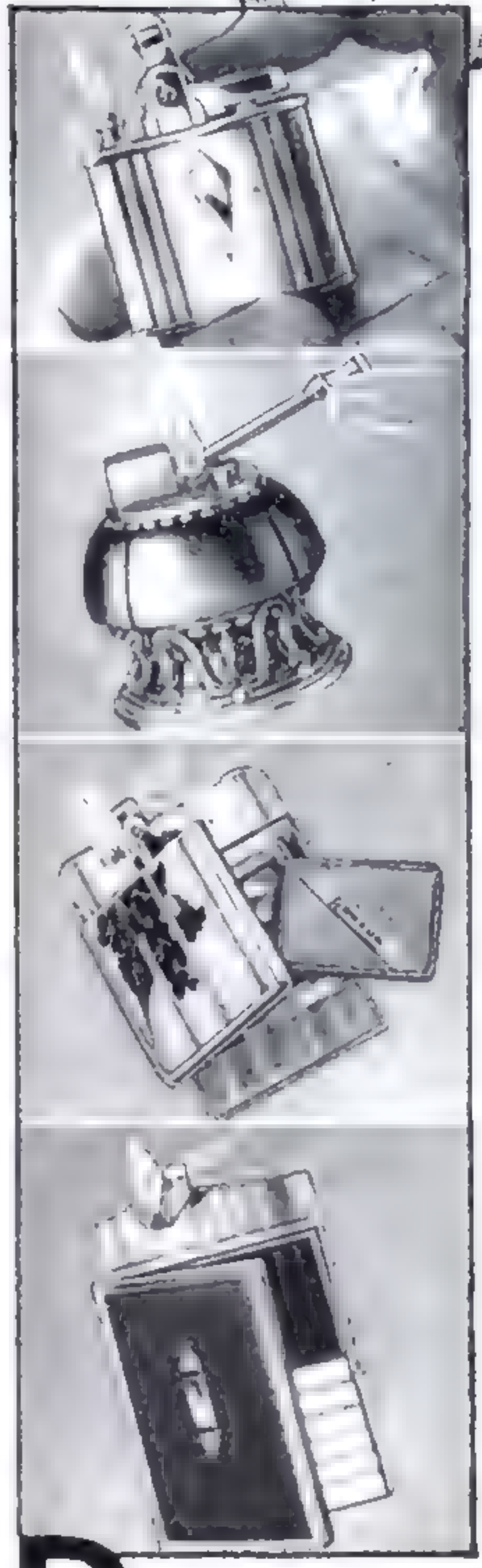

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WHAT'S GOOD—WHAT'S BAD

	Good	Bad
Bachelor Mother	Destined to be the most beloved film of the year and to do for director Garson Kanin what *It Happened One Night* did for Frank Capra. A script full of wonderfully fresh-turned gags by Norman Krasna, directed beautifully, played effervescently by Ginger Rogers. Kanin won attention with last year's *A Man To Remember*, a quickie that outdid many million-dollar films, and had "social significance" too. *Bachelor Mother* is a vacation from significance, but a pure joy.	Nothing, technically. Like *It Happened One Night* the plot depends on a standard cinema situation; there it was reporter marries heiress; here it is store-girl marries boss's son. But this is a kind of convention of American film comedy; the new twists on the old situation make the show.
Career	The montage summaries of the seasons in Iowa, with a narrator à la *Our Town*, are excellently done even if the idea is swiped. Jesse Lasky's contest winners are in this; the boy, John Archer, is acceptable even though he sometimes smiles like Dick Powell. He has big shoulders.	Small town pictures by their very modesty of setting suggest quickie production and a kind of carelessness. Too many stale situations. The new-found girl, Alice Eden, gets no break, being introduced in a film containing Anne Shirley, of whom she is a pale copy.
The City	Excellent documentary analyzing current housing problems. Superb musical score by Aaron Copland, photography by Ralph Steiner of *Plough That Broke the Plains* and Willard Van Dyke of *The River*, outline by Pare Lorentz, commentary by Lewis Mumford, spoken by Morris Carnovsky, what more could be asked?	Should be a little more specific about how to obtain new-type dwellings.
Clouds Over Europe	A very funny British picture about spies and disappearing airships. Ralph Richardson leaps to top ranks of film comedians. Action outspeeds Hollywood. Boisterously funny, a wow.	The stew-cooking scene is routine vaudeville and out of key with the situation humor of the rest of the film.
Daughters Courageous	Snappy dialogue expertly handled—Claude Rains and Fay Bainter and John Garfield almost as good as in the first Daughters and better than in anything since; also all those cute kissable girls.	More pretentious than the first picture, sacrificing that homey quality for brittle sophistication.
Good Girls Go to Paris	Melvyn Douglas trying to keep Joan Blondell from going to pieces.	Farce without effervescence. Bum story.
Land of Liberty	De Mille's compilation of historic films showing American history shows more about movies than about America; still, it often effectively stresses the democratic liberties, and exhibits some social perception. Standout scene: Robeson singing *Old Man River*.	Devotes about as much footage to the San Francisco earthquake as to the Civil War. Tacks the industrial revolution on at the end instead of showing the organic relationship between the history of the country and the history of industry.
Man in the Iron Mask	Clever double performance by Louis Hayward in the Dumas yarn of the twins who took turns ruling France. *Jekyll-Hyde + Frankenstein ÷ Three Musketeers.*	Swashbuckle musketeers are out of style since the Ritz Bros. were cast with D'Artagnan.
On Borrowed Time	Lionel Barrymore rather restrained and touching in the stage yarn of the devil up a tree. Sir Cedric Hardwicke so dignified he just escapes being silly as Mr. Brink, undertaker. Beulah Bondi does a protracted but at the last moment beautiful dying piece. Henry Travers wonderful as Dr. Evans.	Don't like all this sentimental yawling about death. The screenplay by Alice D. G. Miller, Frank O'Neill, and Claudine West interpolates too much meanie-plot into the little legend. See main review.
They Shall Have Music	The best musical film since *100 Men and a Girl*, and better than that. Heifetz and his playing are worked in with consummate skill, and the screen play by Irmgard Von Cube and John Howard Lawson is tops. Boy actor Gene Reynolds as Frankie more than holds his own with such eminent players as Walter Brennan, Andrea Leeds, Joel McCrea. The original kid symphony, the Peter Meremblum California Junior Symphony Orchestra, should go on tour.	Not a note.

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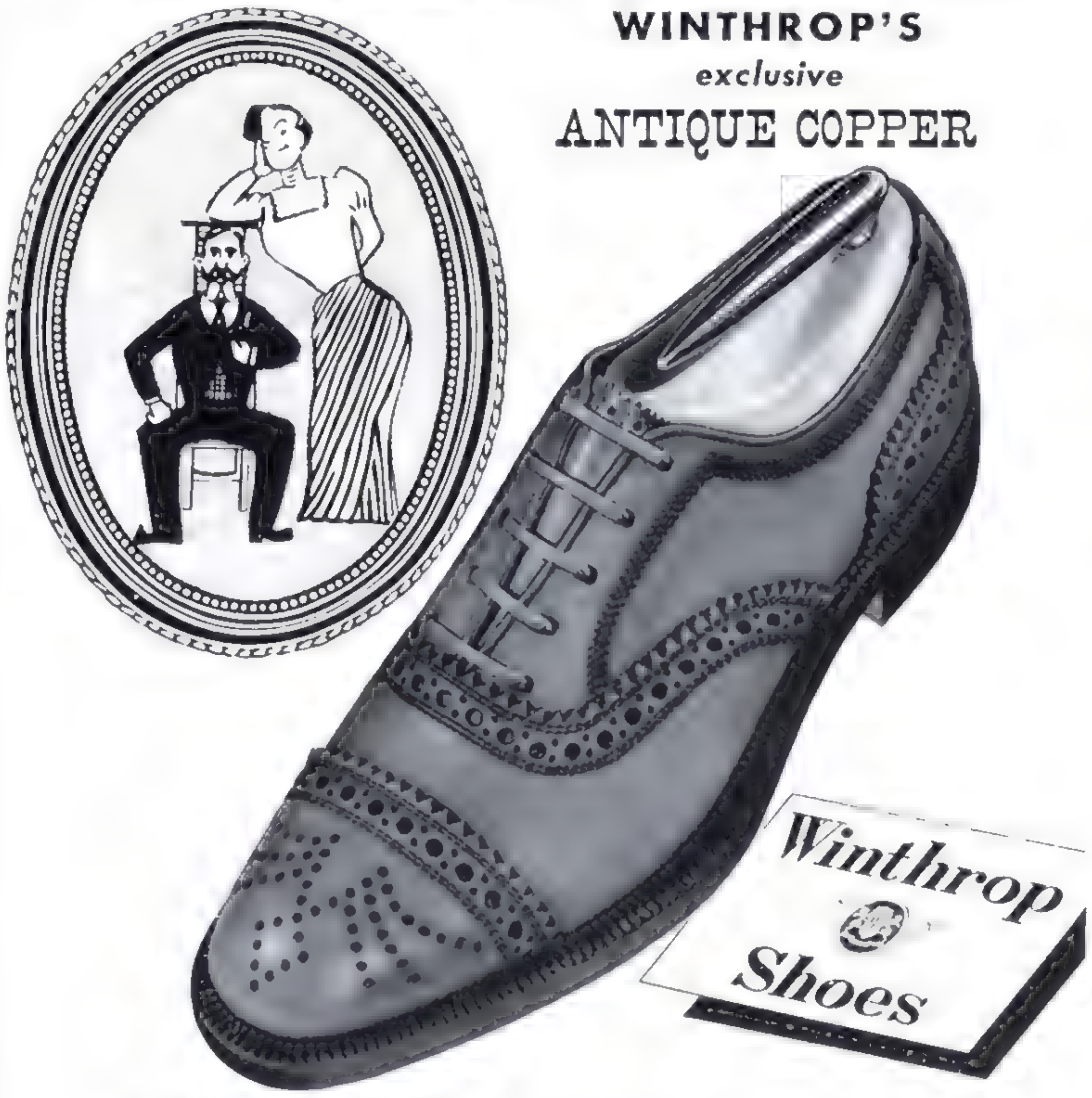

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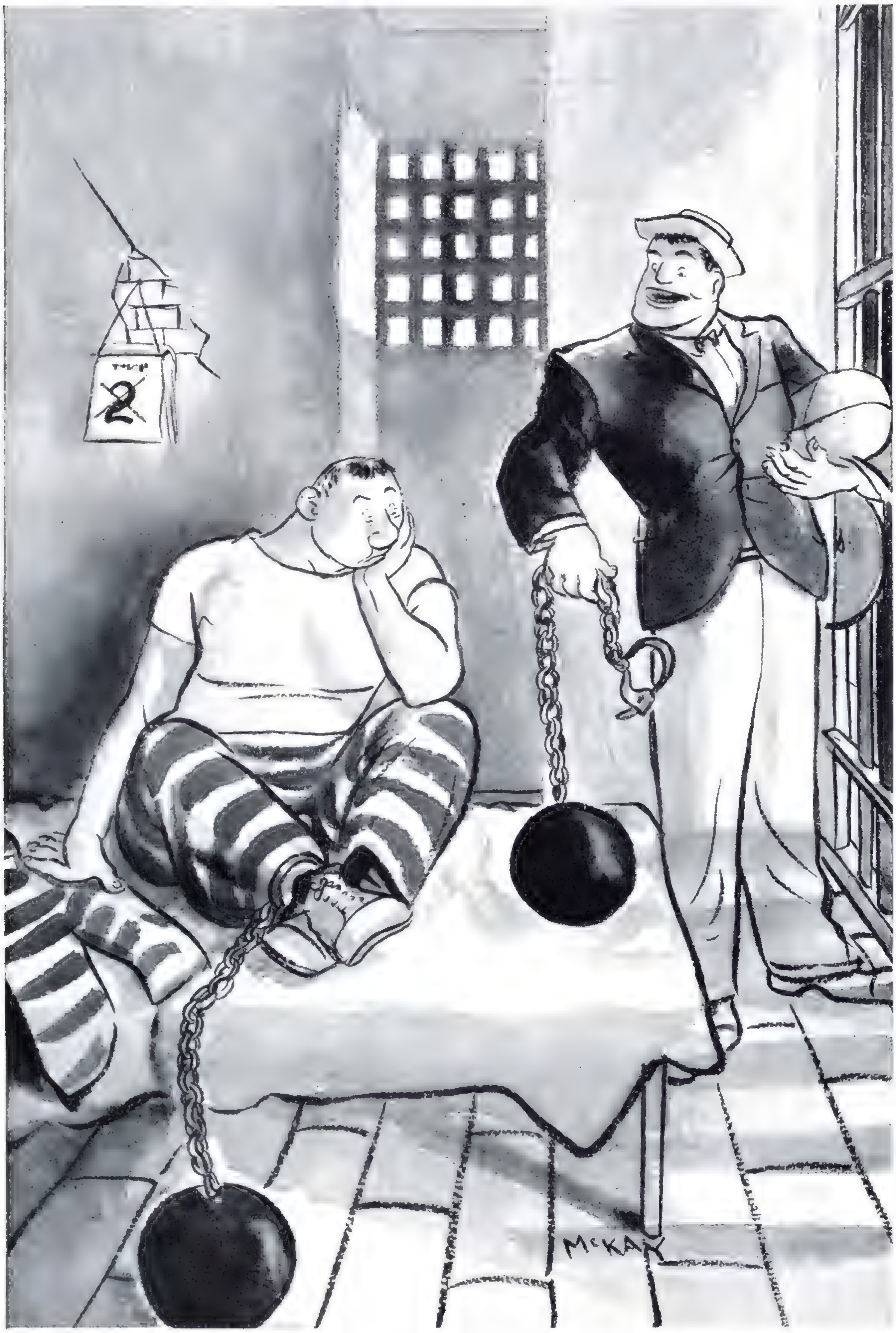

"I'm being paroled today—if you can use it you're welcome to it"

Coaches Watch the Clock

Continued from page 39

the air. The passer must be protected from the defensive linemen who are driving in at him like a pack of hungry wolves, until the receiver has a chance to get downfield and away from the defensive backs. On a moderately long pass, such as Saggau threw to Brown, the receiver needs 2.8 to 3.2 seconds to reach the proper spot. A short quick pass over the line or into the flat territory along the line of scrimmage toward the sideline needs only about 2 to 2.5 seconds.

A long pass needs from 3 to 3.6 seconds. If one of the men blocking for the passer misses his man, the passer is compelled to throw before his receiver has a chance to get open and the delicate timing that marks a well executed forward-pass play is destroyed.

Any high school or college forward passer appreciates the value of that fraction of a second in the protection that divides the safe launching of the pass from a wild, hurried throw or a ten-yard loss under the sharp tackling of the defensive rushers. Little Davey O'Brien of Texas Christian University is generally regarded as the finest passer of the collegiate football season of 1938. During the regular season of ten games, he completed 93 out of 167 passes for a total gain of 1,457 yards. Such a record is not only a tribute to a great passer and fine receivers, but also to some well-sustained blocking by his teammates. O'Brien had only four passes intercepted during the season—a sign of coolness under fire, and even more, a sign of stone wall protection that gave him plenty of time. In fact, several observers in the Southwest have told me that the protection given O'Brien by his teammates was the stand-out feature of the well balanced Texas Christian University team.

Every kick and every pass in a football game is a race against time—a race so intense that it must be expressed in tenths of a second. Yes, and we must count most running plays in on that race. General Forrest, a very able Confederate cavalry leader, is the man generally credited with a one-sentence volume on military tactics. He said, "Victory belongs to the side that gets there fustest with the mostest men." The good general never saw a football game, but he expressed a very sound football principle that is still the backbone of the running game. If we start an off-tackle play and every man runs at full speed, we should make at least a small gain. But if our ball carrier starts slowly, or the center's pass is bad enough to delay him momentarily, or if the interferers ahead of him are slow, the point of attack will be heavily populated by defensive men when he arrives. One-tenth of a second may mark the difference between a good gain and a very damaging loss.

The Clock looms over the green turf—an impartial judge in the sixty minute race that is run every Saturday in the fall. Other Clocks preside over hundreds of other college gridirons and thousands of high school fields. Player and spectator, alike, feel its influence. But every coach knows that The Clock projects it shadow far beyond its brief reign on Saturday afternoon.

Every coach knows that each season is a marathon against time from the issuing of equipment and the photographers at the first practice, until The Clock ticks off the last second of the final game. There is so much to be done and so little time in which to do it.

I kept a careful record of the time spent on the practice field several years ago and found that the season's practice hours totaled ninety-six.

"Ninety-six hours," snorted The Old Grad to whom I mentioned this figure. "Your modern players must be pretty soft, thirty-five years ago my team must have practiced double that time."

"You are probably right on the time," I replied, "but I feel that our squad is just as robust as yours was."

"Nonsense, why we started about August 15th and practiced three and four hours every day right up to the last game. We played eleven games, too—three of them in one week, as I recall."

"Those days are gone forever," I told him. "Under the Western Conference rules we can't start practice until September 10th. We get in from three to seven days of double practice when we can work twice a day, then after the fall semester starts we are limited to two hours a day. Moreover, we can play only eight games, the last of which must be not later than the Saturday before Thanksgiving."

"Our bunch would have become fat on a regime like that," he smiled reminiscently.

"And don't forget," I added, "our squad averages probably two to three years younger than your squad. Most of your sophomores who were starting varsity competition probably averaged twenty to twenty-two years of age. Boys come to college younger than they did a generation ago. We have lots of sophomores who are eighteen and nineteen years old."

"Well, I'll concede you one thing; studies occupy the time of the modern athlete more than in my day."

"You've really got something there." I thought of the long list of men with late-afternoon laboratories which the student manager had handed to me that week. "Colleges and universities have certainly tightened up their courses of study. A football player has a race against time of his own, nowadays, purely aside from football."

The Old Grad nodded his head and then turned the subject back to football. "There are some things

Continued on page 174

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Coaches Watch the Clock

Continued from pages 39-173

I won't concede though. I saw your game last Saturday against Wisconsin and I thought your tackling was terrible. Our team in 1904 could really tackle—we used to practice tackling by the hour and our punter was much more consistent than any kicker I saw on the field last week."

"I'm afraid you're right, but there's a reason. We have about half as much practice time as you had and we must cover many more items. You didn't have to spend time developing a pass attack and a pass defense because the forward pass was not yet a part of the game of football. And you didn't have to have your defense ready to cope with such a variety of defenses as we do. We play Illinois next Saturday—"

"Yes," he broke in, "I saw your Illinois game two years ago and Zuppke sure crossed you fellows up with his defense."

"Can I ever forget it; Illinois used a five-man line and caught us napping. They may use that defense again Saturday or they may use any one of several varieties of a six-man line or a seven-man line. We'll have to be ready for any or all of them and believe you me, that takes time and work."

"Modern football is a more complicated game than it was in my day," he agreed.

"Yes," I cut in, "and that's what makes every season a fascinating race against time. Every minute on the practice field must be carefully planned and even then some things have to be slighted."

The Old Grad started away, "But don't forget," was his parting shot, "you better plan about three and one-half minutes this week on the tackling dummies, or some of those Purdue backs will run clear out of the stadium."

Ninety-six hours—in that short time our squad of fifty men must practice the fundamental skills of football, blocking, tackling, kicking and passing; they must learn forty to sixty plays and passes against each of five or six basic defenses; they must learn our own defensive system and its modifications against each of our eight opponents—all these and a score of other "musts." Is it any wonder that we frequently slip up very badly in some department of the game?

Let's wander over behind the high board fence of the practice field and see how those ninety-six hours are spent. Let's get away from that hectic Hollywood minute and the crowds, the bands, the glittering game uniforms and all the color and tension of Saturday afternoon. Ninety-six hours is a short time—much shorter than The Old Grad's team had—but we do have some advantages that they didn't have. Instead of one coach and perhaps a volunteer assistant, we have a coaching staff of eight men—five working with the varsity team and three with the freshmen. A football coach is no longer a one-man band. It takes a well balanced staff of experienced coaches, each a specialist in one or several phases of the game and all working toward a common goal without lost motion to accomplish anything at all in the limited time available. For every hour that our team spends on the practice field, our coaching staff spends at least two hours in carefully planning our practice period to squeeze every last second out of each minute.

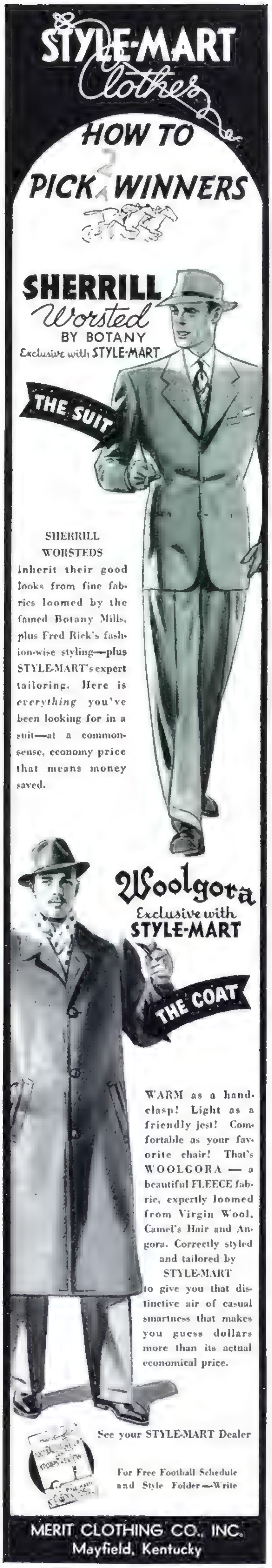
It is late October and we have just finished half of our schedule. We have completed our fourth game, which was against Illinois, and travel to Minneapolis to play Minnesota next Saturday. Our team will rest completely, of course, on Sunday. Five practice days will give us about eight and one-half hours on the practice field to prepare for the Gophers. The players who have seen the most action against Illinois will average about an hour less than that, for we will work them very lightly Monday—eight and one-half hours to get ready to meet a team that hasn't lost a Conference game at home in the past six years. Twice that time would still be too short and minutes will be as valuable as rubies during this week.

The players rest on Sunday, but not the coaching staff. Our week begins at seven o'clock in the evening when all of the staff gathers to lay out a rough plan for the week's program. The motion pictures of the Illinois game have already been developed and delivered at my house a few minutes earlier. We set up the movie projector and screen and eagerly start to run the film. Eagerly, yes, for we do not really see a game until we can study it in the movies. The bench, where the players and coaches were seated yesterday, is the worst possible spot from which to see a game. We get a sort of worm's-eye view of what goes on. The players nearest us on the field cut off our view of what is happening just beyond. Our cameraman, high up in the press box, uses a telescopic lens with all the action spread out below him. As the film winds slowly through the projector, everything is in proper perspective and we can watch the actions of each man.

"See how wide that Illinois left tackle is playing," remarks our end coach suddenly, "no wonder we couldn't make the off-tackle play go."

We study the film carefully, running some parts of it over and over again. We find lots of things in the film that were missed yesterday, even by our two alert observers in the press box. Finally the lights are turned up again, and we discuss the game, each man contributing his analysis of our strong and weak points. Several of our staff were out scouting future opponents yesterday and their more objective views are most welcome.

The lights are dimmed once



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again and the Minnesota-Northwestern game of last year is reenacted on the screen. This is a great help in making our plans, as many of the same men who played last year will be in the game Saturday. Lights on, and the scout who has followed Minnesota all season steps up to the blackboard. With his notes handy, he summarizes what he has seen in the four games they have played. He diagrams their formations and plays and discusses their players as well as the defenses they have used. The rest of us interrupt with frequent questions. L. W. Rusness, who helps coach our freshmen, has scouted Minnesota every year for us. He is one of the best football scouts in the country and the information he brings us is the basis for our plans for next Saturday.

The Illinois game has uncovered many weak spots which must be strengthened. We try to remedy these in the light of the tough game at Minneapolis. We sketch out our offensive plans tentatively. Some plays will not work against that rugged Gopher defense. Others must be added. Our defensive system is carefully overhauled. They have several plays that would riddle our present defense. The notes on my pad pile up as we argue each point—sometimes rather heatedly.

Our plans are still in an unfinished state when we adjourn at 12:30 after five hours of intensive, though friendly, debate.

It is Monday at 1:30 in the afternoon. We have all had a chance to sleep over our plans of last night. The discussion is renewed and our final offensive plans are worked out rather definitely. We also go over our practice schedule very carefully so each of us knows just what he is to do, how long he is to do it, and what must be stressed. At 3:40 we adjourn to the stadium. The team is dressing for practice; but about fifteen boys who have carried the brunt of the game on Saturday wear only sweat suits, instead of full equipment and blocking pads like the rest of the squad. We want to make sure that they have no contact work. We assemble in the lecture room at four o'clock and look at the movies of the Illinois game. Each man's mistakes are pointed out to him and we try to remember to remark on the good points in the game. It is sometimes too easy to see only the bad features. A little before five we go to the practice field. The new plays for use next Saturday are explained and practiced in dummy scrimmage against the freshmen. The men who didn't get into the Illinois game scrimmage the freshmen. We watch each man closely to get an idea of his progress. We also have a chance to experiment with the new plays. At 5:30 the boys in sweat suits go in, but the scrimmage lasts until six o'clock.

Tuesday and Wednesday are our "heavy" days. Our staff meets at 2:00 p.m. each day for an hour and one-half, and the same careful planning of the afternoon's work takes place as on Monday, for every minute must be hoarded. On Tuesday, our punters practice kicking for twenty minutes while the rest of the squad is dressing, and the men with late laboratories are hustling to get out onto the field. The passers and ends are practicing some new pass patterns at the same time and the line coach works the guards and tackles to perfect the weak spots which stood out against Illinois. At 4:15 our squad is assembled for about six minutes of calisthenics—bending and stretching exercises to help each man loosen up for the contact work ahead. We then split the squad up for twenty minutes. Two of the staff take the backs to one end of the field where they practice tackling and offensive starts. The line drills their blocks on the power plays while the ends, under the eye of the end coach, practice the blocks they will use against the Minnesota tackles.

At 4:45 one varsity team lines up against the freshmen who are to demonstrate the Minnesota formations and plays. We spend ten to fifteen minutes in showing each man just what his part in the defensive plan is to be. At 5:00 one varsity team starts a defensive scrimmage (partially dummy) against the Minnesota offense, while the other two teams scrimmage against each other, using pass plays the greater part of the time. Each varsity team takes its turn on defense. Each of us on the coaching staff carries out the procedure as planned at the afternoon meeting. At 5:45 the freshmen go in and the varsity teams scrimmage briefly on the new running plays until six o'clock.

"Blue Tuesday," I remark to Burt Ingwersen, our line coach, as we all dress slowly afterward. Each of us is conscious of The Clock. Things haven't gone very well out there this afternoon. Hurry though we did, we didn't quite finish our program. The freshmen exposed a weakness in our new pass defense and our starting left guard was injured as he stopped a freshman line-buck. He may not be able to play Saturday. We always try to keep the hard contact work of full scrimmage to a minimum—never more than forty minutes per week for any one man and less than that this week—but some minor injuries can't be avoided.

"We'll have to change that pass defense"—"No more defensive scrimmage for the starting linemen"—"The new cutback inside of tackle will have to be changed—our tackle can never block out the Minnesota guard that long"—"The punters are taking too long in getting the ball away." None of us feels satisfied with our progress today—and less than five practice hours remain.

We meet at 1:30 on Wednesday and modify our plans. Practice goes a little smoother. We follow an exact schedule on the field just as on the two previous days. The defense looks a little sturdier. The freshmen completed fewer passes and our right end handled the

Continued on page 176

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Coaches Watch the Clock

Continued from pages 39-173-175

Minnesota reverse play much better. More of our time was spent on offense tonight and we practiced kicking against a defensive team rushing in. The defense still shows a number of rough spots but we don't dare spend any more time on it.

Thursday we try to gather up all the loose ends during our staff meeting. We can't practice as long or as hard today. The squad must leave the field fifteen minutes earlier. We don't want to leave our game on the practice field by tiring our team too much during the week.

In our race against time and our anxiety to cover all departments of the game thoroughly in practice, it is very easy to do just that. I've done it—not once, but several times, and every coach has had the same experience.

In Thursday's practice we concentrate in timing up the pass game. A review of the kicking game, running back kicks and kick-offs and place-kicking against a defensive team, must also be taken care of. Our offensive running game must receive attention and before we realize, it is 5:50 and we are five minutes over our schedule.

Time races by all too rapidly on the practice field, just as in a game. The only occasion where it passed too slowly that I can recall occurred in 1925 when I was coaching for the first time. My Oklahoma City University team was playing Southeastern State Teachers College at Durant, Oklahoma that afternoon. Only 48 seconds remained and we were behind 9 to 7. But we had driven down the field and had the ball on Southeastern's 15-yard line. Because time was so short, our quarterback called for a place kick. Bill Moore, our fullback, kicked it right through the middle and we led 10 to 9 with 43 seconds to go. I mopped my brow and leaned back on the bench, but not for long. Johnny Bryce took the next kick-off for the Durant team and broke right through our bunch. Bill Doenges, our last man, finally caught him on our 20-yard line. I caught my breath again at the same time. In the very scant seconds left, Southeastern threw four passes—the last one was right in the arms of their left end who was standing in utter solitude on our goal line. He dropped it, and the gun ended the game and the longest minute I have ever experienced.

That last minute can be an hour long sometimes for the team that is leading. Ask any coach, player or spectator from the Southwest Conference. They specialize in hair-raising finishes in that league and nearly every team has had the painful experience of being nosed out by a forward pass in the last minute.

But it is still the Thursday before the Minnesota game. Practically all of our preparation is completed. We are still dubious on many phases of that preparation. Our backs haven't had as much tackling as we would like to have given them. Did the line get enough drill on rushing the passer? The kickers have improved but are still a bit slow. Several of the new plays aren't timed up just right yet. Perhaps some of the time we spent on defense should have been utilized elsewhere. But no matter, we can't turn back The Clock. We must stand or fall as is.

We take the train to Minneapolis Thursday night and pull in there early Friday morning. We go immediately to our hotel, a comparatively quiet spot. Friday afternoon we go out to the Minnesota stadium to get used to the field.

A little kicking—not too much, for our punter's leg must be saved for the next day, just like a baseball pitcher's arm—several kick-offs—some place-kicking—our entire work-out takes about 45 minutes and we are careful not to let the boys run hard.

Saturday is cool and crisp. After a substantial breakfast, most of the morning is spent by the trainers in taping ankles. Neither the squad nor the coaches has much to say as we all feel the mounting tension of game-time drawing near. At eleven o'clock some sliced oranges, tea and toast and then each player lies down to rest until we leave for the game.

At the stadium, the squad dresses slowly, testing each piece of equipment carefully. A little last-minute taping and then everyone sits or lies near the blackboard while we go over once more our offensive and defensive plans. We all talk quietly—a final question or two—and we step out on the field for the final warm-up. It is 25 minutes before game-time and the big stadium is slowly filling.

The field is alive with apparently aimless activity, as both teams warm up. Our kickers warm up carefully, testing the air currents. The linemen are grouped in the far end-zone practicing starts and pulling out. The ends are catching passes and the place-kickers each take a dozen kicks.

Twelve minutes to game-time. The bands take over the playing field as our team moves slowly toward the dressing room. A cathedral stillness in the dressing room—and the tension draws to its tightest point. No need for oratory—the game, the place and the opponent have keyed our team to the highest pitch. A few sentences and our starting team runs onto the field. The toss of a coin, a last huddle, both teams deployed across the field in kick-off formation—the far-off shrill of a whistle, the roar of a great home-coming crowd—

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Apple-wood, Apple-red

Continued from page 50

had eaten cabbage and meat and pudding. Not beans. He did not like green beans. Only the others had eaten them, Danny and Pete, the two other boys and the girls. After that and after he had fixed the swing for the little girls he had gone on home and gone to sleep in his chair. Later he had wakened and picked up his paper for the headlines.

"Seven in Family Poisoned." Beans. Green beans from a jar.

He had gripped the chair arms. Danny! Pete! The little girls! He had seen them stick forks in the green chopped things; he had seen the dirty youngest boy eat them, as he ate potatoes and everything else, with a spoon. He had seen Mrs. Lackus gather two or three of them on her own spoon for the baby; he had seen her tilt the spoon over the baby's lip so that she could get every one. He had heard Mrs. Lackus say she wished the sun hadn't burned her own vines. That way, they could have saved these for winter.

Danny! Pete! The little girls! The baby—doubled—dead! Running, he had made a noise, a noise that could frighten him even in memory. When he had felt he must fall he had come to the town and panted to the street where the Lackus' lived, afraid with all his heart to see lights and commotion. There had been no lights. Even the street one had been off for some reason. Only a part moon and some stars had kept the town edge from blackness.

The Lackus window had been open just so much to the night, the Lackus gate had creaked; the Lackus cat had flashed. Yet these things Emil had not remembered. He had remembered only silence, silence and darkness.

It had been Mrs. Lackus who had run to the door at his pounding, run in her nightdress, her day dress wound over her shoulders.

"Why, Emil! Emil! What's wrong?"

"Danny! Pete! Are they dead? Did they die?"

Mrs. Lackus had been so rapid with him, saying "No. Good God, no! You're in a nightmare, Emil," getting him inside, pulling a bathrobe on, making him sit while he shivered.

"But they will die. They'll have to. They ate the beans."

Sometimes he had only moaned it, shaking there in his chair, and sometimes he had had to get up and fight with her and shout to her to make her understand.

"The beans were all right, Emil." Why had she kept yelling that, making noise above his own noise? "They were all right."

Danny had come, big eyed as the cat, whispering fearfully, "Are we gonna get dead?" He had whimpered, doubled in a chair, and Dr. Foster somehow had come too and put his arm around Emil (shaking in his chair and burning like a range fire).

"The kids are all right, Emil. Don't you worry. They're all right."

"You don't know. You don't know," Emil had moaned. "Beans go poison."

"I've got a pain. I have, Mom. I've got an awful pain."

Emil had leaped and fought to get away. He remembered that. He remembered too that Dr. Foster had said, "All right, Emil. I'll take care of them. I'll give them something."

Drips from a bottle into a glass. Mrs. Lackus stirring sugar. Danny smacking his lips, saying it tasted like candy. His mother laughing as though she were in her sleep.

"The way I tell about beans, Doctor, I eat two or three in the morning then if I ain't dead by night I know they're good and the rest can have them."

After that no one could silence Emil or hold him still. The big Lackus boy had had to go in the doctor's car to help drive to the hospital.

Emil knew that he must not go to that hospital any more. Someone had said it would have killed his mother had she known about the one time.

Yet at the hospital a nurse and a doctor had listened. They had believed about the beans.

That had been last year, though it seemed longer ago than the time of his mother's dying. Now today, going home, Emil was very tired. His head ached. Dust from the road got into the heat of his skin, into his eyes. Getting excited about the cistern had hurt him inside and made the hammers beat in his ears.

He cut across his neighbor's field and through his own few-tree orchard. As he walked he reached for a red beautiful apple and the branch came down with it and swung back when he pulled the apple. He ran the fruit's cheek across his sleeve and held it off to look at it. It was almost the color of the little table. It was as shining. He thought of that with each bite into the skin.

In his kitchen, after he had poured himself cold coffee and touched the toy things to find them dry, he felt better. He went out and fed his hens and gathered his eggs, got in a basket of cobs, fixed milk for the cat, washed and put on another shirt. He wanted to be clean to go down to little Margaret's. They might ask him to eat.

The picture frame was hard to carry, though he could run his arm through it and swing it over his shoulder. It was heavy, and with all his planing, the edges were sharp. The table he carried by a leg and it was not heavy. The chair went easily under the arm that balanced the swaying picture frame. Now he was going to see little Margaret! He whistled and swung to the rhythm he made. He soon came to the sight of her house, then he made his whistle into a bobwhite's song, long and

Continued on page 178

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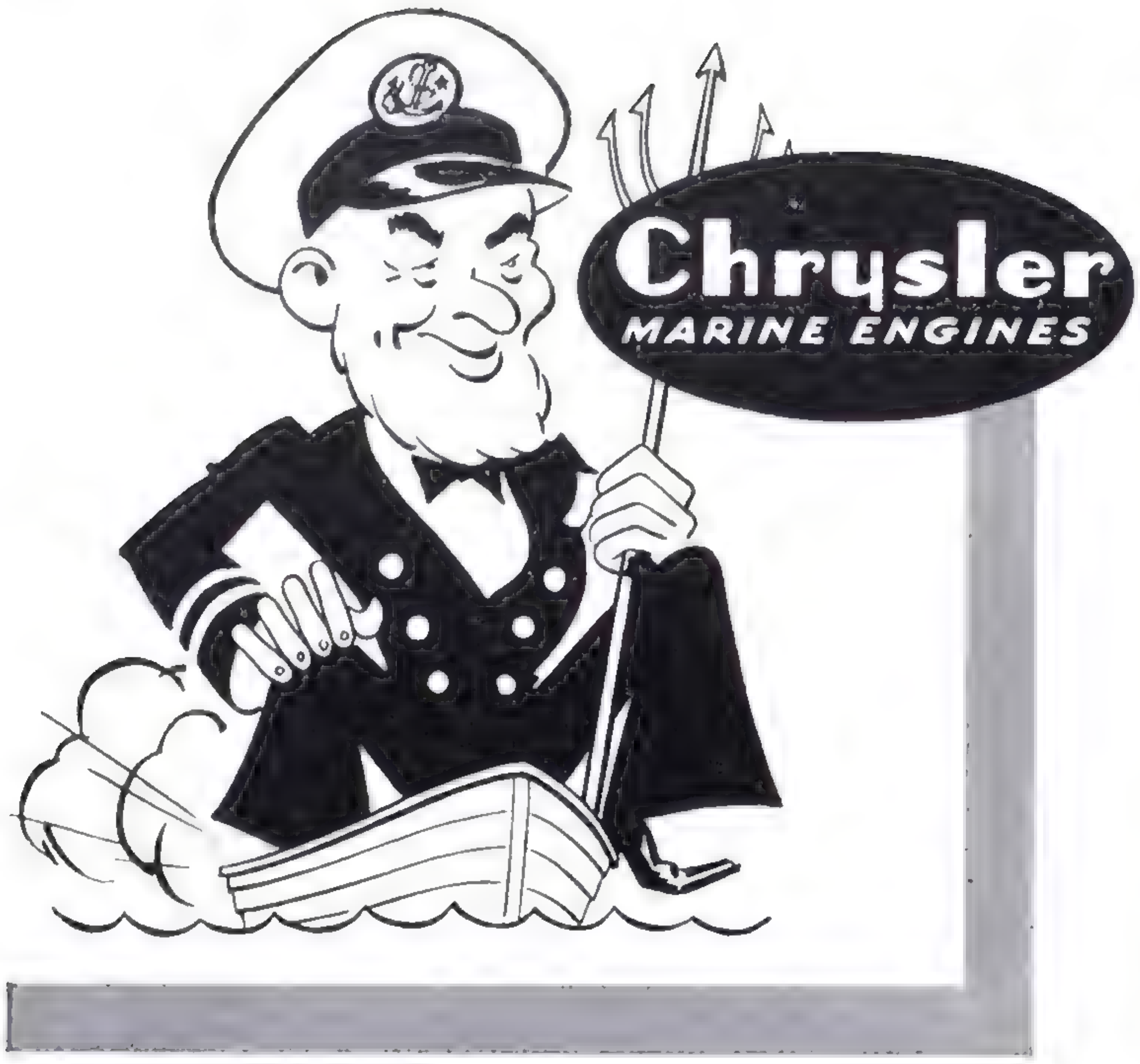

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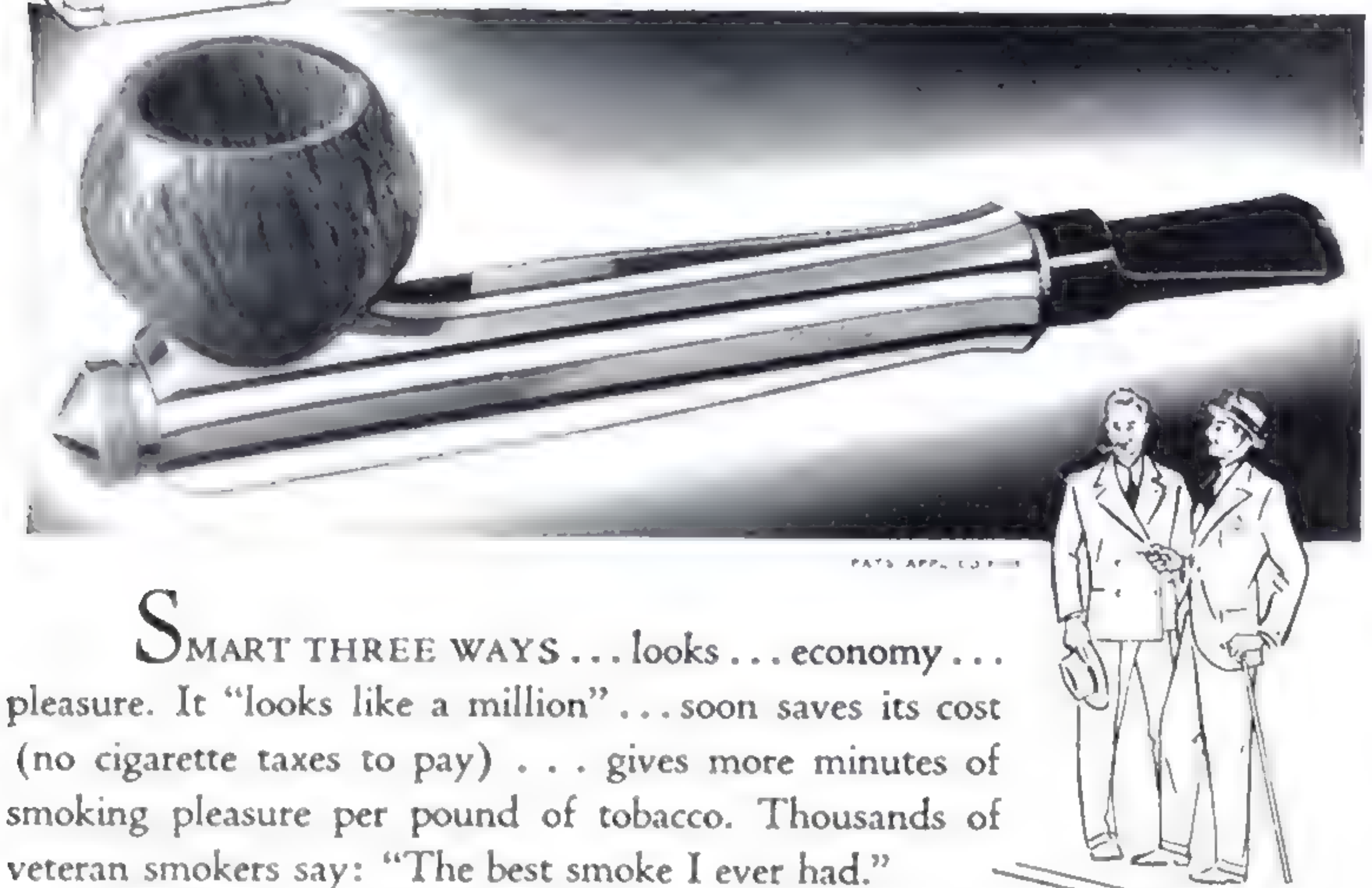

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Apple-wood, Apple-red

Continued from pages 50-177

lilting. When he turned into the pathway he made a high note, sweet and trebly.

Margaret was at the locked screen door, patting frantically and sounding like a little hen. Emil began to step his special way for her, slow, careful, creeping, holding the red chair and grinning around its redness. At the porch he stood still, holding the chair and grinning. Margaret's grandma came, and her mother came and they both stooped a bit and said, as though Margaret could not see for herself, "Oh, see what Emil's got! A little chair!"

Just as Emil had known she would, Margaret had to sit on the chair at once and pat-pat the table.

"Ain't that the cutest thing?" the grandma asked of them, standing off and holding the dish towel on the plate she was drying. "Ain't that the cutest thing you ever saw?"

Too, just as Emil had known, Margaret's mother knelt beside the table and prisoned pudgy hands. "Thank Emil, Sweetheart. He made them just for you."

And lanky Joe stood in the doorway. "Pretty swell! Pretty swell!"

"The frame is fine too," the grandmother was saying. "Joe, fetch my glass, will you? Let's see if it fits. Maybe you and Emil can get the picture hung before you go to town."

"Can't now, Mother." Joe got his watch out. "Say, we've got to get going, Evelyn." He swung away quickly then turned back. "You want to fix it for her, Emil? I'll bring you a can of tobacco if you do."

"You don't need bring me anything." Emil had meant to do it anyway. Joe said he had to get some shingles at the lumber yard, just a few for patching before the lumber yard closed. Something was wrong with the telephone and he could not get anyone on it.

The Grandma said, "And after that you and Evelyn will shop and gab. I'm glad Emil's here to fix the picture. I can always depend on you, can't I, Emil? While you're busy now I'm going to get you some supper."

A shrill whistle lifted outside and a moment later a boy's freckled face pressed against the kitchen screen.

"You're just in time," Joe said to the boy then he turned to his mother. "Give the kid his eggs and I'll get his apples and drop him off in town." The boy grinned as Joe shook the door against the flies and let him in. "Sure am lucky," he said. "Hooked a ride clear out too."

Then his smile disappeared. He stood still and Emil in the other room stood still and the two watched each other. The Grandmother quickly passed in front of the boy and fastened the handle of a basket of eggs into his hand, and Joe on the porch picked up a basket of apples and lugged them to his car.

"Come on," he called back. "Evelyn, you and Danny make it snappy."

"I had a notion you'd be over," the Grandmother told Emil when the others had gone. "I saved back pie and some biscuits for you. You know, I'm glad to have that frame. I missed Papa's picture. Can't for the life of me see how that other frame split out so. Not good for a thing but kindling." She seemed to be talking fast just to make conversation.

Emil turned to her slowly, as though he had to bring his mind back from some other thinking. He shook his head a little and passed his fingers two or three times across his eyebrows. "What? Oh! I liked making the frame," he said. "I didn't paint it. I just left the wood."

"It's better that way, Emil. Beautiful."

"I painted the chair. I knew Margaret wanted red."

"Red! Red! Everything's red for her. Little apple dumpling! Aren't you Grandma's dumpling, Darling?"

The child did not heed. She was too busy studying the under side of her table.

"Out of my way! Out of my way!" The Grandma circled around her and started working at the warming oven. "And now I've got a chair and a table to stumble over." She turned to smile at Emil. He did not see her. He watched Margaret's bobbing head and reached his hands to fit the glass from the old frame into the new frame.

"I like making things." He was looking at Margaret yet he seemed to be talking to himself, working his fingers over the none too even glass edge and talking. "I like red too." Suddenly he stopped the running of his fingers and looked at them. "Even blood," he said. One red drop stained the glass.

* * *

The picture was in the new frame. The glass had been shined, nails driven for the hanging wire.

"Lean it against the wall and come on now, Emil. Everything's nice and hot."

Emil got up and stretched and smiled down at Margaret. He held his hand and she put hers for him to take. He minced his steps to match hers toward the table. She pulled back. He had to take her chair and table too.

"Grandma'll fix it," the Grandma said. "See! I'll put Margaret's supper on the pretty table."

So Margaret ate a second supper at a table that was just the right size and she looked often to Emil who kept her supplied with milk from his pitcher to her tiny cup. Once she saw his finger with the spread cut in it. She half-reached and looked wonderingly into his face. "Ea-moo hurt?" she pitied and began to study the cut.

"No," he told her. "Emil isn't

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hurt. See. Finger's all right."

But Margaret had to get up to his knee and not only kiss the hurt but insist that a bandage go over it. It was harder to eat that way but Emil grinned and held his finger straight above his fork.

"Want more stew?" the Grandma asked and when he grinned at her too she knew it meant yes and heaped his plate again.

"You're looking good now, Emil. Your mother'd be glad. She'd think you were doing just fine."

"I am," Emil said. "I am doing fine. I'll make a cupboard for Margaret."

"You're good to do that, Emil. But don't tire yourself. Don't make your head ache."

"My head ached today."

"You eat too much grease. Boil your things sometimes."

"Food don't hurt me none."

"Yes it does. And don't run so hard in the sun. I see the way you cut across the field sometimes."

"Just sometimes I run." Emil said, remembering the cistern.

The Grandmother came over and sat down across from him, resting her arms on the table. "I'm tired today," she said. "We washed and canned."

"You didn't can beans, did you?" Emil put down his knife and fork and sat straight in his chair.

"Beans are all right," the Grandmother began gently. "Beans are all right if they are put up right."

"No!" Emil pushed against the table and stood up. "No! Don't can any beans."

"All right, Emil. Then I won't. I just won't, that's all."

"You honest won't?"

"No. No, of course I won't." She bent quickly to gather a raveling from the floor. "Not today anyway," she mumbled to the under-the-table vacancy.

"Beans killed Mrs. Lackus and Danny and the others. I don't want Margaret to get beans."

The grandmother reached her hand to Emil's arm. He sat back to his chair.

"Emil," she said. "Can't you ever believe me? I've tried so many times to tell you. None of the Lackus' died. Not one of them was even sick."

"Danny was. He had a belly ache and he died."

"Emil, he didn't die. That was Danny here after the eggs a while ago."

"Danny Lackus died," Emil said.

* * *

Emil was jogging down the road toward town. He had finished his dinner. The pie had been good. "Green tomato," the Grandmother had said and it had tasted like apple. The picture had been hung. He had pounded a nail into a place where the Grandmother had decided she wanted it and he had wound the hanging wire tightly around it after the picture was up. The Grandmother and little Margaret had stood back and the woman had said, "A little up on this side, Emil. A little more; no, a little more. Now, that's it," and he had gotten down and viewed his work and they had admired the frame and Margaret had clucked as though she had helped.

The Grandmother had made him take two dollars and now out of them he knew of a set of dishes he would get for Margaret, a set for the small cupboard he would make. Margaret had been so sweet and moist, letting him kneel to say good-bye. He had left her playing at the table below the picture, left her jabbering to herself and pretending she had another supper.

He walked freely and he felt fine. People were good to let him come to eat with them. It was nice to have food that he had not cooked himself; people around, the Grandma to fill his plate as his mother used to; Joe to say, "Pretty swell! Pretty swell!"; Evelyn to laugh and grab Margaret to her and hug her tight enough to squeeze the breath out of her. And best of all, Margaret to sit beside him and love her chair and his cut finger.

He pulled the bandage now and threw it away. The glass had been quite rough on that one edge, quite sharp. Whoever had cut it had done a bad job. People who did things ought to think how they would be for other people. Take the picture frame: it was good and it would not warp; it was strong and it would not split; the glass was tight, the apple-wood was beautiful. It was the first picture frame he had ever made. He saw it before him as he walked and he was proud of it. The frame and the table and the chair, in a group, the frame as straight as a yardstick against the wall, little Margaret below it, playing at endless supper. It was like framing another picture to see all these things in his mind. He smiled and walked a little faster.

It was almost dark and it was odd that no cars were coming. Perhaps everyone from out this way was already in town. Walking, it was natural to swing back in his mind to do again the things he had done tonight. He was on the ladder, pounding around to find the strength of the joist, setting the nail, drawing the frame up when the Grandmother lifted it to him. It was a big frame, heavy. It covered a fair space of the wall. Strange, to be walking on this road now and at the same time wind and rewind a wire around a nail, twisting it so that it would not slip.

All at once Emil stopped. *Had* he twisted the wire? Yes. Yes, he had. But had he twisted it enough? He began to tremble and be cold again. Had he? And if he had, was the nail big enough? Would it hold?

It would not. He could see it now. He could see the picture move. "Margaret, get away!" He was in the road, warding off the fall with his arm. "Somebody get her! Oh God! Good God!"

The nail had been smooth, too smooth. Oily. It was pounded too straight, not up-slanting for safety. With infinite slowness, cat slow-

Continued on page 181

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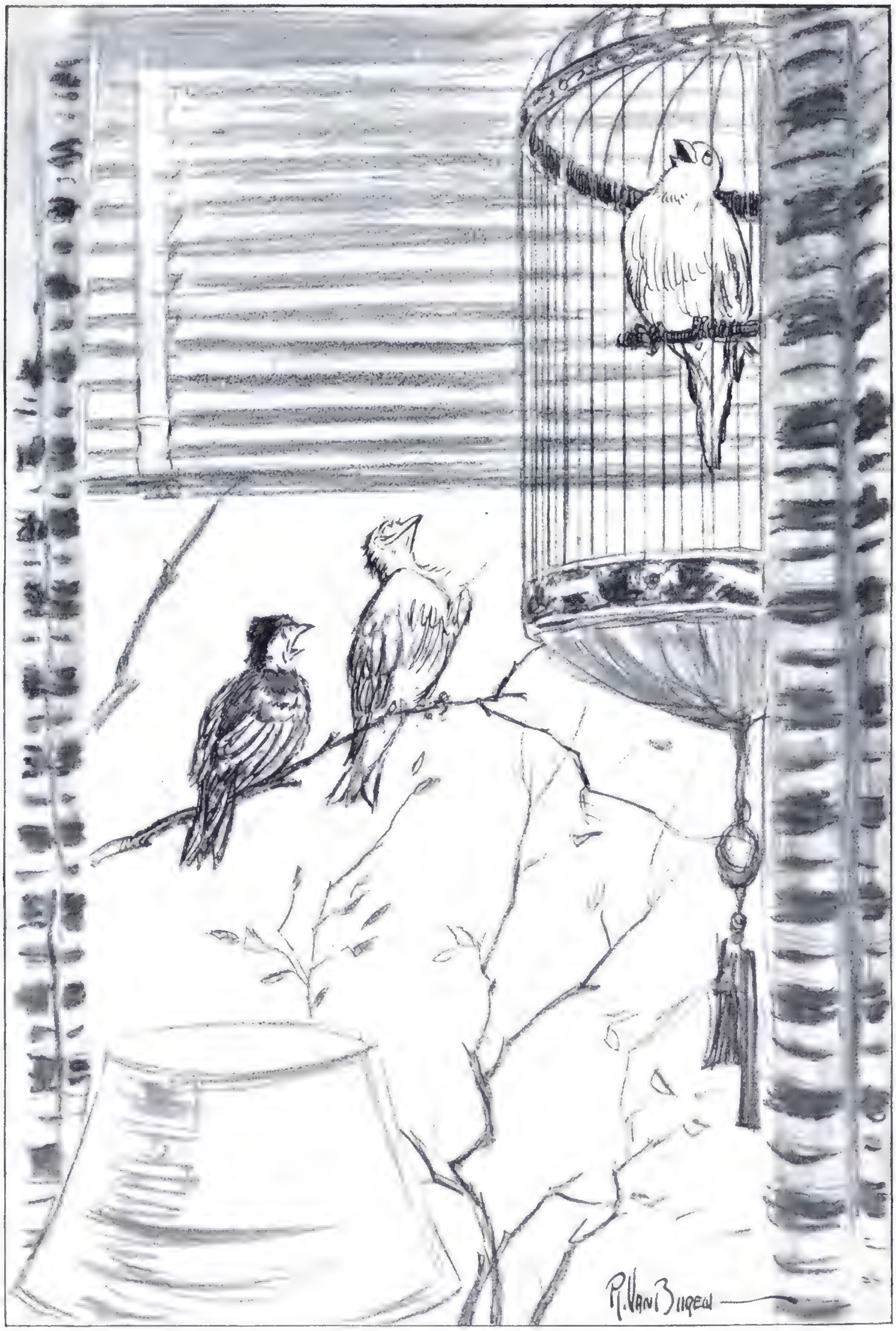

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Apple-wood, Apple-red

Continued from pages 50-177-179

ness, cat quickness, the wire slipped—slipped—"Margaret! Margaret!"

His arm swung across his eyes yet it could not hide the vision. He saw the last slipping, the last headhold of the nail. He saw the fall; heard the fall. He screamed, a terrible squall out of his twisted mouth.

As suddenly he was still, a statue in the road's dust. To himself he was poised for two things, one to run with all the strength of his legs to Margaret; the other, to go to the town for Joe and Evelyn or Dr. Foster. Things could go quickly in his mind now, not slowly, as the long falling of the picture. He knew things and he knew what he would have to do. The telephone was out of order. If he went back they would still need Joe and Evelyn and the doctor.

So he ran, straight ahead, and the dust of the road whirled and settled. It got into the heat of his skin and into his nose, and soon because he was sobbing, it was hard to run or to breathe. On the highway running became a little easier. He tried to thumb a ride, screaming out as he turned and stopped an instant each time. The few cars that came did not stop.

Past houses at the town's edge, all lit for people's living. Past the Lackus house where a cat ran out. Past the toy store where dishes were. He came to the crowded shopping streets.

"Have you seen Joe or Evelyn?"

He panted up to people like that and startled them and left them before they could answer. "McCarthy's Store," he thought he heard someone say and even before they said it he knew that that was where they would be. Someone clutched his arm, perhaps to try to help or to find out what was the matter. He saw fear in their faces and fear in the faces of the people in the crowd he passed through, farm people, town people, walking slowly, getting into the way, having to be swum through, sidestroked through, to come to Joe or Evelyn or Dr. Foster. It was Joe he found first, buying tin-toy dishes in McCarthy's Store. All Emil could do when he pushed the last person away was to lean with all his weight against the counter and let his breath come like the noise of a saw through a log of apple. Joe dropped what he was touching and shot his hands to Emil's arms.

Suddenly Evelyn was there too, hands tighter on his arms than Joe's. Emil tried to talk and his words rasped and cut deep in his throat.

"The picture!" he could tell them at last. "It fell down."

Evelyn's hands vised. Joe's too. Joe swung and said to someone, "Get Dr. Foster!"

"I wound and wound the wire around the nail. It looked all right, Joe. I pulled on it and it looked all right. I don't know how it slipped. I don't know how it did."

"How is she hurt, Emil?" Joe asked. Evelyn only waited, her hands piercing and her eyes wide. Emil watched them fearfully. Presently he began to trace his finger, slowly, slantwise across his temple. "The glass—It cut through the table—too."

Evelyn moaned, a long wind-sounding moan. Joe grasped Emil harder, as though he thought he were holding Evelyn as she slumped against the counter.

"Couldn't Mother do anything?"

"She run to the kitchen with her, and back and forth.

"Oh God!" Then Joe did hold Evelyn.

Only for an instant. After that she was as straight as he, and they too swam the drift of people and came to the street. "Wait, Dear," Joe said, "We must get the doctor."

"The telephone wouldn't work."

"I know, Emil."

"I know I pounded to a joist, Joe. I know I did."

"Sure, Emil. But for God's sake keep still!"

They found Dr. Foster and they all went in Joe's car, the doctor in the back with the shingles and with Emil, Joe and Evelyn looking only at the road ahead. Sometimes the doctor watched Emil and seemed ready to say things, yet all he did was to let Emil shiver beside him, and whisper, "I didn't mean to do it, Doctor. I didn't mean to. Poor little Margaret."

"All down her face." He traced his hand again, slantwise across his forehead. The spread cut of his finger began to bleed.

Joe drove so fast that once the doctor said, "Be careful!" and Joe was careful as he turned in at the long lane that led to the house.

"I don't want to go up there." Emil drew back and shivered more.

"Well, you're coming," said the doctor.

They were in sight of the house. Evelyn held the car door open, ready to swing it the moment the car stopped. Joe began to slow for the last curve to the yard. His headlights turned full upon the stretch of ground toward the barn and outhouses. Suddenly in the illumination they saw his mother at the clothesline. She turned and even at the distance they saw her surprise. Her arms were full of white clothes and one hand still touched the line.

Joe turned to Evelyn and Evelyn turned quickly to him.

A light gleamed from the kitchen, over the porch and over the yard. And at the door Margaret gurgled and bowed the screen wire with frantic patting. Her curls tumbled and no stain or bandage interfered.

Evelyn's cry was like breath over a bottle. She was out of the car and into the house before Joe's mother turned. They saw her skim the child to her and hold her as though she should never release her. With her she went on into the darker part of the house.

Emil began to whimper. ###

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Our Fleet Meets the Enemy

Continued from page 69

captains report ready to the turret officer.

In each handling room, four decks below the turret gun level, a crew of twenty men under an ensign is ready to work the shells from the surrounding racks into the power hoists.

The crews in the adjacent magazines undog the covers on the powder cans and replace them loosely until service to the guns commences. The heavy silk powder bags are pushed through the flame-proof flap in the tightly closed magazine door leading to the handling room. If the exposed powder charges in the turret are ignited, the turret officer in his booth may be able to throw the magazine flood valve before the burning gases reach him. If there is no time for the turret officer to act, and the flames spread to the handling room at a time when powder is being passed from the magazine, the gunner's mate in the magazine will have the split second chance to throw his flood valve and drench any exposed powder before the flame reaches it.

If he is too late, the explosion will break up the ship.

The five-inch guns are cast loose. They are of no use against big ships because of their lightness and range, but they will make it very hot for any destroyer or submarine which comes sufficiently close. There is always the chance, too, of opening an effective fire on a damaged cruiser drifting through the battle line.

The anti-aircraft guns are unlimbered and pointed skyward. They may not be able to prevent all of the enemy bombers from getting in, but they will spray a deadly barrage of explosive anti-aircraft shells into the attacking formations and take their toll.

The enemy is twenty miles away. But for the low lying mist on the water their masts might be visible now. The planes have them in sight and have reported their course.

Our battleship column is making its last maneuver before opening fire. The ships are swinging left thirty degrees and forming exact column. The center of the enemy main battle line bears somewhat forward of our beam. The courses are converging slightly and both columns are closing. We are headed south of southwest. The wind is coming from the port quarter, and that will keep the smoke from blowing back into us when the guns are firing. All the turrets are trained forward of the beam.

In the engine and firerooms things are little different from usual, except that steaming stations are double-manned. Conditions are much the same as on a full power trial. Everything is wide open. Forced draft blowers are building up a six-inch fireroom pressure at the boilers. All burners are cut in. Steam is three hundred pounds gage. Cruising turbines are cut out and secured, and all nozzles are open on the high pressure steam chests of the main turbines.

Lubricating oil, fuel oil and boiler feed turbine pumps are singing with a high speed note. All the generating units are on the line and every power switch except those to the anchor windlass and boat cranes is cut in. Everything surges with reserve power. There is no access from one engineering compartment to another except up and over. This is for water tightness and damage control. The armored hatches in between decks are now closed, and communication between engineering stations, conning tower and plotting room is by direct telephone. The hatches above them are closed and dogged down.

No officer or man from the engineer officer to the last fireman will come up until the engagement is over. He will see nothing of the action. His fate is in the hands of those handling the ship and the accuracy and deadliness of the enemy's gunfire.

Data is already pouring into the plotting room, deep below decks and behind the heaviest armor protection. Here is the ship's most vital spot, the fire-control center, a maze and network of calculating and gyroscopic instruments of fabulous cost and complexity. Into these instruments are being fed all the elements of the intricate battle problem. Automatic data gatherers electrically transmit such factors as ship's speed and course, enemy range, bearing and speed. Such constant factors as direction and force of wind, humidity of air, temperature of powder and even gun wear for previous firings are ground into the computers to produce just one result—the range to set on the gunsights which will produce hits on the enemy.

Officers with head phones on the rangefinder lines are plotting the ranges transmitted from the rangefinders located on the turrets. Simultaneously they plot as many as five such lines, one from each instrument. If one line goes crazy, the plotter knows that the rangefinder has been jarred out of focus, and he will disregard it. If no more ranges come in from one rangefinder, it will be safe to mark the end of the line thus: "≠." That will be a fitting epitaph for any range operator. And if one good range line is maintained until the end of the action, that will be battle perfection.

This is the nerve center for all information, from turrets, from spotting stations aloft, from damage control centers far below decks and from engineering stations. From this point the captain will get accurate and instant reports of what is taking place. Through this nerve center his orders will reach the far ends of the ship. ⧺

(*To be concluded in the November issue.*)

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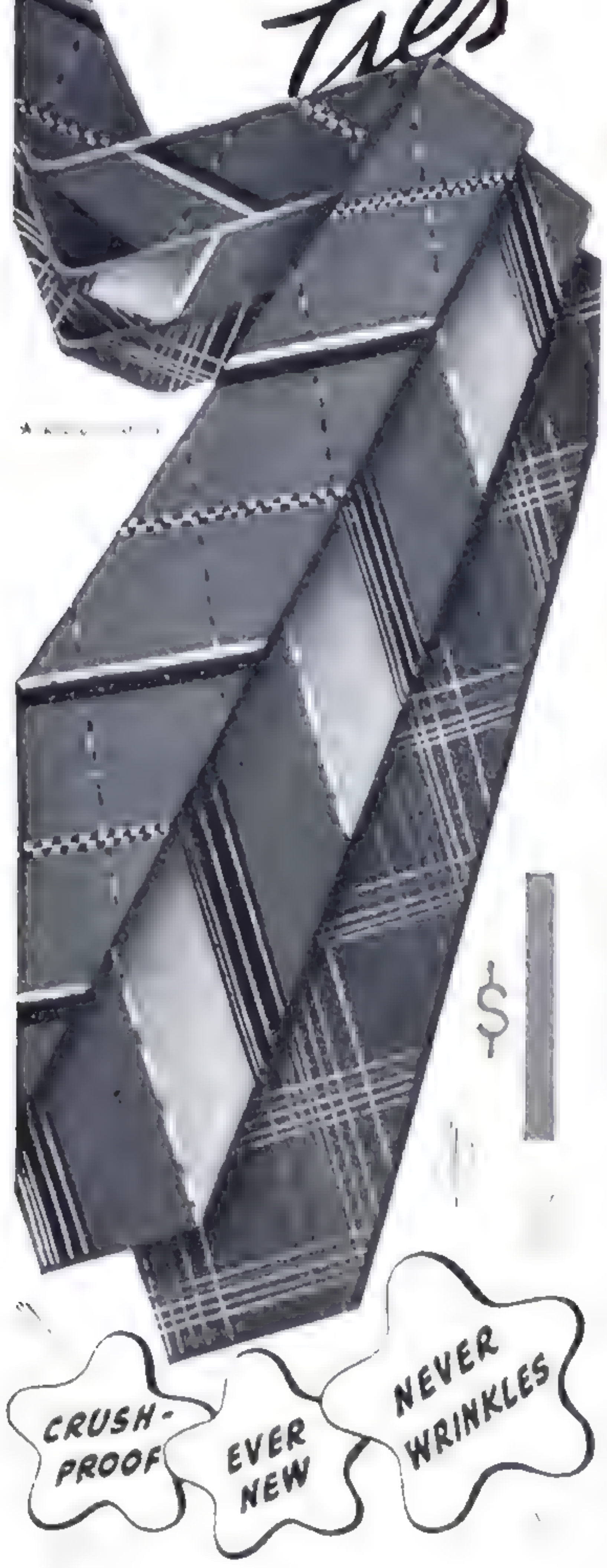

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Aitken: Playboy Ceramist

Continued from page 74

museums, his work has made its appeal principally, not to collectors of paintings or other examples of the fine arts, but to those who enjoy art as a decorative appurtenance and refinement of expensive and gracious living.

These facts do not establish him as the outstanding creative genius of his time, but they do indicate the whereabouts of one man who has found a social function for his art and who is thereby enabled to spend his time working instead of biting his nails in vexation in full view of a studio full of unsold masterpieces. If such things mean anything, then let the facts be set down that Aitken has won more prizes than any other ceramist in America, is represented in more museums and private collections and has pushed forward further the boundaries of the art and the science involved in pottery making, through the firing of enamels on copper. He works on the smallest and the largest kilns in the world and has created the most fragile and the most enduring compositions in his fields. He has wed in himself the wit, whimsy and imagination of the artist with the patient, dogged labor of the experimental scientist.

Aitken's ceramic sculpture proclaims his interest in and knowledge of the animal world. His wit expresses itself in modernized caricatures of that section of mythology in which the four-footed beasts appear. *Hitch-Hiker*, for example, is a typically clever adaptation to modern terms of a prehistoric theme, the flapperish female who has just started her thumbed ride on the back of a centaur—a Herculean specimen of equine humanity. *Europa and the Bull* is a development of a somewhat similar theme and *The Virgin and the Unicorn* is another variation, with a lollypop sucker insecurely perched on the animal's back. Among somewhat more direct statements are *Rodeo Rita*, *Seven-Goal Sammy* and *Cactus Kid*. There is more mythology in *Leda and the Swan* and another typically witty modernization of a classic theme in *Godiva*, representing a black girl astride a zebra, which animal appears also in a black and white portrait ceramic of Jerome Zerbe, the candid-camera, white-tie-and-tails master of ceremonies of El Morocco.

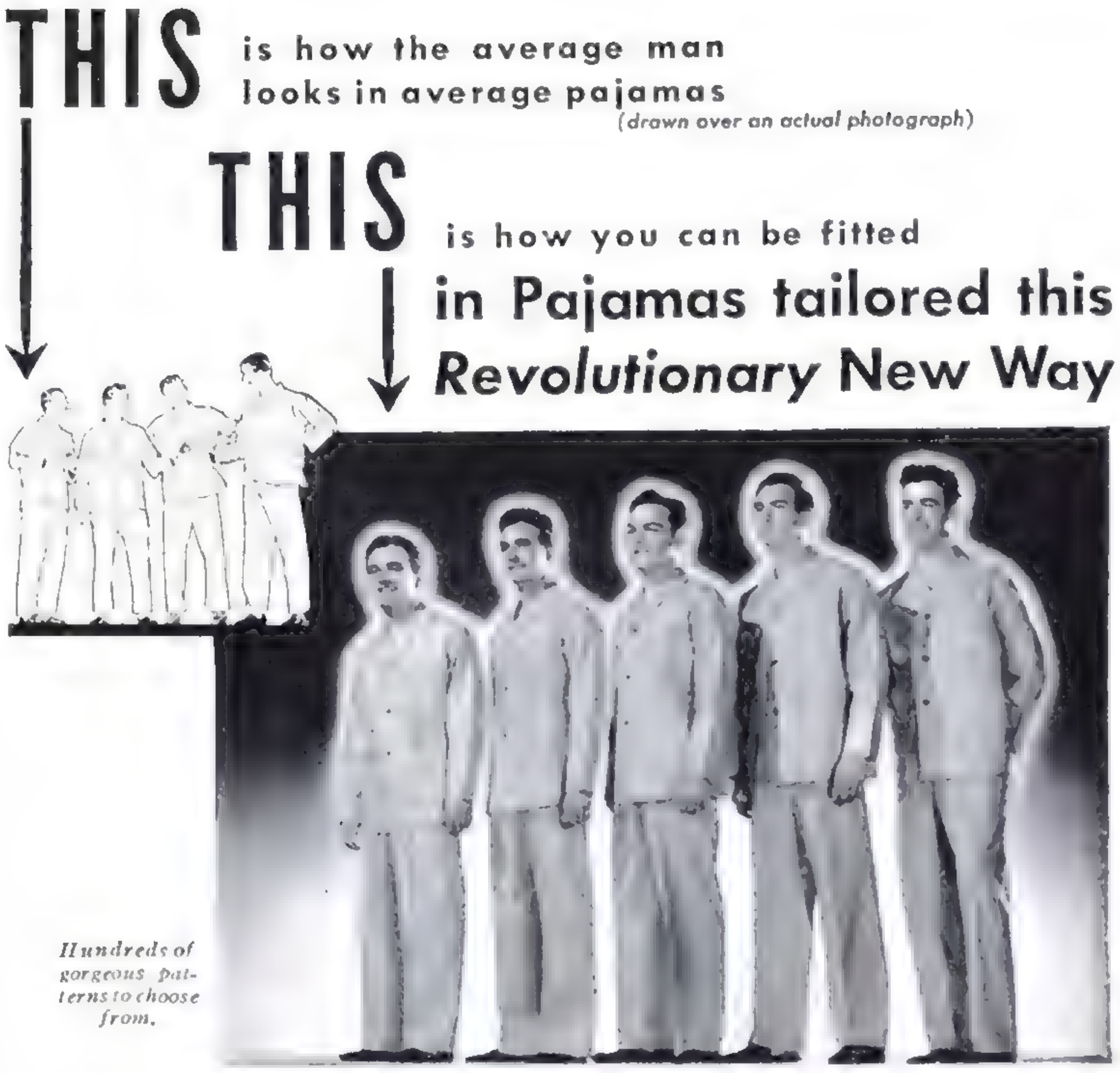
His self-portrait, emphasizing the artist's skinny legs and toothy smile, proves that he plays no favorites. But the one ceramic that may be studied as the quintessence of Aitken's wit at the kiln and his ability to play imaginative variations on a contemporary theme is *The Futility of a Well-Ordered Life*, his dig at surrealism—which should give the surrealists cards and spades. Please note that the turquoise-haired lady has clock faces for breasts, a brightly-colored vase incised into her abdomen, a pair of lamb chops arising from her shoulder blades, à la good Queen Bess, as a kind of frame for her locks, a circle of field mice apparently racing around her waist, while a pair of roller-skated football players, bearing guitars, seem to be serenading her from the vantage point of her thighs. In one hand the lady holds a fried egg, in the other, a blue fish. Note that the general conception is not smothered by all these details. This is clever stuff which does not affect to be profound.

Russell Barnett Aitken was born in Cleveland in 1906, the son of the kind of man that a certain publication calls a tycoon, and for whom there are other names, such as rugged individualist. David Aitken came from England to Canada and was on his way to look for gold in the Yukon when he discovered the profits of trading with the Indians in the Rainy River district. Exploiting the gold in them furs, he returned to Toronto, and then moved to Erie, Pennsylvania, where he was a salesman. There he married and moved again to Cleveland, where he helped to extend and develop the oldest hardware business in the country. Both of Russ's brothers studied electrical engineering and are in the firm, in which Russ also was destined to take his place, but thereby hangs a tale for subsequent telling.

From the beginning Russ and Nature were that way about each other. He was simply wild about wild life. As a child, almost, he would mark up the margins of his school texts with sketches of birds, animals and fish. The spinal meningitis and the need for moving to the country simply played into the hands of his instincts, so to speak. First, he learned to identify birds and animals. Later he collected animal tracks. He would make negative casts of the tracks in the mud, dirt and gravel and shellac the negative. He would make the final impression in permanent plaster. Snow tracks he learned to photograph, but later. He was already riding a pony and learning to shoot. At an age when he had not yet heard the word ceramic he shaped some birds from the clay he had discovered along the lake bank, poked them into an open fire and when they had hardened sufficiently, painted on them with schoolboy watercolors. His favorite bird was the robin.

If anyone ever gave early indications of being a zoologist, or ornithologist, or a nature faker generally, it was Russ Aitken. It is true that he attended high school and studied so hard the first two years that although he didn't take a book home the last two years he graduated as the class valedictorian. It is true that he was on the basketball team, being too light for football, and also played tennis, but his heart was really in his trap line. This line, extending for five miles in the woods, along the courses followed by the little fur-bearing fellows, had sixty traps,

Continued on page 184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Aitken: Playboy Ceramist

Continued from pages 74-183

and every morning before breakfast Russ would follow the line to see what he had captured during the night. He brought home raccoon, muskrat, weasel, mink, fox and skunk—all dead, for the traps killed instantly. He bought a book and learned from it about the science of skinning, which he practiced after school hours. He made many drawings of the animals' anatomical structures. At the end of each season he shipped the pelts he had stretched and dried to the fur market at St. Louis, earning in this way from four hundred to seven hundred dollars a season. There has always been a broad streak of Scotch in Aitken, but a hobby doesn't lose its virtue when it begins to pay. For seven years, even up through his art school days, he was a trapper and skinner. He was fond of animals also as pets, among those which roamed the house and grounds, against parental protests, being a prairie dog, a woodchuck, three raccoons, two Texas possums and a family of white mice.

Through Nature he cultivated the subsidiary career of a writer. Within four years, and purely as a sideline diversion, he wrote something like seventy articles on trapping, hunting and fishing for *Outdoor America* and similar magazines. Writing led to photography and he became an expert outdoor kodaker. Although he trapped only in the late fall and winter he spent the summer finding out where and how the birds and animals lived—their trees, their paths, their haunts along the streams. He was a junior field collector for the Cleveland Museum of Natural History at the same time that Margaret Bourke-White was developing film for that institution. During the summer of 1923 he visited the Caribou Lake district three hundred miles northwest of Toronto and fished in twenty-three lakes and rivers, capturing pike, bass and muskellunge. He was one of the few white men to shoot the Big Pine Rapids on the French River. When he had finished exploring the country there was no guide who could tell him anything about it. There followed another series of articles for the outdoor magazines. It was probably that summer that the Ojibways—dirty Mongols, Aitken calls them—adopted him.

There is nothing about art in all of this; it reads rather like preparation for a curatorship in a nice museum of natural history. But, believe it or not, Russ Aitken *always* wanted to be an artist. He wrote a poem when he was twelve and illustrated a magazine article at fourteen and for a time earned fifteen dollars a month by making up pantographic renderings—outline enlargements of drawings which were subsequently colored. Around fifteen he begged to be taken to art school and he was then led to the Cleveland School of Art at which, shopping around for courses, he took the one in historical ornament because he liked the looks of the young blonde who was teaching it.

In 1924 he was graduated from high school and the issue of a career came to a head. His father hoped Russ would go in for electrical engineering, as had his brothers. It was to be first Princeton, or West Point, and then the firm. Russ would have none of it. Could he tell his father the name of a single person known to him who had made a living out of art? He could not. Well, father could tell him the names of three hundred who had made a good thing out of anything but art. Although the elder Aitken won the argument, the son still wanted to be an artist, and he rebelled. His rebellion took the very pleasant form of a trip to the Canadian woods where, for two and a half months, he acted as guide at five dollars a day, made notes for magazine articles and took thousands of photographic shots of the woods, streams and lakes. At the end of the summer our hero entered the Cleveland School of Art, with father's consent and all expenses paid. And this was the closest Russ Aitken has ever come to being placed on his own resources, which are anything but slight.

At school he took the regular course, including English and art history. At the end of two years he chose to specialize in illustration, partly to placate his father who had heard that illustrators make the money in art. Russ Aitken confesses that he was a rotten illustrator. At the end of his second year he modeled a bear-cub book end, which the school had fired and glazed. The artist was struck by the shining result. He had not even known that there was a pottery course. He stayed with his illustrating course and modeled on the side, arranging to have his figures fired and himself putting on the colors. He made a young spotted fawn. The faculty was impressed. Someone stole the fawn. In his fourth year he remodeled the fawn and created also *The Lone Cowboy* and a zebra colt. The three pieces were entered in the 1928 show of the Cleveland Museum; Waylande Gregory took first prize and Aitken second. Having created *The Lone Cowboy* for a niche in the studio he was having built then as the third floor of the Aitken home, he put what he thought was a prohibitive price on it. Someone paid the price. Someone else bought the zebra colt. Precise timing shows that Russ Aitken sold his first ceramic five minutes after it was seen in the first exhibition in which his work was represented.

And at a price which he had naïvely expected to be prohibitive. This set the pace for future price tags. After the show he acquired a New York dealer who provided new avenues for exhibition, ex-

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ploitation and sale. At the Contemporary Ceramic show he exhibited twelve of his things and continued selling. Douglas Fairbanks, since a constant patron, acquiring the *Polo Player*. The budding ceramist was asked to stay a fifth year at the school as a scholarship student and he used the time to specialize in his field and to produce for the 1929 show. *Sheriff of Pecos* and *Self-Portrait*, among many others, date from that year. At that display he sold in every direction. He was also producing pottery, which is the utilitarian basis from which ceramic sculpture has developed. The next year he worked at home producing for the 1930 show, at which he won at least one prize and sold more products of the kiln. Through his dealer, New York commissions were coming in for figurines. Life was simply humming with opportunity.

In 1932 he went to Vienna and as a guest sculptor studied and worked at the Kunstgewerbeschule with Michael Powolny, a famous old potter. During the ten months which he spent abroad he did research also at the Staatlicheporzellen factory in Berlin. But other attractions than state school kilns called to him. Every morning at six he was in the saddle, prancing up the Prater. For an hour daily he guided his horse over the jumps in what used to be the stables of the Habsburg emperors. He took week ends from Vienna in Budapest, and spent a two-week vacation— the word is Aitken's— riding with the Hungarian cowboys, the Czikos, the daring of whose horsemanship makes Aitken's eyes pop even today. Hannes Schneider taught him to ski. At the War Ministry in Vienna he trained two nights a week in florette fencing and two nights in schlager fighting, under Major Zamback and also with friends who were national and international champions. He had four months' instruction before he took part in an actual combat, a mansur, and emerged from it practically victorious, with only a split lip. He brought back hundreds of feet of film of mansurs, the bloodiest of which was between a Berlin duelist who challenged the best in Vienna, and who came out of it, after a grueling battle of forty-five periods of eight blows each, with cuts on cheek, forehead and chin. The Vienna man was untouched. The Korps Hilaritas, of the University of Vienna, inducted Aitken into membership, and they made much of him when he returned to Vienna in 1937 to renew the bonds of comradeship. The delightful ceramic, *Student Song*, is an affectionate reminiscence of the 1932 visit. Incidentally, there is German blood in the artist, on the maternal side.

He planned to return to America by way of the Sudan and he had already reached Trieste, via Zagreb and Sarajevo, when he had to ditch Africa and returned to Cleveland, by way of Paris. In the 1933 exhibition at the Cleveland Museum he took the first prize in pottery and the first honor award also at the National Robineau Ceramic Exhibition at the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts. The following year he won first prize again in ceramic sculpture at the Cleveland Museum and again at the Syracuse Museum, which this time put the ribbon around *Student Song*. He has been an incurable prizewinner, beginning in his first year at art school when his design for a set of playing cards was selected to be sent to the International Art Congress at Prague; in his second year he was awarded the Sketchbook Prize for his sketches of animals in action, and it has been one prize after another. He has won every prize available to a ceramist and he was awarded also the Cleveland Museum's special prize for sustained excellence, given only twice in seventeen years and never before to a sculptor.

Shortly after his return from Europe, he set up The Pottery Workshop, minimizing his financial risk by organizing it on a stock basis whereby subscribers would get theirs in trade. The Workshop was kept going for two years, during which time the artist experimented with and developed new techniques and effects in glazed and unglazed ware. The shop becoming a white elephant, Aitken abandoned it. In 1934 he was asked to teach sculpture during the summer terms at the Old White Art School at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and accepted, as much for the chance to play polo and shoot skeet as for the chance to teach and to work. He had three exhibitions at White Sulphur Springs but reports sadly that "people don't buy in the summer."

In 1935 he moved to New York, which has been his headquarters since. Before he was fixed in his residence he worked like a Trojan, losing eighteen pounds that year. Without asking even the landlord's permission, he reconstructed the apartment after his own design. He had an A.C. line run into a D.C. house for the use of the kiln which he had built into the upper story of his apartment doubtless the only potter's kiln in a New York duplex. He drew the blueprints for his furniture and accessories, such as lamp bases, and had built for his use a vast double duty table which, when raised, can accommodate as many as sixteen pairs of sprawling elbows. His chairs are covered with the fleece of unborn lambs. During that period he had to execute a fabulous commission of twenty-five vast punch bowls individually decorated, with trays and mugs to match. They represented a Hollywood magnate's notion of Christmas gifts.

For another patron he was then engaged in baking the *Warrior Screen*, the largest vitreous enamel ever made, a steel-backed composition nine by twelve feet and weighing four hundred pounds, which had to be baked in sections in the largest kiln in America, if not in the world, that of the W. A.

Continued at top of page 186

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Aitken: Playboy Ceramist

Continued from pages 74-183-185

Barrows Co., in Cincinnati. The mere preliminary work for this job such as preparing sketches and color charts and baking smaller specimens elsewhere to determine the temperatures at which various colors should be fed to the flames alone would have brought the average artist to the point of physical exhaustion, but Aitken completed every task to every patron's satisfaction, and to his own. While he is engaged on one of his big steel-backed enamel compositions, he will go on a twenty-hour daily shift for a week, for the slightest relaxation of vigilance will destroy the most ambitious projects completely. A bad spot in a painting or a drawing can be wiped out, and very little lost, but not so with ceramic ware, or enamels. The biggest jobs require the use of the Cincinnati kiln; in New York he has the use of his apartment kiln and of a commercial furnace out in the suburbs at Jamaica, Queens, while out in Cleveland there awaits him the oven in which he gave permanent shape and color to the objects of art which established his reputation as one of the best ceramic artists this generation has given to America.⧺

Adventurers' Paradise

Continued from page 42

was French and whose mother was Russian. He had a Chinese amah and went to a school where they taught in English, so he roller-skated in esperanto.

"Doc" Nance said: "You have already paid one bill, so you can charge for awhile now. There's no use in letting you pay for everything."

Gigolos got married and became brokers and mistresses blackmailed their "entrepreneurs" till they could afford to be ladies. There was a future and a past for anyone with ambition back in those days in Shanghai.

When George Moorad wrote a story about his boss it didn't look so bad in manuscript, but when it showed up on the newsstands George went down to the docks and got on the first boat he came to.

The dossiers consulates keep on their nationals in that town would make Rabelais lift his eyebrows. Private citizens would be arrested for sending such stuff through the mails and sued for libel for writing it, but it was an easy way of getting a free drink in Shanghai. Any kind of a story would get you a gimlet from the right man; it didn't have to be true, and his expense account paid for it.

Shanghai was sort of a geographical foreign legion. If you didn't like the color of your passport you bought another, and no one asked where your polo ponies came from. Political refugees from other lands came there without any passports and Chinese politicians came there when they had too many. Shanghai absorbed them all.

You could spend months in the French Club and never hear the same stories twice. There were anecdotes of old war-lords and gamblers and drinkers and flyers; race horses and courtesans and promoters, philanthropists and missionaries and diplomats.

"One-arm" Sutton once bought a sweepstake ticket from a beggar for a dollar and won three hundred thousand. Bagdad Jews started out selling opium and ended endowing policemen's charities. One of the town's biggest swindles was a bank for missionaries and some of its largest buildings were owned and named after a woman who used to sell flowers with dope in them.

Yet underneath the tinsel there was a world of small businessmen, importers and exporters who lived well and worked lightly and didn't have any worries. They read the papers and laughed at the scandals and said someday the Japs would fight the Chinese but they would not dare get tough with the foreigners.

Across from the race track is a Chinese shrine with joss-sticks burning at its base and ashes falling in a fine dust on other ashes.

A carpet of ashes piles up like prayed prayers till a gust of wind or a street cleaner's broom scatters them in the air or on the streets, like all prayers and dreams when the fire goes.

Once Marge Rodgers stopped before that shrine. She was tall and straight and elegant, one of the best-dressed women in Shanghai, and she put her hands together and bowed three times, mumbling chin-chin something. I couldn't understand.

She said: "I always do that."

Rickshaw coolies try to cut in front of passing cars as closely as they can, to get rid of the devils following them. The devils are cut off from the rickshaw and hook themselves onto the car, and the coolie looks back and says: "Well, that's over—" but the man in the rickshaw shuts his eyes and waits for a crash at every corner.

When you made enough money to quit riding in rickshaws you bought a car. Race horses cost from ten dollars to ten thousand and you didn't have to be a millionaire to build a home with coolie labor and fill it with Chinese servants.

Outside the city you drove past fine houses with dragons on the gates and a swimming pool in the garden; cars lined up in front of the country club at cocktail time and horses and hounds on Sundays.

Some people went up and the Russians on Avenue Joffre went down, but the city wasn't any more lawless or law-abiding than any other; it was only more amusing. White Russians and red each

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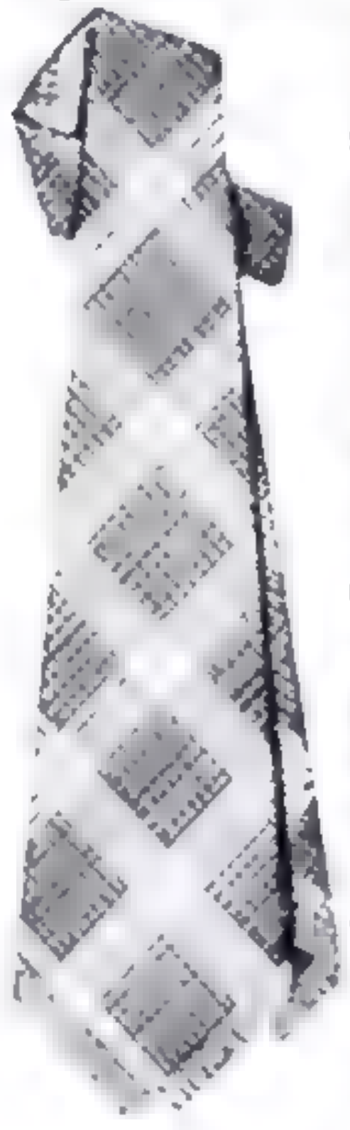

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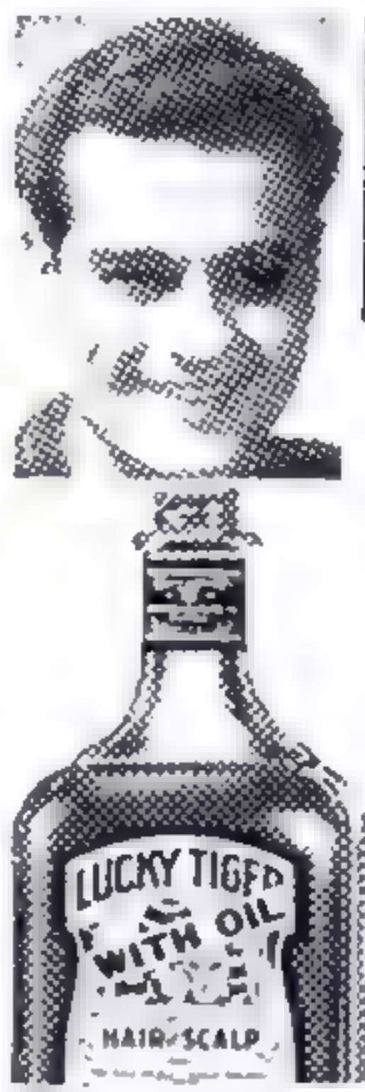

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ESQ 10-39

had a headquarters and spied on each other, and both were systematically expelled back and forth between the French Concession and the International Settlement.

Mike Hermann took a bum in to live with him, and one day the bounder disappeared taking all of Mike's belongings he could carry with him, but three or four times a year he sends a postal card, from a different corner of the world each time, saying: "Dear Mike: I'm having a fine time but wish I were back in Shanghai. Yours always, Red."

Every new arrival was considered a spy, a dope smuggler, an arms runner or an international crook until he had been there long enough to hang it on someone who arrived after he did. You had to be patient. In winter you drank to keep warm and in summer you drank to keep cool, so between drinking and horses there wasn't much time for work.

Life rolled along in rickshaws with coolies doing the pulling and Sikh policemen clearing the traffic. I'm glad I got to see Shanghai while the Japs still bowed to white men and the right to live was like breathing, because it will never be the same again.

One day war came up like a cloud of locusts, shutting the sun out and destroying the rice fields. Sand bags and barbed-wire barricades went up, making streets into a no-man's land.

The Shanghai Volunteer Corps was called out and an American volunteer captain, coming back to barracks late, found a Standard Oil man on guard in his pajamas, sitting in the middle of the road under a suspended street light and reading a book.

Refugees poured in from the country and from Hongkew in an endless column, carrying babies and a few belongings. Streaming over Garden Bridge, their march, from the housetops, looked like a long black monster without a head and without an end; a monster that always goes with war, just ahead of invading or retreating armies, bayonets behind it and God knows what before.

In the Settlement and the French Concession they huddled in doors and alleys, looking dumbly at you if you looked at them and otherwise not looking at anything at all.

The regular beggars of the city patted their stomachs and pulled at your sleeve. They were "cumshaw" opportunists of the war, but the real refugees were farmers: who could walk in a paddy field but hadn't learned to beg in streets.

Frank Cole, who used to work in the Young Marshal's air force, looked at a stunned old farmer sitting on the curb with a woman and a baby, reached in his pocket and gave the old man a dollar.

He held it for a moment, looking at Frank and then at the money and thinking a miracle had happened, then he bowed low and said something in Chinese, looking like he was about to cry.

I saw a poor man stand for a long time with his head bowed and his hat in his hand before the stone figure with the smoke of joss sticks curling from its feet, his face a study in faith and all the old virtues; while two miles away war was waiting for a whistle.

Down where the river turns off and a road separates Japanese town from the Settlement a tense mob had gathered on the Chinese side of the road. Municipal police had crowded them back a block and once in awhile a tank rolled by, but the streets on the Japanese side were deserted as far as you could see except for the soldiers standing on the corners with their feet wide apart and a bayonetted gun gripped in both hands in front of them.

Steel helmets pulled low over the soldiers' faces made them look more brutish than ever. All of them looked alike, brown body and a face sculptured to represent brutality, a statue of hate holding a bayonet. They gave you an impression of animals trained to kill and then unleashed.

A firecracker would have started a battle on that street, and looking from one side to the other you had the expectant feeling of a little boy watching a hand with a match in it move nearer a dynamite fuse. All they were awaiting was a pretext; a revolver shot from a window or the backfire of a motor.

It gave you a futile feeling to look at those mad men in uniforms on the Japanese side of the road. You felt as though someone had taken their chains and put them on you, keeping you there to see what was happening but unable to do anything about it.

You visualized some Senator from North Dakota back in Washington, reading the papers and making a speech about what he wouldn't do while you are being pushed around the sidewalks by Japanese soldiers in Shanghai and making speeches about what you would like to. Senators never get in wars and foreign countries.

There was nothing to do but sit back and wish the Chinese luck, like a ringside spectator swinging his arms at a prize fight, that Friday afternoon.

Next morning about ten-fifty I met Hendryk Bos, from the Dutch Consulate, just inside the Nanking Road entrance of the Cathay, and Bos said: "How about a drink?" and I said: "Sure."

We walked past Jean, at the cigar counter, and through the lounge full of American tourists, the same crowd that had been in Nanking the week before.

Bos was saying: "No, I don't think there will be a war," when we heard the buzz of airplane motors and turned back towards the Bund entrance to see who was up.

No matter how many airplanes you see, you never get away from that impulse to run to a window when you hear a droning noise in the air.

If it's a big liner carrying passengers to Bangkok or Singapore you want to go where it's going, and if you look at bombers going

Continued on page 188

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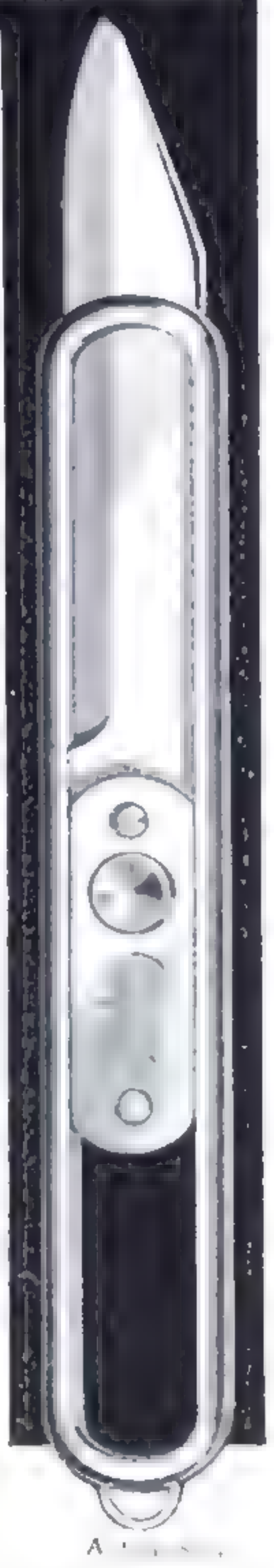

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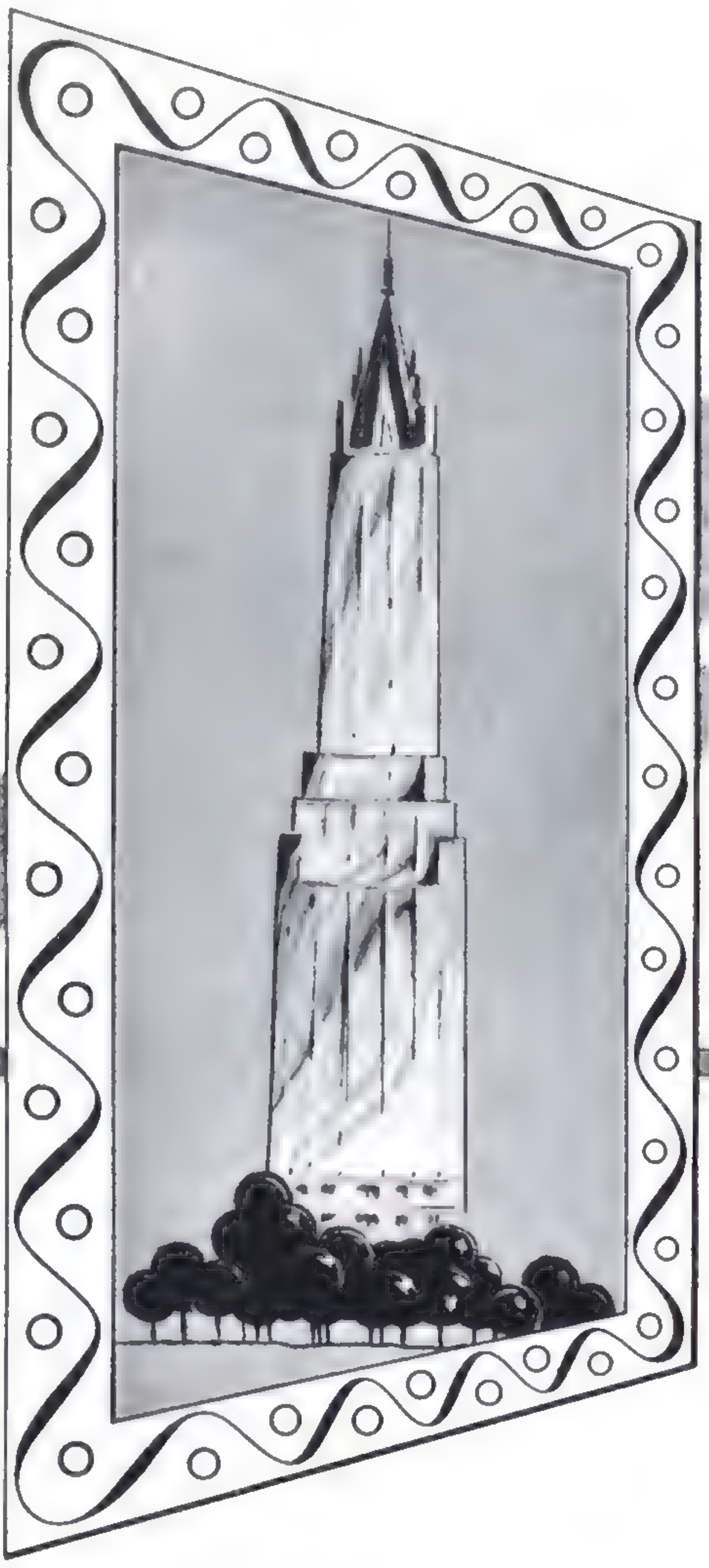

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FIFTH AVENUE..."WHERE THE PARK BEGINS" EUGENE VOIT, Manager

Adventurers' Paradise

Continued from pages 42-187

out or pursuit planes in formation you just want to be in the air again and part of an outfit.

When something like that Shanghai massacre is on and you want to help one side and can't because they won't let you, you shut your eyes and say: "If you can't let me up in the sky keep those airplanes away from my eyes. If I can't look at the world through a 'prop,' like a man seeing things through a fever again, don't let motors get in my ears!"

You feel like Pegasus with his wings clipped and only plow horses to talk to.

From the Bund entrance we saw three bombers in formation coming up the Whangpoo towards the French Concession. They were high, looking soft and silvery, and just below them was the Japanese flagship, *Idzumo*, in the river.

Little fleecy puffs, like cotton clouds, started appearing in the air around the three bombers and down on the *Idzumo* anti-aircraft guns began pounding like riveting machines.

Three bombs slid out of the bellies of the bombers and then there was a terrific explosion. Wood and debris and black smoke went up in the air, and when it had cleared the planes were gone and we saw they had missed the boat.

The mob on the Bund was panicky so the iron door of the Cathay entrance was swung shut and locked, and Bos and I went back to the bar for our drink.

He took a quick one and said: "I guess it's started."

I went over to the travel bureau and reserved a ticket on a plane scheduled to leave Lung-hua airdrome for Nanking at four, then came back to the Cathay to wait and see what was happening.

Japanese seaplanes with pontoons on them circled clumsily around like birds with oversize boots on their feet, and sometimes a Chinese plane would come out of the clouds, draw a burst of fire from the *Idzumo* and dive back again.

Every time the refugees on the Bund heard an airplane motor they scrambled to get off the waterfront, down Nanking Road, and when the plane had passed they would drift back to the Bund again, just in time for another stampede, drawn by curiosity and chased by fear.

It's always the people who run that get killed.

With the tourists there was a girl from Seattle named Francine, and we went out in front of the Cathay, behind a mailbox, to see better, and when the mob rushed to get off the Bund we stepped behind the mailbox to keep from being swept on with it. After awhile a foreign girl with an expensive camera came and joined us, taking pictures of the panicky refugees charging towards our mailbox like a herd of cattle every time they heard a motor.

It was interesting for a little while, then it got tiresome and the girl from Seattle and I decided to go on the roof. Most of the doors leading onto the roof-levels of the Cathay had been locked but we went through a kitchen and found ourselves on a ledge outside the tower with a reception clerk and a baggage porter, a perfect view.

Down to our left was the *Idzumo*. We could see her anti-aircraft guns and men moving on deck. Clouds were low and at intervals of every half-hour a small balloon rose, swinging towards and over us in the wind while Japanese officers on the warship calculated the wind-drift and velocity from it.

Up where we were the wind, cutting obliquely across the Whangpoo, was terrific, so strong you could lean on it, and when there wasn't anything to watch we stepped back against the tower to get out of the gale.

Once in awhile a Chinese biplane carrying light bombs came out of the clouds and we could see a Japanese tracer bullet chase after it in a long curving arc across the sky; then more little puffs of smoke would appear around it and the plane would duck back in the clouds again.

You could feel regret coming up from the housetops and the street every time those Chinese boys came towards the *Idzumo* and were driven back before they were close enough to drop their bombs.

The flagship was like an iron island in a sea of hate; Chinese and foreigners alike looked on it like an evil dragon, and every time a Chinese plane came out of the sky the same thought went up from the people on the housetops and along the river: "Now everything is going to be all right; the dragon is going to die," and then the dragon would spit fire and the Chinese boys would turn back and the crowd would sigh.

Someone said: "Why don't they load a plane with bombs and then let some Chinese boy dive into it? It will be suicide but he will get the *Idzumo*." It was a vain hope. That anti-aircraft fire was so deadly; flying directly into it he would have been blown up before he got there.

Over on the edge of town a plane left a parabola of smoke behind it and then dove towards the ground, but we couldn't tell whether it was Chinese or Japanese. Down on the Bund was a commotion and looking over we saw a man lying covered with blood on the streetcar tracks and police driving the mob away.

It was a Japanese sailor trying to get back to his own side of the river, and one of the boys on the roof said: "Too damn bad they didn't kill him." and Francine giggled and we looked for planes again.

The tower of the Cathay rises like a penthouse with our ledge of roof on one side and another ledge on the other, but you have to go back through the inside to get to it. We went over to see if the tower would shelter us from the wind on the other side and found an American boy from Cambridge lying on the edge of the roof taking pictures.

The roof of the Palace Hotel down below was black with people and on the street by the mailbox was the foreign girl, still taking pictures with her camera.

It was almost three-thirty and I was thinking of getting out to Lung-hua to catch my plane for Nanking when three light bombers flying low came out of the clouds in formation behind the Customs jetty.

They looked like Northrops and were coming straight for the *Idzumo*. Anti-aircraft fire started breaking around them, so close you could see them rolling like boats, and every explosion must have been close enough to make the crews think they were hit if they weren't.

The guns on the *Idzumo* were pounding away like mad and the three bombers were flying directly into them, tossing around up there, vignetted by smoke from exploded shells, so close you knew they must have been hit by pieces of flying metal but you couldn't tell how badly.

Three bombs slid out and I yelled to Francine: "For God's sake duck!" and then I forgot to, standing there trying to figure out how large the bombs were.

You could see they were coming our way. If they hadn't been hit so soon, or if those bombers had been coming up river instead of down, they might have come close enough to score a hit, but they didn't have a chance.

When the first bomb exploded a sampan rose out of the water, and a second later our hotel gave a lurch as though an earthquake had struck it. We looked over the edge to the Palace Hotel and where the people had been standing was a hole in the roof with smoke coming out, and down on the sidewalk bodies were lying close to the mailbox.

Smoke was coming up the stairway of the Cathay but the elevators were still running, and a flustered old lady from the tour was saying: "Do you think we ought to try to get over to the consulate?"

The gates of the hotel had been pulled shut and locked, but wounded were being carried in through a hole blown in the front of a dress shop by the Nanking Road entrance, and I stepped out of it over two mangled bodies into the street.

It was a shambles. A smoldering automobile stood where it had been hit, and down by my feet was a shoe, with a foot in it. A Chinese boy was spread out on the sidewalk as though he had been running when the bomb stopped him in the middle of a stride.

There were bodies everywhere but not so many as on the corner of Yu Ya Ching Road, where a wounded pilot and his dying bombardier had tried to reach the race course and unload, knowing they were not likely to get back to their base alive and not wanting to crash into the city with bombs in the plane.

It was just bad luck. Coming down the river they held on as long as they could; the fire got too hot and the wind made them murderers; and swinging towards the race course the wounded bombardier was afraid he couldn't hold out and released too soon. A few more seconds and they would have been double heroes—but war is like that.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, daughter-in-law of the president, wired a protest to Madame Chiang Kai-shek for the bombing instead of to the Japs for being there, and the jittery tourists moved out to Cathay Mansions, anxious to see the last of Shanghai.

They were definitely pacifists, not because they hated war but because they couldn't take it. Everything that war does was outside their door for an hour that day, but they wouldn't look at it, and when they left it wasn't with sympathy for the Chinese or condemnation of the Japs or a desire to save other people from what had happened at Yu Ya Ching Road. They only wanted to get back to Los Angeles where it couldn't happen to them, and they sailed next night on a Japanese boat.

They said it was cheaper.

At night the pennies of people who "bought Japanese" to save money lit up the sky line in the form of burning buildings and exploding shells. People stood on the housetops and listened to a low rumble and then a reverberation and felt the air shake every time a big shell went off.

In the morning planes woke them up and at night more planes and gunfire kept them awake. All day that "riveting machine" on the *Idzumo* hammered away at the sky and at night it lowered its nose and shot into the dark at the water. For weeks the guns on that ship were never cool, but still it stayed there.

Holes appeared in the sides of white buildings and go-downs went up in flames. Artillery shelled the Chinese positions from the ground and planes dive-bombed them from the air till the nerves of the civilians in Shanghai reached the breaking point just from listening to it, but Chinese gunners clung on through it all.

More soldiers streamed down from the interior to help them and when they were blown up more came to take their place. It was a one-way road. The first were smart young men, well outfitted and trained by Germans, but as the days passed and the line kept coming the soldiers in it looked different, the uniforms not so smart and equipment not so good. Only the courage was the same.

Those Chinese soldiers pouring into Shanghai to keep the fire going and not coming back reminded you of Li Ling, who wrote

Continued on page 190

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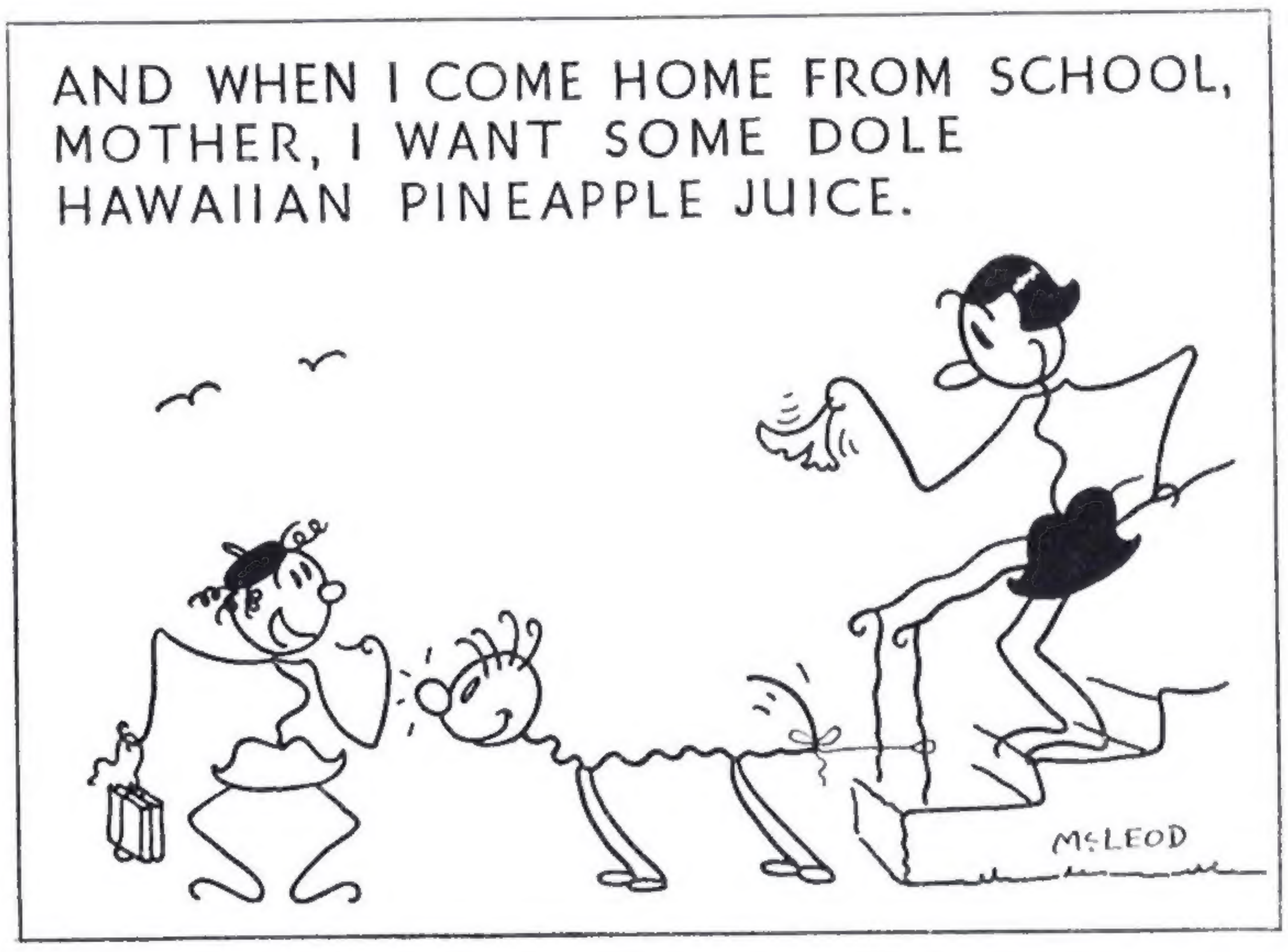
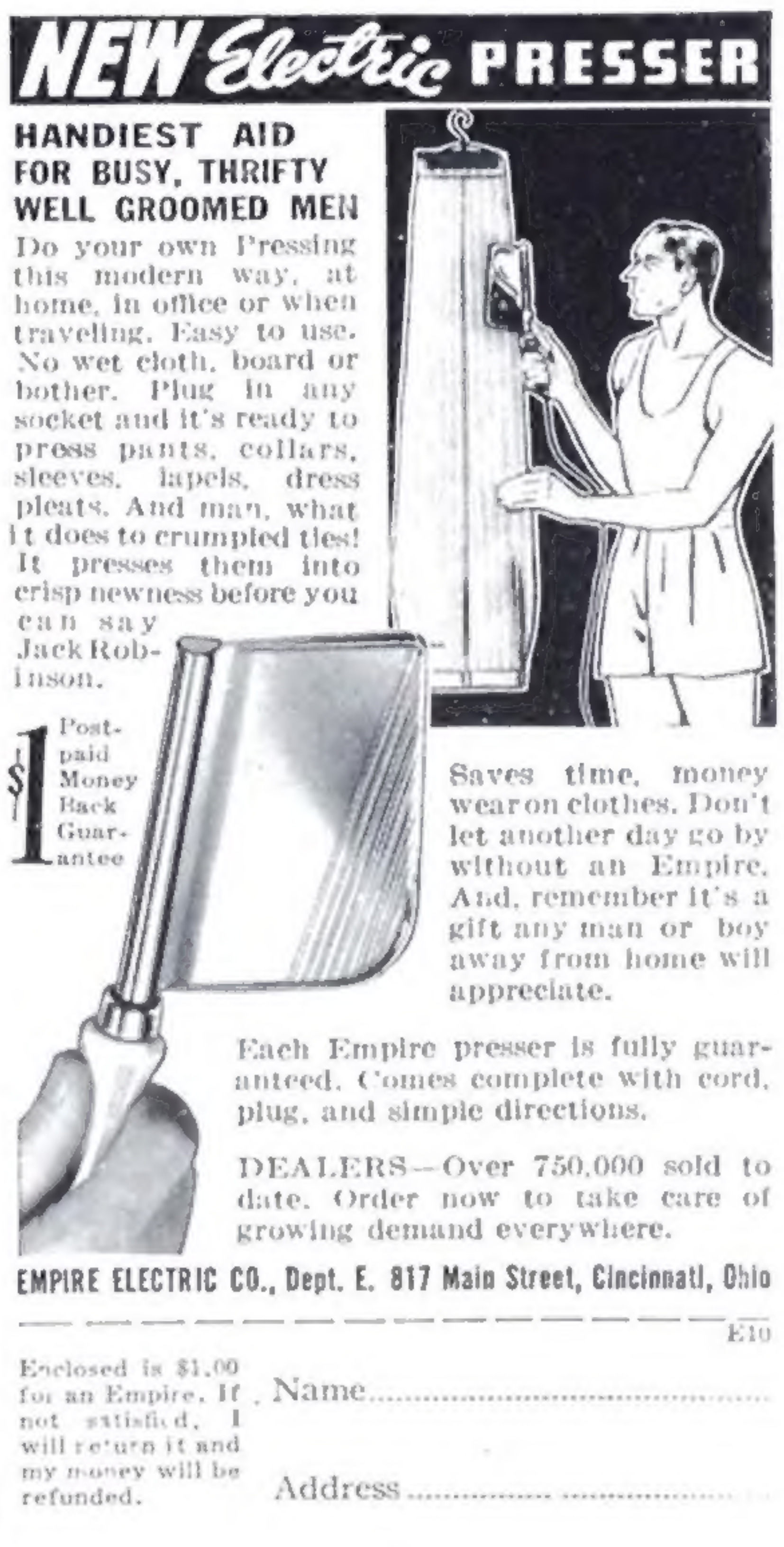

AND WHEN I COME HOME FROM SCHOOL, MOTHER, I WANT SOME DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE.

FOR
A PRELUDE
TO
MAGNIFICENCE
SEE PAGE 149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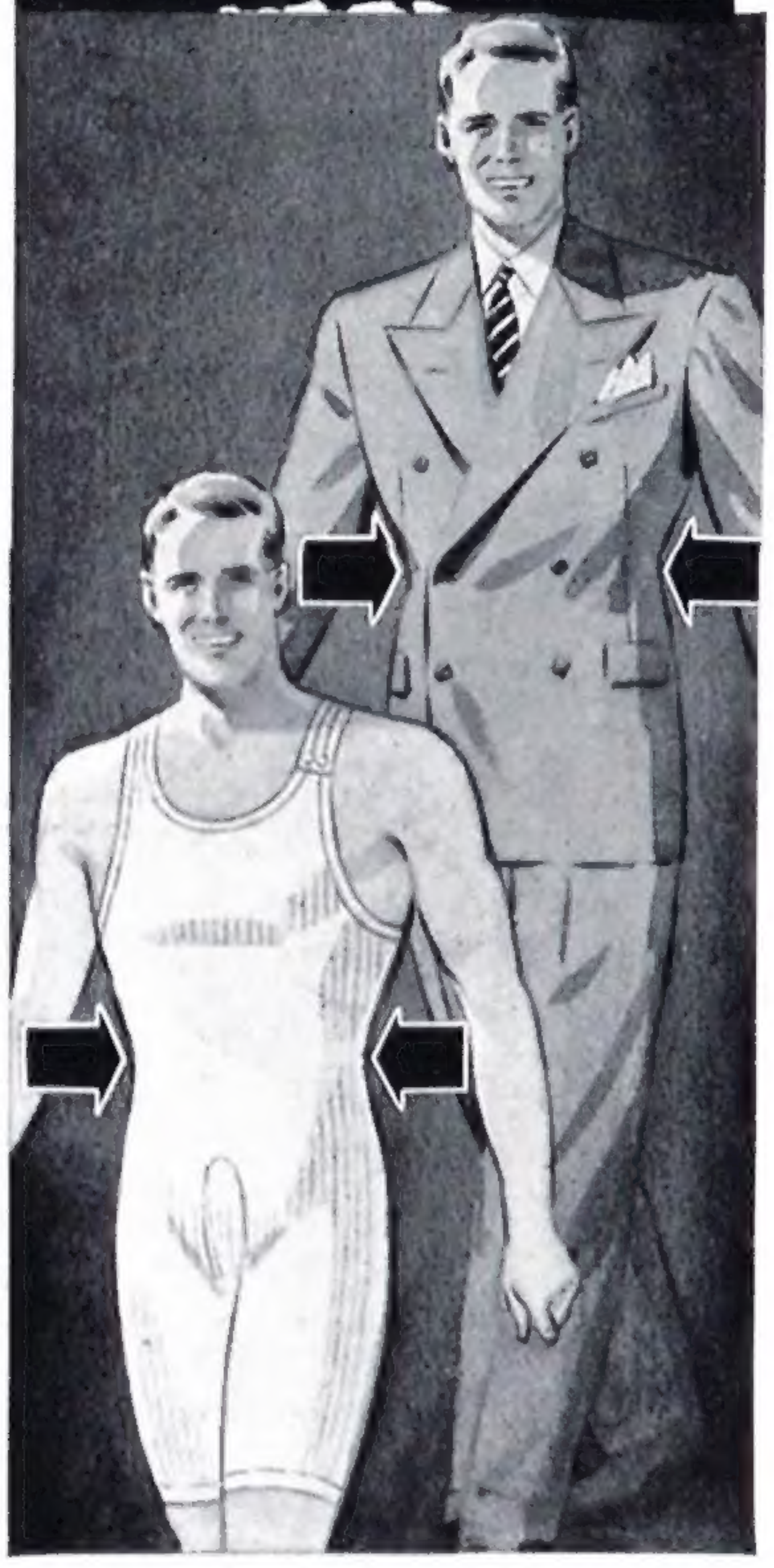

New Zephyr-Light inner-Suit . . .

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● Introduced for sports comfort . . . hailed by tailors for eliminating waistline bulkiness . . . the amazing Lewis Golf inner-Suit is now worn daily by thousands.

It is knit of Mercerized Lisle—weighs only 4 to 5 ounces—"gives" with every movement, springs back without bunching. Porous, it insulates your body—cooler in summer, warmer in winter. Light and medium weights. **Also in new type Downy-soft wool-mix or half and half wool and silk.** If your dealer can't supply you, write Lewis Knitting Co., Janesville, Wis.

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Shirt, plus waistband, plus elastic or tie knots, plus buttons or snaps—is sure to bunch and show. Contrast that with the single, smooth layer of the Lewis Golf inner-Suit.

The **LEWIS**
Golf *inner*-**Suit**

Adventurers' Paradise

Continued from pages 42-187-189

to his friend a long time ago.

I came ten thousand leagues
Across the sandy deserts
In the service of my prince,
To break the Hun tribes.
My way was blocked and barred,
My arrows and sword broken.
My armies had faded away,
My reputation had gone.
My old mother is long dead.
Although I want to requite my prince
How can I return?

A fortuneteller out on Rubicon Road lost the reputation of a lifetime by not knowing when to clear out. Passengers on incoming steamers told of seeing Chinese coolies being forced to kneel on docks beside the river with their arms tied behind them while Japanese soldiers pitched them in with bayonets, and Madame Chiang Kai-shek patiently wired Madame Eleanor Roosevelt an apology.

From the roofs at night we could see the flash of the big guns and start counting, and when we had counted to six we would hear a terrific explosion and Frank Cole would say: "A hundred coolies lost everything they owned just then."

The foreigners' houses with the dragon gates and swimming pools were blown to pieces and their dogs and horses killed, and little by little the Chinese lines were blasted from one line of trenches to another and the Japanese moved in.

Foreigners' businesses were blown where the houses and horses and dogs were, so most of them moved to Hongkong or went home. Some didn't have any business but they went to Hongkong because they knew sooner or later some Japanese soldier would push them around or pull a hat off or a cigarette out, and it's not pleasant for a foreigner to know he is going to have to take a sock at a Japanese soldier some day and there won't be anyone to get him out of a Japanese bastille when he does.

The best thing to do was go to Hongkong and sit in a hotel lounge with the rest of the boys, they decided.

Only Japanese and the Jews fleeing from Germany and Austria and Italy are coming into Shanghai now, and if the Japs take over the French Concession and the International Settlement the Jews will be in the same position they were where they came from, but they have to take a chance on that.

The lounge of the Hongkong Hotel is the greatest club in the world. The road from East to West and West to East leads through it. It's a short cut from Queen's Road to Des Voeux Road, and Pedder Street to the Gloucester, but whether you are going from East to West or just one road to another you don't go on through, you stop and sit down for awhile.

As a club, the only dues you pay are a drink. There are missionaries drinking Orange Squash and generals with whisky-soda. Journalists, cameramen, arms salesmen, airplane representatives, adventurers and importers sit in little groups under electric fans and over glasses.

Some of the people you meet in that club couldn't get in any other, and some belong to all of them. There are all nationalities and degrees of respectability, but most of them are thinking of the same thing: "Where do we go from here?"

George Fitch stopped there when he came back from reporting to Washington what the Japanese did in Nanking. The Japs sent word he would be relegated to the land of his fathers if he came back to Shanghai.

Maurice Cohen, the Jewish boy who saved the life of Sun Yat-sen and became a general, came there from Canton and joined the foreign refugees from Shanghai and Hankow and Nanking. They sit over iced glasses and talk about the old days and what so-and-so did back when.

Most of them came to China broke and some of them have come to Hongkong the same way, only when they came to China they were young, and they are old now, too tired to do it all over again, so they talk about the outsider on the Shanghai track who paid $1200 for five and how General Sutton got Sir Victor's veterinary so drunk he couldn't tell a horse from a cow and then sold him a pony with sore feet.

They don't know where they are going next and most of them don't want to think about it. A Czecho-Slovakian munitions salesman sat through the summer and the winter with his friends in that lounge, waiting for his negotiations with the Chinese government to materialize.

He was a charming fellow, quiet and soft-mannered, a typical gentleman of the old school and everyone liked him. One day he picked up a paper and read where his country and nationality and the company he worked for had gone out from under him and he was the first to drop out. The rest have become fatalists by now. They are itinerant isolationists; when war comes they will move, as long as there is any place to move to.

Signor X reads about reported gas attacks in his paper, and says: "I hope those boys have masks."

Marge Rodgers came in, looking tired and not so smart. She had lost everything. We had a drink and talked about the good old days, and she smiled, just a bit wistfully, and said the Chinese god on Bubbling Well Road had let her down.

Frank Cole went back to America and got a job, but there isn't as much money in it, and now he has to work.

Sometimes one wonders where we'll be sitting next, saying: "Those were good old days back in Hongkong, or Manila, or Singapore or Saigon!" #

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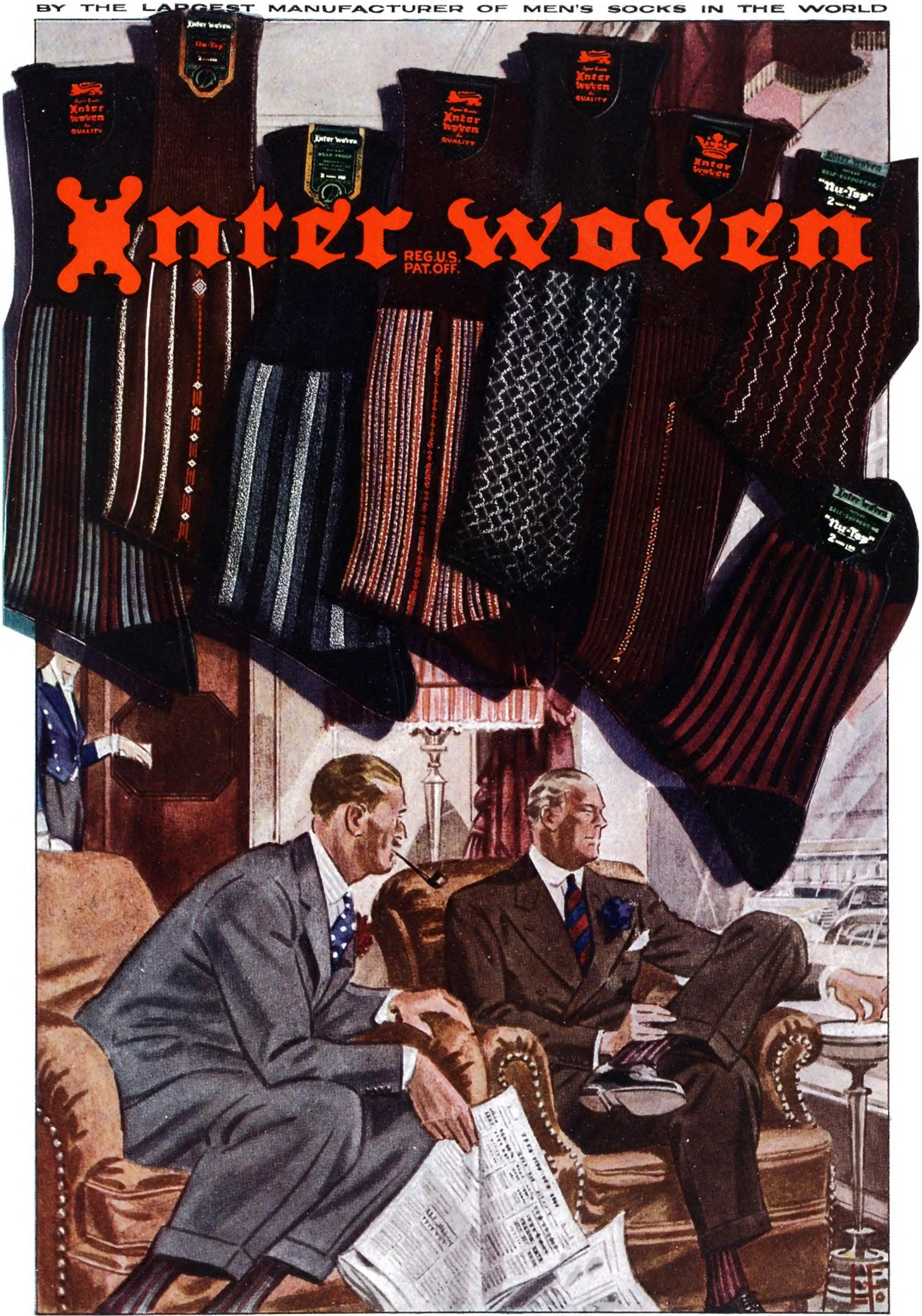

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